Sept. 13, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. Also with Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. Lee Grant will fill in for Miss Bancroft for two weeks starting Monday, Sept. 15. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly powerful theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the dark at the top of the stairs: Concerning the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **look back in anger:** John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world. The cast now includes Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 20.)... **look homeward, angel:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced, by Ketti Frings, to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **romanoff and juliet:** Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

splendid in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Howie—Leon Ames, Albert Salmi, and Peggy Conklin in a comedy by Phoebe Ephron, with incidental music by James M. Slevin. Directed by John Gerstad and presented by the Playwrights' Company, in association with Mr. Slevin and Mr. Gerstad. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 17. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk and Tom Pedi. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel and Robert Brown in a dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's drama, being presented here by the San Francisco Actor's Workshop prior to an engagement at the Brussels World's Fair. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 6:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, Oct. 4—Tuesday evening, Sept. 16: "Billy the Kid," "Concerto" (première), and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 17: "Theme and Variations," "Pillar of Fire," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free."...¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie" (première), "Caprichos," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Paean" (première) and "Giselle."...¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20 (primarily for children): "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." (Metropolitan Opera

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 30. September 13, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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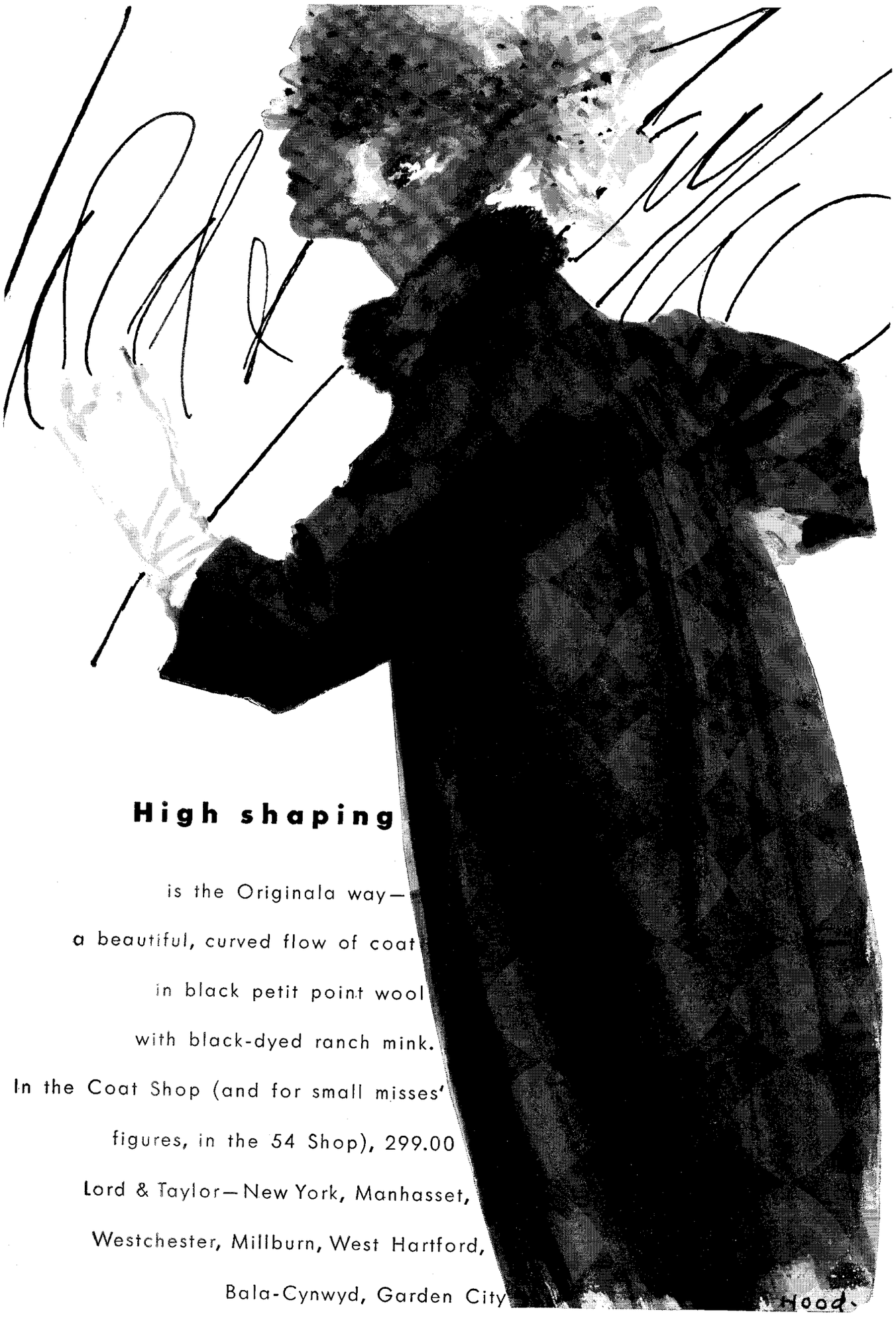

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

House. PL 7-7035. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Con Amore," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Gounod Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Square Dance," "Firebird," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 14: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 14: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 16: "Gounod Symphony," "Agon," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 17: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Con Amore," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 28.)

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—"N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3." Presented by Leland Hayward for a limited engagement. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Ronnie Robertson, Cathy Machado, and Bobby Specht deep-freezing such numbers as "Les Sylphides," "La Bohème," and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 6. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Tuesday, Sept. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Demonstrations of the care and feeding of peacocks and peahens, the most perishable of all our feathered friends. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 16, with a recitation of the collected works of Victor Herbert. The principals in this and-then-he-wrote potpourri will be the stentorian voices of Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll and the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan, which will also make dance music. Potpourri at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation. Renato Rossini, in whose guitar the smoldering passions of Spain and Italy often blossom into flame, ends his series of musicales on Saturday, Sept. 13.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 17. The permanent party will again be the *cordon-bleu* dance band belonging to Ted Straeter and the perky quintet of Mark Monte. The most prominent transient will be Lisa Kirk, whose jaunty songs frequently imply that dalliance is a girl's best friend. She sounds off at dinner and supper. The place is closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the vast Grill, Lenny Herman's stick-to-the-rules orchestra thumps out music to shuffle to a good part of every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, the dessert of the Maisonette's dinner and supper, is a schizoid personality—lyrics that delight in woman's inhumanity to man, delivered by a girl with the warmth and friendliness of a very small kitten. Milt Shaw's and Marshall Grant's bands turn out ceaseless dance tunes in between meals. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, who's been doing road work for years and years, has thought better of it and settled himself in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the coach-and-four are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, for those who haven't been wired yet for Muzak.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The celestial phenomena up above the open terrace are the product of a divine force, not stagehands; the music is the product of Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band, which play for dancing after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof's summer school ends on Wednesday, Sept. 17, when the Glenn Miller band, which (under the top sergeantry of Ray McKinley) sounds as good as old, takes its leave. Béla Babai's orchestra will play follow the leader, too.... ¶ The Empire Room opens the next evening. Emil Coleman's men and the Babai rout will devise the dance music, which begins at dinnertime. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra supplies dance music from eight to twelve. As of Thursday, Sept. 18, there'll be dancing every night.

Note—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately play. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. On Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes.... **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. After eight, Ralph Strain, one of our foremost romanticists, is in charge of the piano. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A perpetual boy-and-girl houseparty, all very give-and-take but never out of hand. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single houseparty piano until curfew rings the night out. Five is the opening hour for both bar and music. Closed Sundays.... **Downstairs at the Upstairs Room**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): In Julius Monk's sumptuous commingling of *l'art modern*, *l'art pittoresque*, and *l'art spoof*, Alice Ghostley, a perfect example of *l'art spoof* herself, offers a witching hour of song, a good deal of which is seeing the light of night for the first time. The

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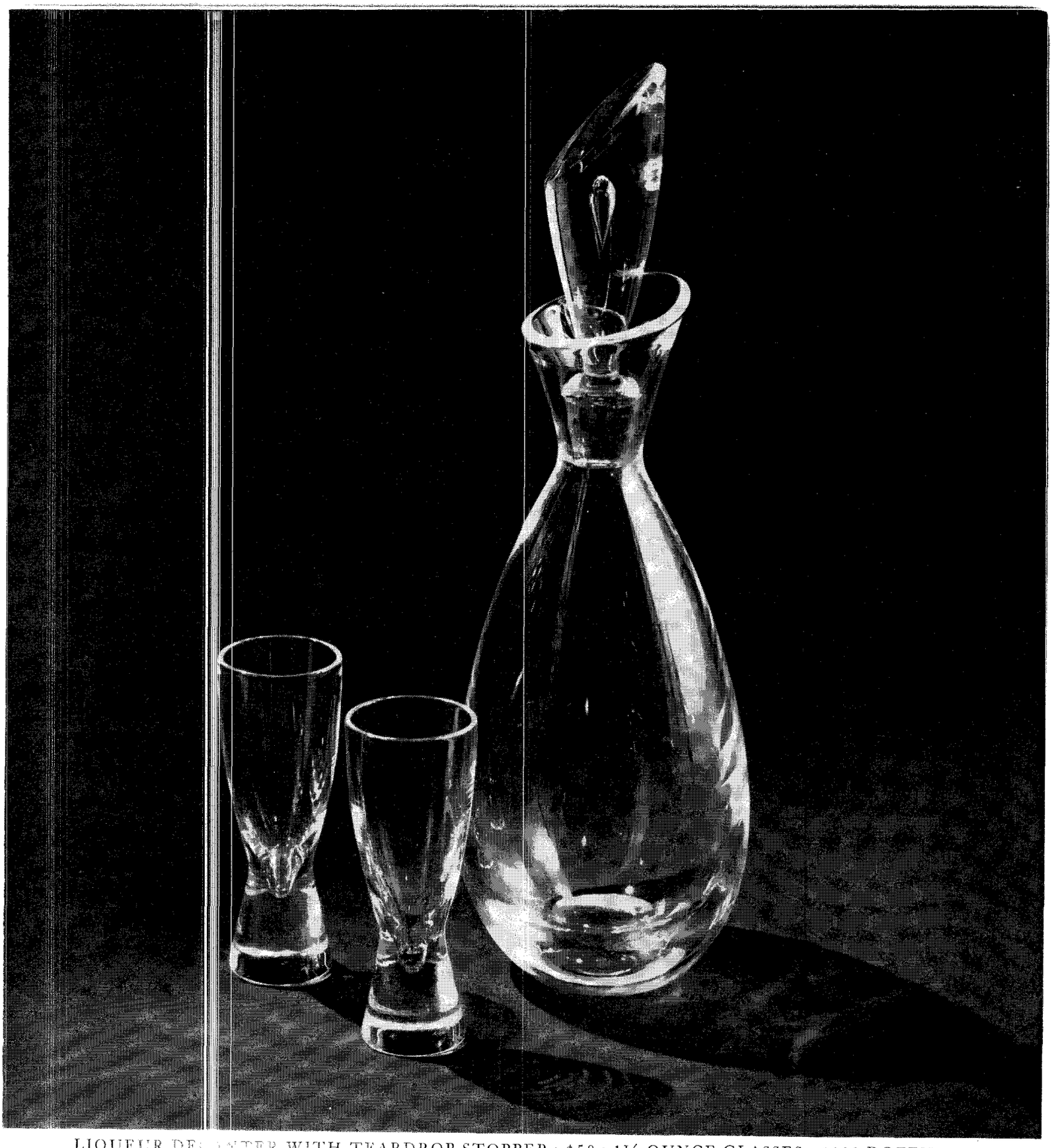

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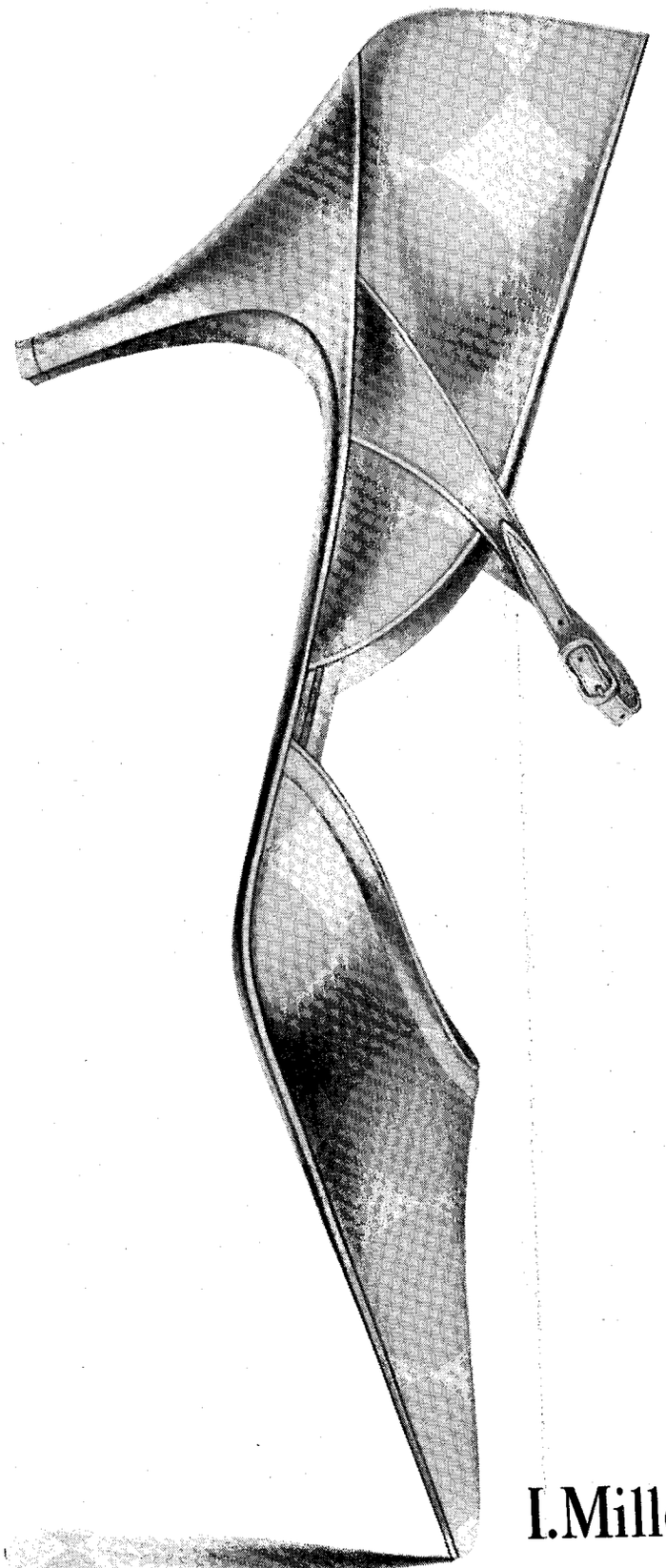

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano team of Don Evans and Carl Norman lends wings to her words. The bar opens at five and the music begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Reopens on Monday, Sept. 15. That same evening, Renato Rossini abandons (along with his guitar) his summer quarters at the Hotel Pierre for his winter quarters in this hall of mirrors. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): At the piano, after ten or so, Ellis Larkins evokes the slow, dark, intricate chords for which he is famous; Gina Wilson does the singing, sometimes with jokes. Their last night is Saturday, Sept. 13. On Monday, Sept. 15, Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* and balladeer of complete aplomb, will be resuming her after-dinner soirées. There will also be piano by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The stage set, though enchanting, is too up-to-date to call to mind the Boboli Gardens, but the cuisine, mood, and management (Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years a mainstay of the Blue Angel) couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Dean Sheldon blends a tenor voice and a bongo drum in some compelling arias. On Thursday, Sept. 18, Isobel Robins, a wildflower who's part pepper and salt, part myrrh and honey, will add her chirruping to the late-evening fiesta. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the world of drawing-room pianism, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make Pouilly-Fuissé music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are breaking out the piano and the guitar. Early to bed is not a house rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a fine figure of a Hungarian cavalry officer, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal aural amusement (after ten) is listening music. Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is in a real jump state of mind, bows out on Saturday, Sept. 13; a quintet known as the Signatures (John Hancock, Button Gwinnett, Benjamin Franklin?) will bow in on Monday, Sept. 15. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an ample supply of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Urban landscaping brought to the peak of perfection, and tinted (between eight-thirty and one-thirty) by unassertive piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles over the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Old World toward a more 1958 concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition

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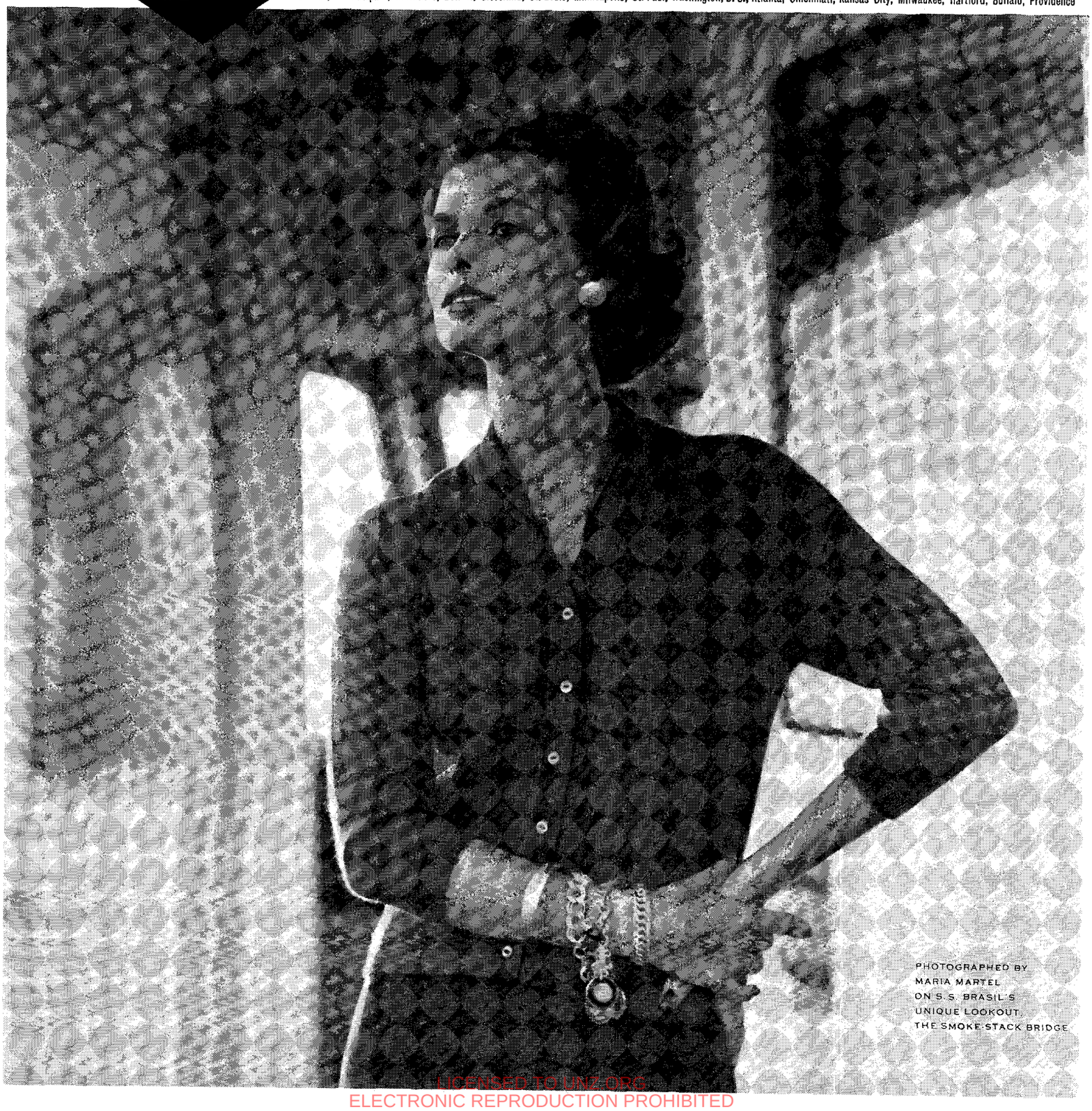

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of oak panelling, there's desultory, easy-to-talk-above piano from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . CASANOVA, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins and the innocent voices of Caroline and Belen) could be the banks of the Seine. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The problem of girls who have nothing at all to wear is adroitly solved here by the fig leaf. Thus armed, they glide amiably through a decorative and busy pageant (dancers, singers, jugglers, jackanapes) that takes nearly two hours to run its course. Roberta Sherwood, who can give country music considerably more than its just desserts, will be succeeded on Thursday, Sept. 18, by Dick Shawn, a let's-be-one-big-happy-family man. The house guests can dance, too. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): People who, like the Washington Senators, don't mind living in the cellar are put on notice that Joe E. Lewis, who doesn't mind living the life of Riley, is now reading his autobiography aloud every evening until further notice. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The oral history of American mythology, folkways, and mores that is tossed off by Mike Nichols and Elaine May is a lot merrier than the stuff you get in class; the commentary, almost all in pantomime, on allied topics that is presented by Shai K. Ophir is just as funny. Randy Sparks, an excellent sample of barefoot-boy minstrelsy, provides the only moments of solemnity. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are at their customary posts in the background. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The Troupers, a man-and-maid triad full of words and music of uneven quality, will be absent from their perch in the bar on Sunday, Sept. 14, and will return to do their farewell next evening. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Phil Leeds, a wit of exceeding grace, and Gigi Durston, a caroller not in evidence for a long, long time, will be arriving. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are, as always, the pianists of the establishment. On Sundays, simple-minded silent movies are added; on Mondays, amateur nights are held. . . . BAG ROOM, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another operation, the Midtown Café, from which (and from the rest of the world) it's wholly divorced. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs, and sings them the way they were written, is in charge; Baldwin Bergerson, who plays the appropriate sort of piano, is joined Thursday through Saturday every week by Brooks Morton, who also understands the prevailing mood. All quiet on Sundays. . . . SHOWPLACE, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Possibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs but large enough to house a revue in which four young people are involved. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark. This goes on twice nightly, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . LIVING ROOM, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): On Monday, Sept. 15, this East Side bramble patch becomes the East Coast *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, a chanticleer whose hymnals to the rising sun begin while it is still dark. His accompaniment is his own four-wheel-drive piano and Russ Haddock's trio. Mr. Short takes Sundays off; the Haddocks take Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's

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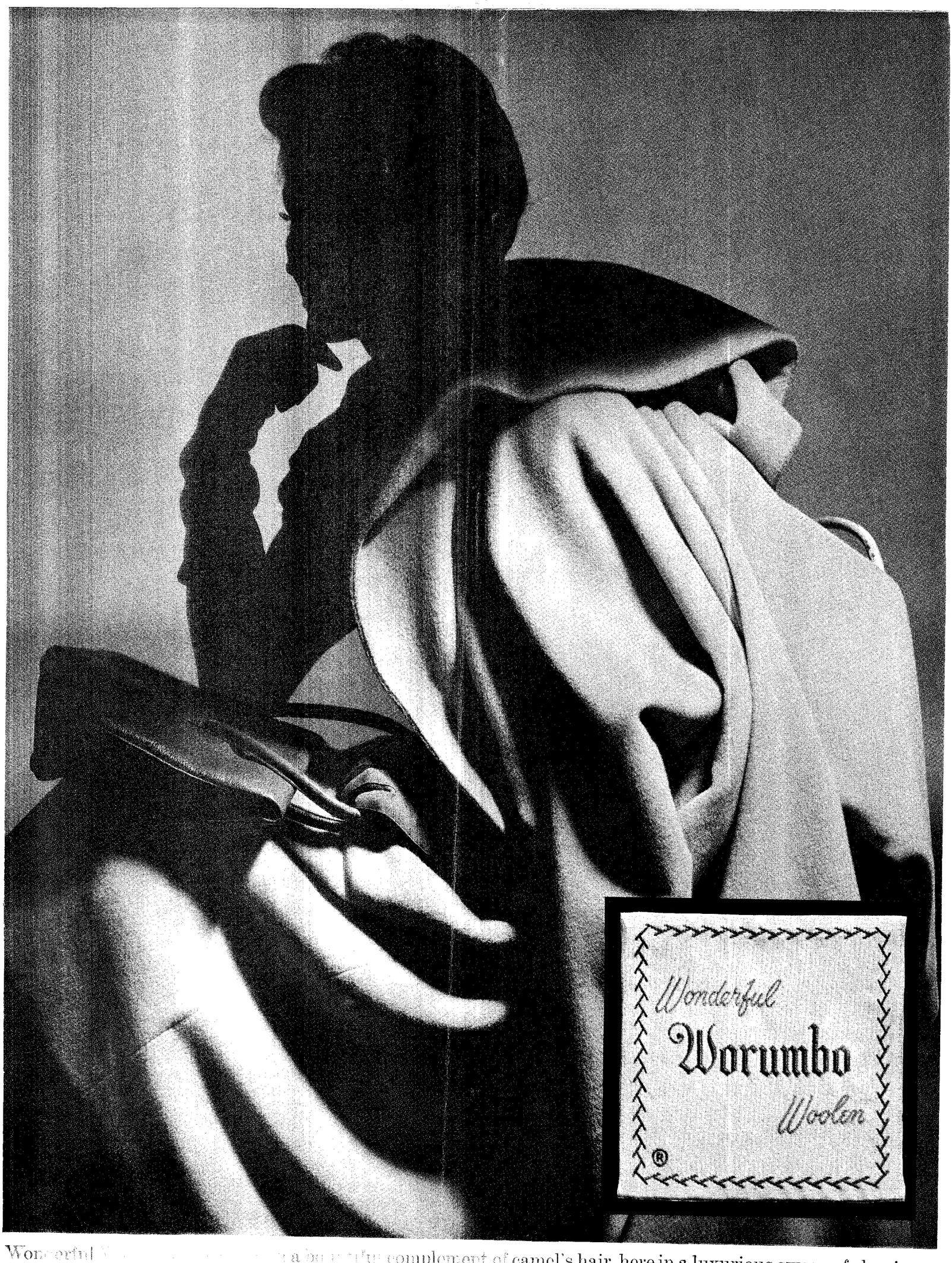

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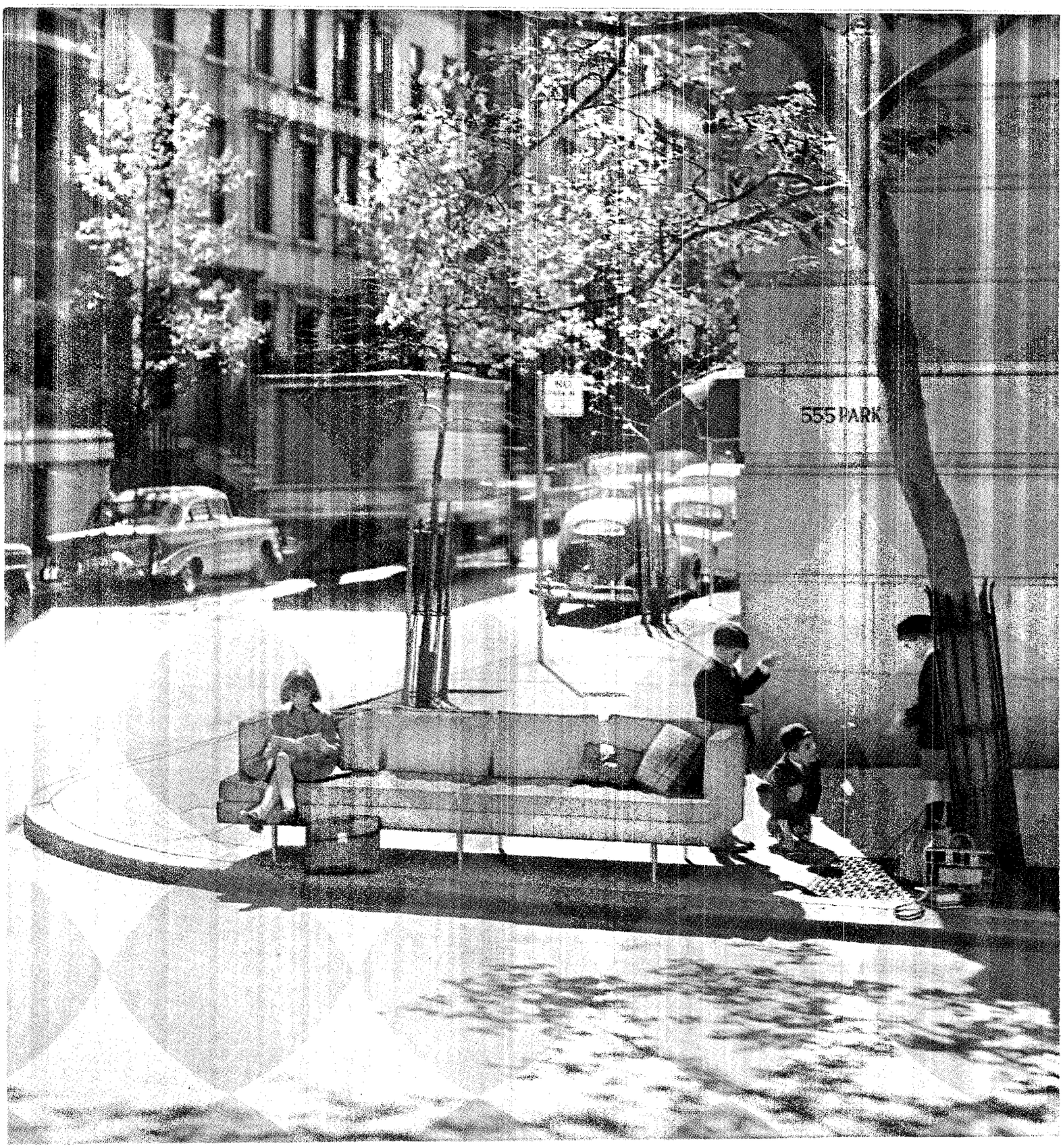

One small boy will insist on the marble with the perfect cat's eye, the next will settle for less. From childhood the choice becomes self-evident. People come to Dunbar from every country of the world to find the perfect Dunbar pieces. The goodness of Dunbar outlives our times for here there is no obsolescence. This famed and favored 4907 sofa which Edward Wormley designed over a decade ago and this year went to the Brussels Fair is covered in silk from Siam at $2,128. There are Dunbar sofas from $595.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets the custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dakota Staton, whose arias burn with a clear-red or a deep-blue flame, finishes up on Sunday, Sept. 14, and so does the Norman Simmons trio. Evans Bradshaw's threesome will stay on, to be joined on Tuesday, Sept. 16, by George Shearing's quintet, whose jazz has definite overtones of siren song. Sundays there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur's court as it looked just after the merger with Disneyland went through. Tyree Glenn's quartet (jazz *con brio*) and Charlie Shaver's quintet (on its shakedown cruise) do their last stints on Monday, Sept. 15. The premises will be vacant, as usual, on Sunday. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, André Previn's long-awaited trio will finally make port. At dinnertime, there's hearts-and-flowers serenading by Ving Merlin's threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Monday, Sept. 15, the Finger Lake Five will have the run of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams' eloquent songs of heartbreak, delivered with all stops out, with Count Basie's roistering instrumentation as a backstop, will do their last night march on Wednesday, Sept. 17; Stan Kenton's band, which hasn't had an urban hearing in quite a while, comes aboard next evening. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi's exposition of her attitude toward present-day American piano—sometimes hard-headed, hard-hitting common sense, sometimes wistfulness—ends on Sunday, Sept. 14, when she and her trio depart. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, Don Shirley, whose brilliant piano technique leads him now and then into glorious Technicolor instead of what usually passes for jazz, will bring his trio to bear on the customers. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Frank Signorelli's band winds up its stay on Sunday, Sept. 14, with both an afternoon and an evening session. The shop will, as customary, be closed on Monday, and will reopen on Tuesday, Sept. 16, with Pee Wee Erwin's band, senior citizens of the establishment. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always fierce weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous cacophony are such men as Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Zutty Singleton and Pee Wee Erwin. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The most modern music offered here isn't even the "Lambeth Walk;" it's the "Plymouth Rock." On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, the old-timers on display should be Willie the Lion Smith, Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A house divided—Bobby Hackett's silvery clarion call on his minute trumpet and Dorothy Donegan's bumpety-bump way with a piano. He has a quartet, she has a trio. The rest of the noise comes from the front tables. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The abstruse thought processes of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lennie Tristano are again being set down on the piano by the rarely visible Master himself. He and his quartet, seated on a plateau in the middle of a very cheerful hero-sandwich assembly plant, appear Thursday through Sunday every week. Every Tuesday and Wednesday, Eddie Costa's trio, which believes in rather sombre, tight-lipped jazz, tees off. Closed Mondays. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, which comes from a new continent not yet completely explored. A quintet in which, when his timepiece synchronizes with everyone else's, Thelonious Monk plays piano almost beyond compare is on the hot seat every night but Monday; that night, Mal Waldron's band does the housework. . . . VERSAILLES, 418 6th Ave., 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Charlie Mingus, who has tried everything, is now trying communication with the populace, and the world is better for it. The complex and often humorous interplay of his new trio (bass, electronic guitar, piano) begins at eight-thirty. He takes temporary leave on Sunday, Sept. 14. Joe Saye's trio arrives on Tuesday, Sept. 16. . . . GOTHIC ROOM, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor in the middle of the Hotel Duane, and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice joins in on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, Carroll Cloar, and Reuben Tam are among the gallery artists displaying paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 27. . . . A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: The twenty-seventh annual, consisting of an oil apiece by each of the gallery members, including Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, and Moses Soyer; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan are three of the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 26. (Closed Saturdays.). . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by, for instance, Jane Wasey, Tom Hardy, George Rickey, and Humbert Albrizio; through Friday, Sept. 12. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Grace Hartigan, John Heliker, Walter Murch, and twenty-four other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Sept. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . NORDNESS, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Eleven gallery artists, among them Edward Millman, Walter Meigs, and Abbott Pattison, are represented by paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 27. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: New paintings by Hans Hofmann, William Ronald, Pierre Soulages, and others; through Sept. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.). . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by such French and American artists as Picasso, Raoul Dufy, and Darrel Austin; through Oct. 11. (Closed Saturdays.). . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit of paintings and drawings by several Europeans (Klee, Giacometti, and Kandinsky, for example) and by one American, Feininger; through Oct. 18.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Included in a collection of Impressionist paintings and drawings are works by Vlaminck, Pascin, and Soutine; through Sept. 20. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

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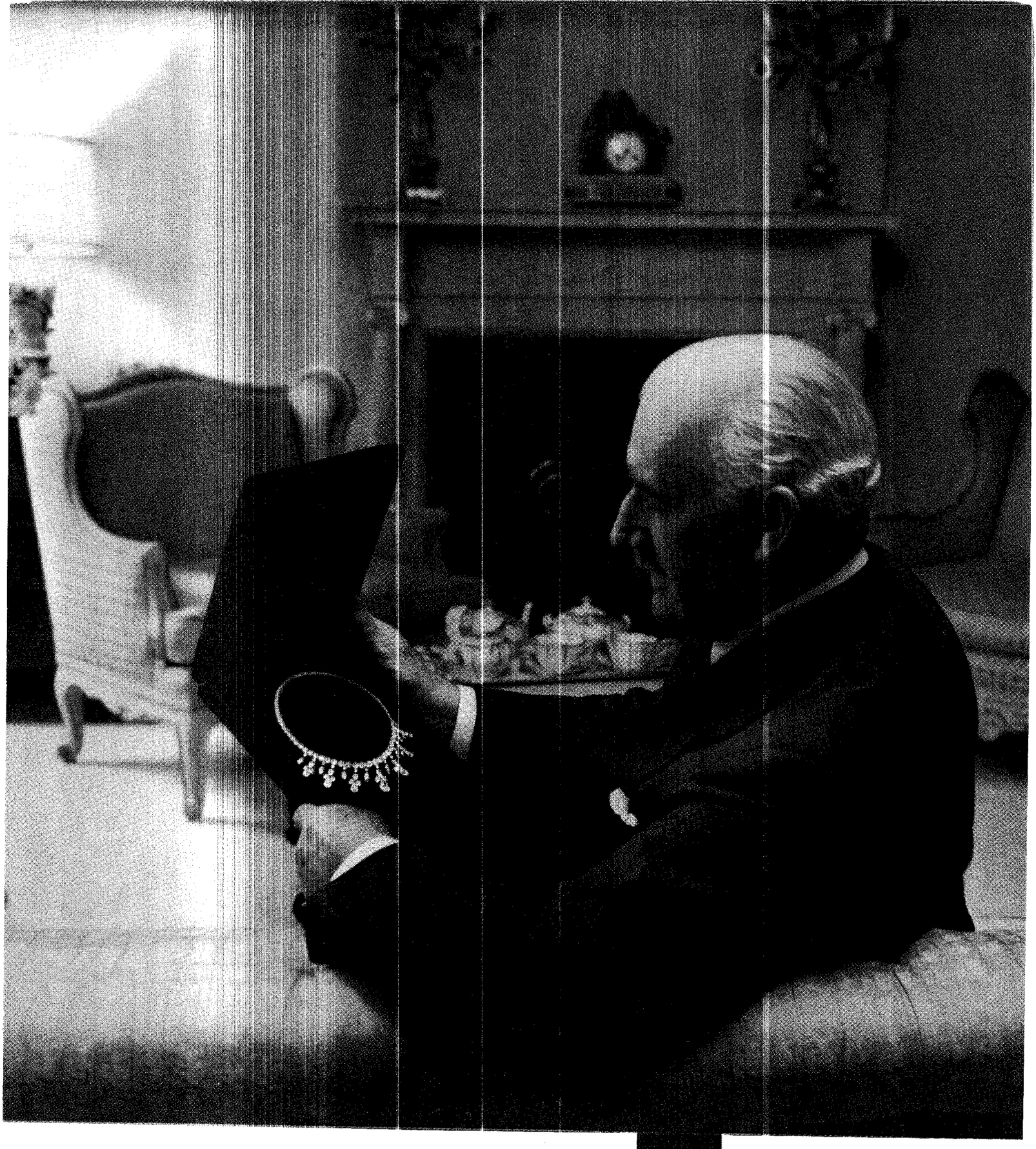

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In two recently opened galleries, arms and armor from the Near, Middle, and Far East, including jewelled court weapons, filigreed Indian rifles, Turkish helmets, a Japanese suit of iron and leather scales, and samurai swords. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects, in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Calder are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures taken from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from all over the country. After Sunday, Sept. 14, the Museum will be closed until Friday, Sept. 26, when there will be a new show. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19.... ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Sept. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 28.... ¶ Sixty paintings by as many Fulbright winners of the past ten years; starting Wednesday, Sept. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—Thursday and Friday, Sept. 11-12: Vaclav Nelhybel conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Edith Gordon, soprano, and instrumental soloists.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 16: Stanley Drucker, clarinet; David Sackson, violin; and Joseph Wollman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Ella Fitzgerald and the Oscar Peterson trio. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:30.) ... ¶ Eddie Condon, Billie Holiday, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Max Kaminsky, Jo Jones and his trio, Bobby Hackett, J. C. Higginbotham, Buck Clayton, Freddy Price and his band, and others are scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8 and 11.)... ¶ The fourth annual World Jazz Festival will be celebrated by musicians from, among other countries, Ghana, the Netherlands, Nigeria, France, and the United States, including Mat Mathews, Francis Nyarko Cann, André Persiany, Michael Olatonji, Bobby Jaspar, Art Farmer, and Gigi Gryce. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 2.)... ¶ Mary Lou Williams, Maxine Sullivan, Baby Lawrence, Mose Allison's trio, Red Allen, Eddie Condon, Cozy Cole, Thelonious Monk, Les Jazz Modes, and a ninety-piece orchestra are among those expected to perform at a benefit for the Bel Canto Foundation for the rehabilitation of musicians. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

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first performance in America of Ildebrando Pizzetti's opera "Assassinio nella Cattedrale," based on T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," with Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Martina Arroyo, Margery Mayer, Giulio Gari, and the Symphony of the Air, directed by Laszlo Halasz. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:45.)

Folk Concert—Pete Seeger, Will Geer, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.)

Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards—The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers and Highland Dancers of the Scots Guards. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Johnny Busso vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I. Tuesday, Sept. 16.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 17-19.)

Horse Shows—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 20.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **meadow brook club**, Jericho. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase.

Racing—At **belmont park**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 13; the Gazelle Handicap, Monday, Sept. 15; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 13. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; on Saturday, Sept. 13, it will leave at 9:45.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **bridgehampton road race center**, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 2. . . . **watkins glen**, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 20, at 10 A.M.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Saturday, Sept. 20.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The thirteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 16. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

National Homefurnishings Show—Home furnishings, homefurnishings on the range, where the interior decorators play. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Sept. 11, through Sunday, Sept. 21. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, 1 to 10:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

. . . BLOOMINGDALE'S, N.Y.C. AND BRANCH STORES
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. It is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Awakening—Anna Magnani is superb in this story of a nun who, after being sent from Rome to an island off Naples to sell a convent that is going broke, decides to save the place in order to stay near a small boy for whom she has built up an overwhelming maternal feeling. At once humorous and pathetic, the film, which was written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, and directed by Mr. Camerini, has a first-rate cast. An Italian film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 12-13.)

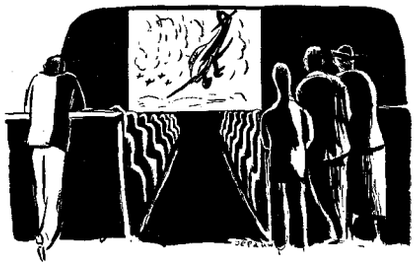
The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—The subject of natural childbirth explored in a French film that is both dramatic and enlightening. As an Alpine village doctor who proves that this method of parturition is feasible, Jean Gabin is a memorable figure, and Nicole Courcel is most convincing as a young woman who agrees to follow his instructions during her pregnancy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is competently assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 16-17.)

Gigi—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a handsome affair and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As directed by Carol Reed, this Anglo-American film about the seagoing salvage tugs that saw action in the Second World War is full of exciting derring-do, but



only as long as the camera keeps gazing seaward. When it attempts to follow the adventures of the tugboatmen on land, it gets pretty confusing, what with trying to explain the motivations of a mysterious young woman who becomes the paramour of a succession of tugboat captains. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are the men of the sea, and Sophia Loren is the free-wheeling girl. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Sept. 16.)

The Matchmaker—A happy glimpse of the way things were in Manhattan and Yonkers in the late nineteenth century. As a lady who poses as a marriage broker in order to snag a wealthy Yonkers merchant for herself, Shirley Booth is wonderfully effective, and Paul Ford is estimable as her prey. Anthony Perkins, as the merchant's clerk, and Shirley MacLaine, as a milliner, make a fine pair of young lovers. The picture is based on Thornton Wilder's play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye (as an ingenious Jewish refugee from Poland), Curt Jurgens (as a stiff-necked Polish colonel), and Nicole Maurey (as a French girl who sees a lot of good in both of them) are all splendid in this sprightly comedy that describes how this trio keeps a step ahead of the Nazis after the invasion of France. Akim Tamiroff, Françoise Rosay, Martita Hunt, and Alexander Scourby give sturdy assistance to the principals. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A lively movie in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison figure amiably as the parents of a young lady who, instead of paying attention to the proper young gentleman they favor as her suitor, takes up with a jazz drummer of murky ancestry. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Sept. 17.)

Rouge et Noir—A blurred version of the Stendhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 16, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 17, tentative.)

White Wilderness—Life among the ice floes, as interpreted by Walt Disney. The photography is altogether fascinating, which makes up for some of the coyness on the sound track as all sorts of fauna, from lemmings to walruses, go through their paces. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 14-15.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 14-16.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Silvana Mangano as a rice harvester in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Sept. 16.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Sept. 16.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 11.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 17: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 17: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok.

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NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 13: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.
Sept. 14-16: "The Seven Year Itch," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "House of Bamboo," revival, Robert Ryan, Robert Stack.
From Sept. 17: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 16: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 17: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Sept. 11: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.
Sept. 12-15: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.
Sept. 16-17: Theatre closed.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 14: "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley.
From Sept. 15: "Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 15: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.
From Sept. 16: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 16: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 17: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): "Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell; and "Maracaibo," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Sept. 11: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.
Sept. 12-16: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.
From Sept. 17: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 16: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 17: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Sept. 11: **12 ANGRY MEN**, revival; and "The Barefoot Contessa," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner.
Sept. 12-13: **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.
Sept. 14-15: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," revival, Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
Sept. 16-17: **GERVAISE** (in French) and "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 17 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 16: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 17: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 13: "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "House of Pleasure" (in French; also known as "Le Plaisir"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
Sept. 14-16: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
From Sept. 17: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Sept. 11: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.
Sept. 12-16: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.
From Sept. 17: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 16: "The Truth About Women," Laurence Harvey, Julie Harris.
From Sept. 17: "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WHITE WILDERNESS.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Sept. 14: "Lucky Jim," Ian Carmichael, Hugh Griffith.
From Sept. 15: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE KEY; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Sept. 11: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Simon and Laura," revival, Peter Finch, Kay Kendall.
Sept. 12-16: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.
From Sept. 17: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 11: "Aleko" and "Moussorgsky" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Sept. 12: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 13: "The Damned" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Sept. 14: **BITTER RICE**, revival; and "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier.
Sept. 15: **CASQUE D'OR**; and "The Savage Triangle" (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 16: A program of seven short films on art—"Painter and Poet," "A Visit with Picasso," and others.
Sept. 17: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 16: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.
From Sept. 17: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
THE KEY; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Sept. 11: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.
Sept. 12-16: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.
From Sept. 17: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.

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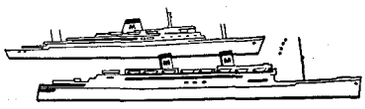

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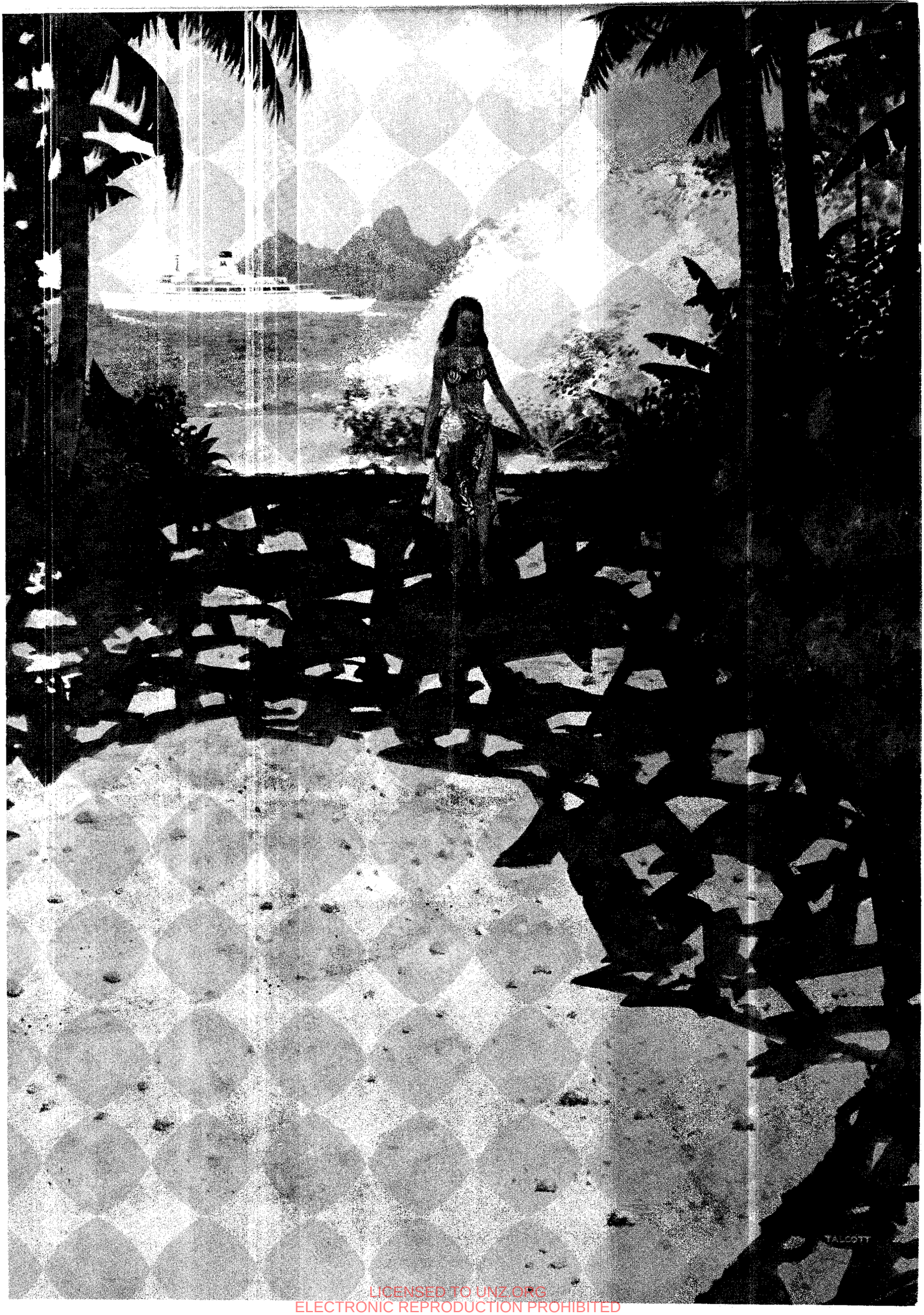

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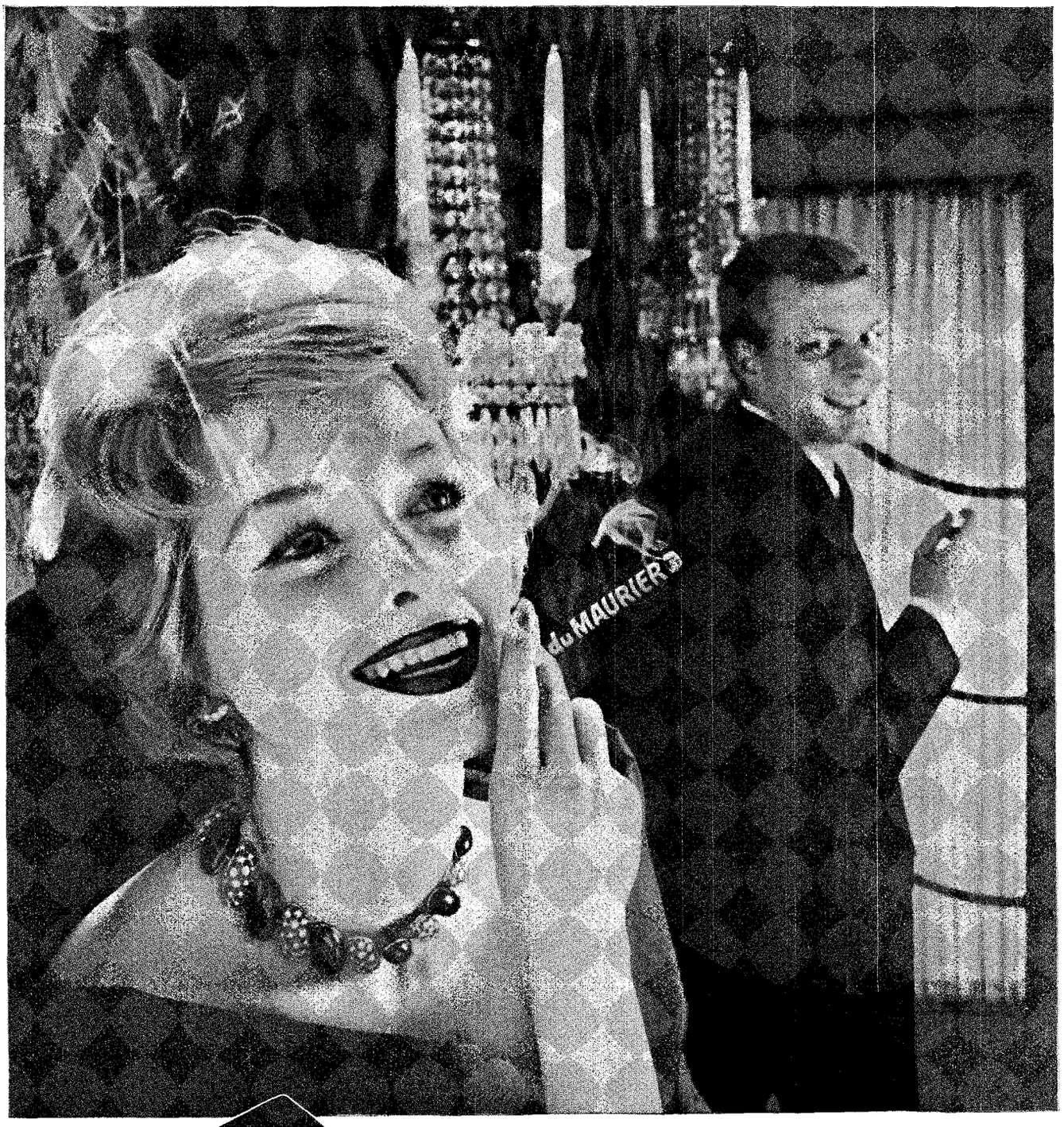

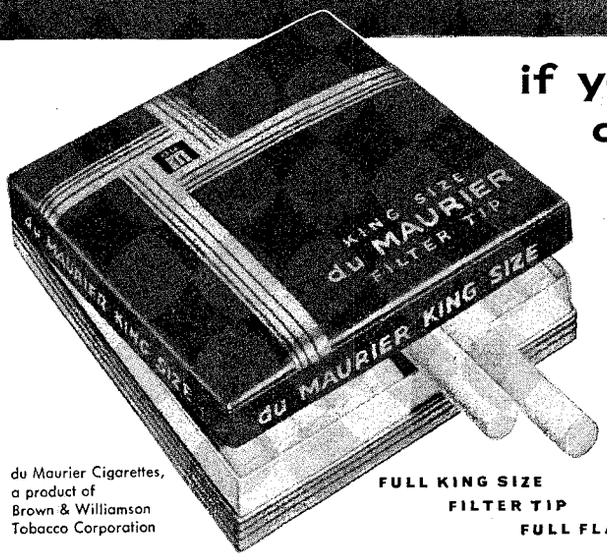

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*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or suit shown.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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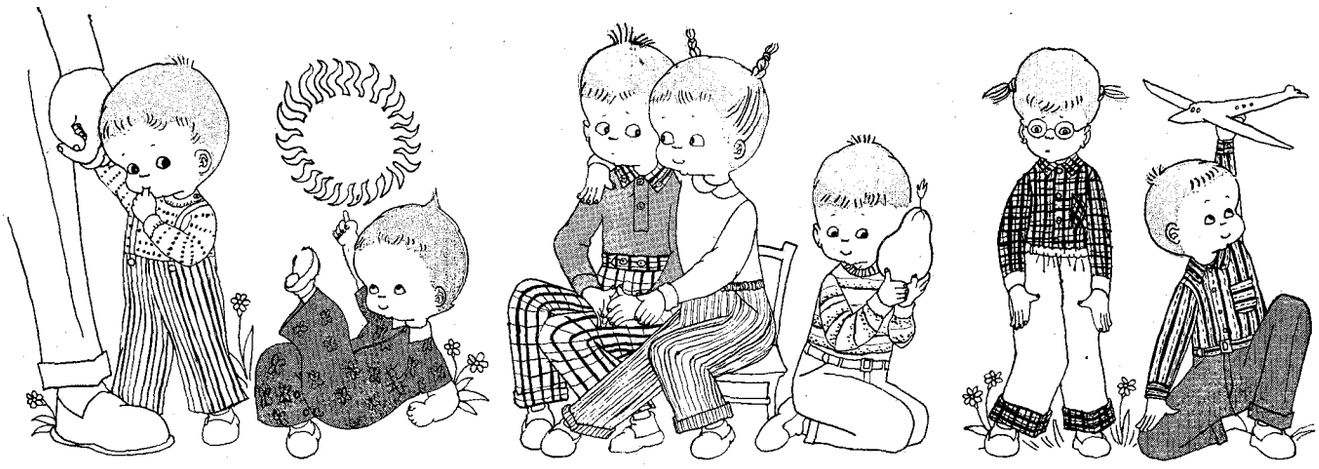
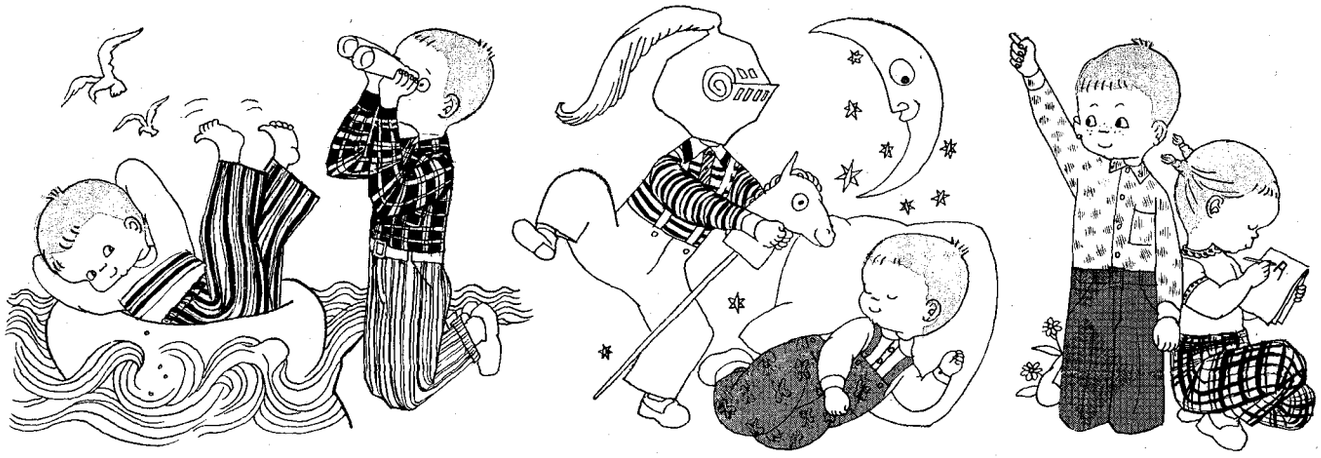
The words are to guess Health-tex is to wear



SON SUN? PAIR ____? PLAIN _____?

EIGHT ___? SUITE _____? HERE ____?



SEA ___? KNIGHT _____? RIGHT _____?

Can you guess the homonyms? They are words that sound alike but mean different things. Example: wear and where. Health-tex is to wear no matter where you go. It may look too expensive for words, but Health-tex fits the budget of anyone who wears size 6 months to size 8. Health-tex shirts, shorts, slacks, sets (and lots more) are very well made by **THE STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC.,** 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

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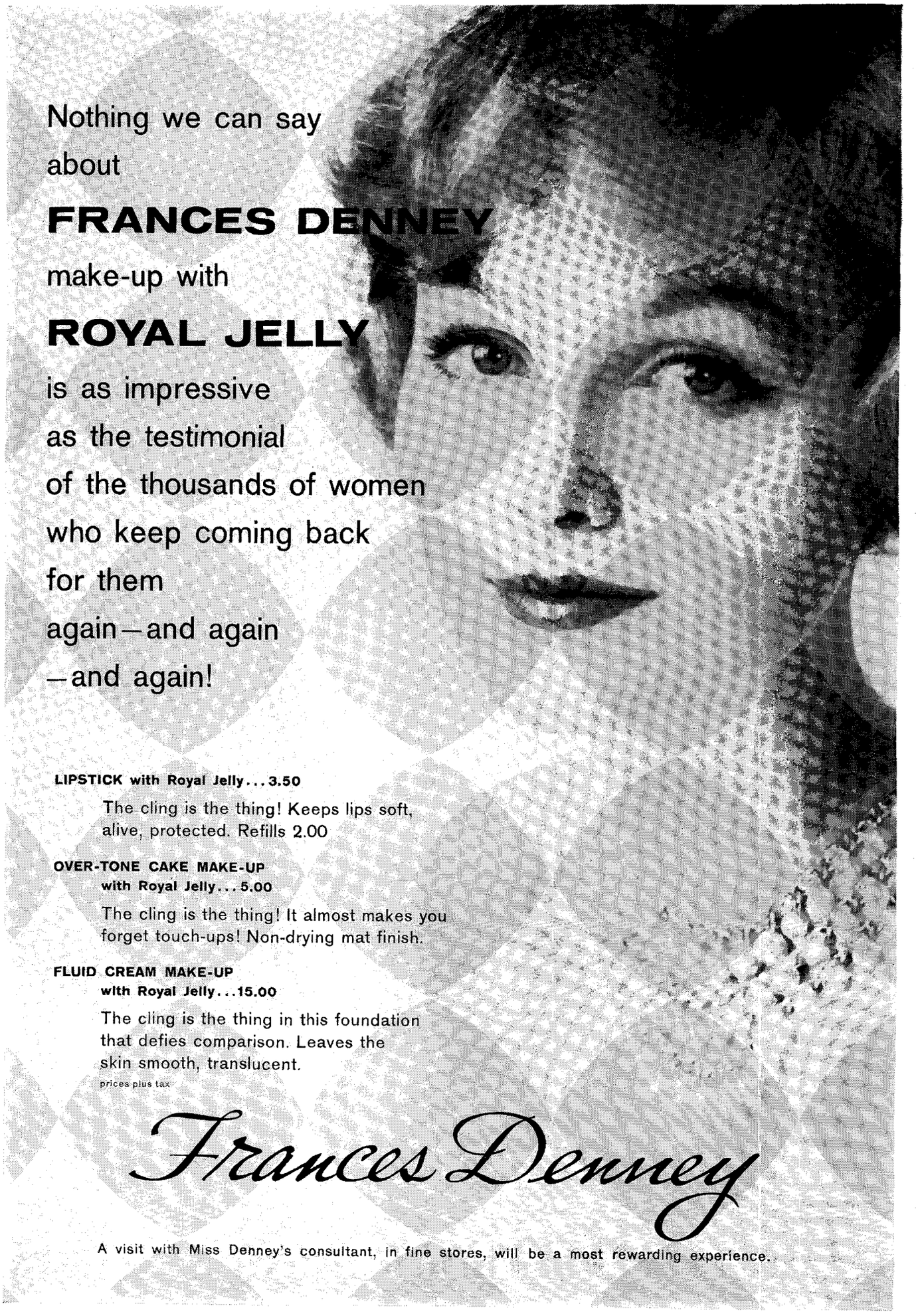

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If her personality is as sparkling as champagne...

if she's as fashionable as Mayfair or St. Moritz,

as famous for her cooking as Escoffier,

as well-scrubbed and healthy as a Dutch school girl,

as steady and dependable as the change of the tides...

and if she's fun on a trip,

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"It's good to be on a well-run ship"

PHOTO BY LEONA LABADIE

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An air of quiet distinction marks the man who wears a Gold Trumpeter suit. It is the finest suit tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx, combining the world's richest fabrics with many painstaking hand details. Truly, "Gold Trumpeter" is the label that says luxury! Yet you pay so little more for the priceless sense of knowing and feeling you are well-dressed.

This distinguished HS&M Gold Trumpeter suit in today's popular slim, trim lines, features the world's finest worsteds by Hunt & Winterbotham of England.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE NAME THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO SO MANY WELL-DRESSED MEN

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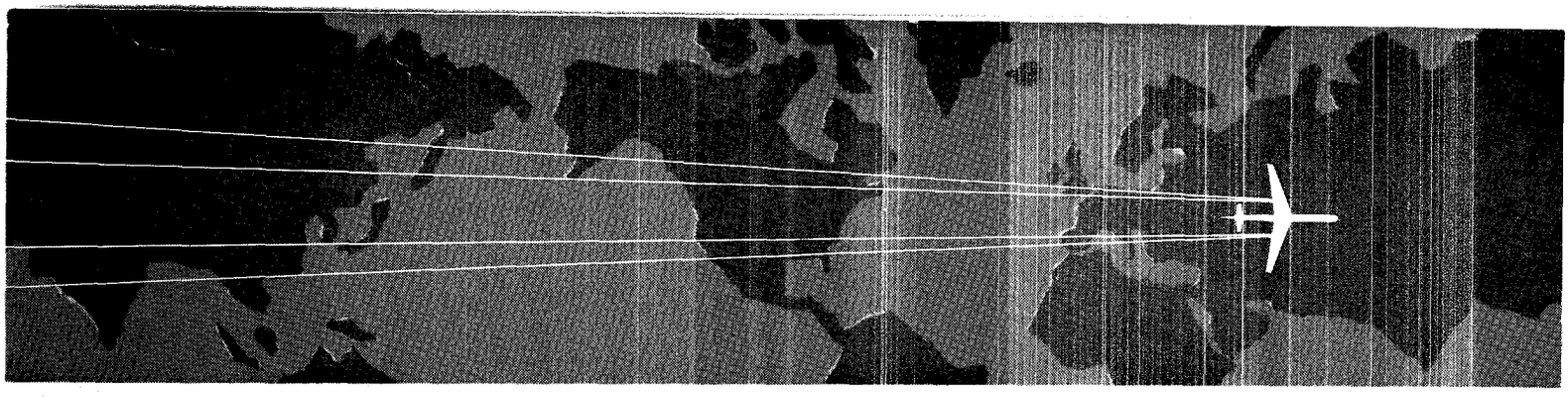
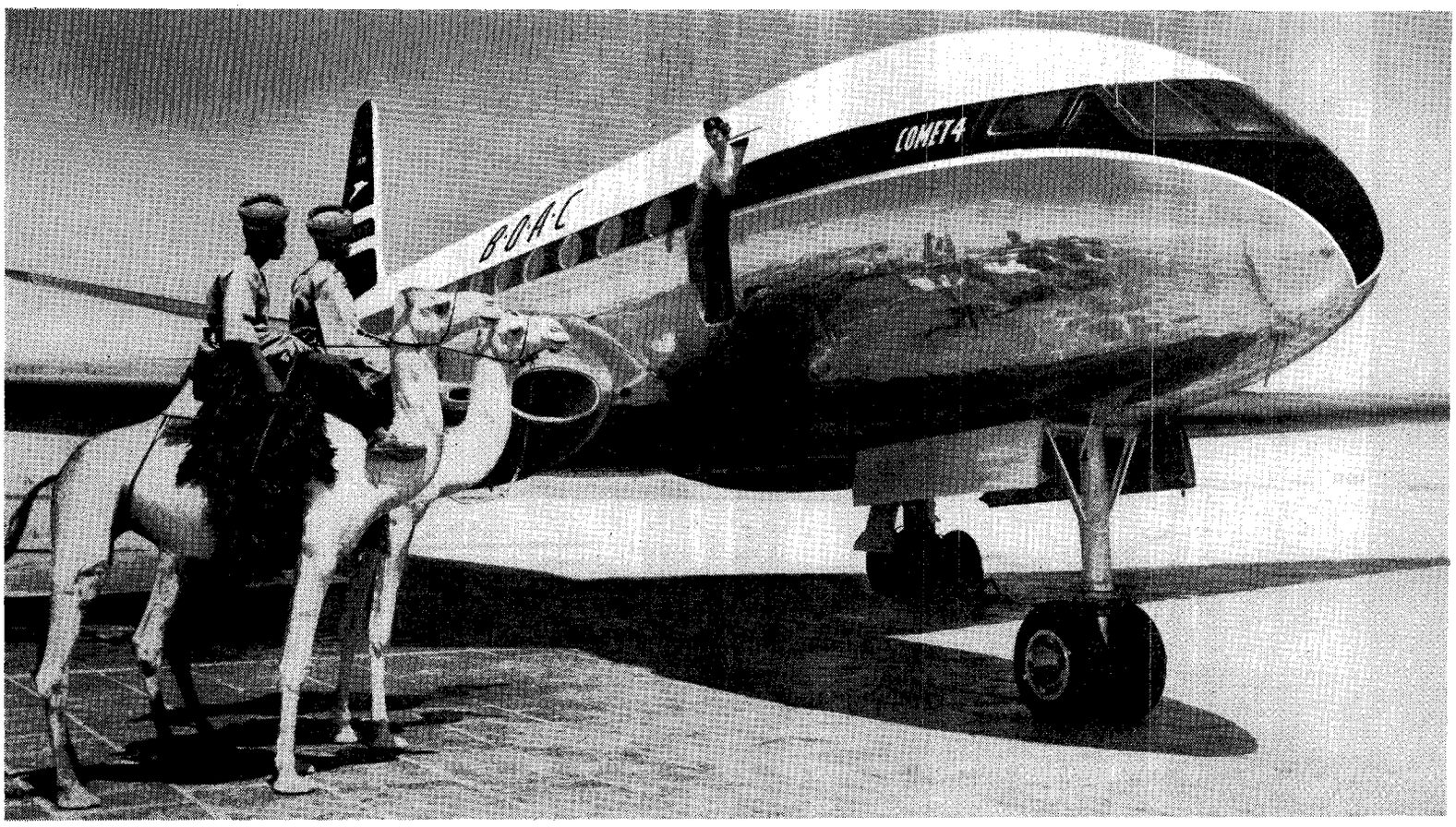


The shortest distance between two points is a JET line!



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ROYCHECK JACKET
by BLACKER BROTHERS

Pinwale corduroy with small overcheck, leather pocket trim. Colors: charcoal, covert, burgundy, tobacco brown. About $27.50. At Wallachs and Weber and Heilbroner. For other stores write Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc.

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The look that's really American begins with Crompton's NEW WORLD CORDUROY. A fabric so richly textured, so flexible . . . it takes naturally to today's casual look and distinctive tailoring. A case in point: The handsome sportcoat styled for easy-to-live-in comfort by *Blacker Brothers*. With a bonus in ruggedness—because Crompton's *exclusive double-locked construction* means long wear . . . without a care. Look for the NEW WORLD hangtag. It's your guide to top corduroy quality.

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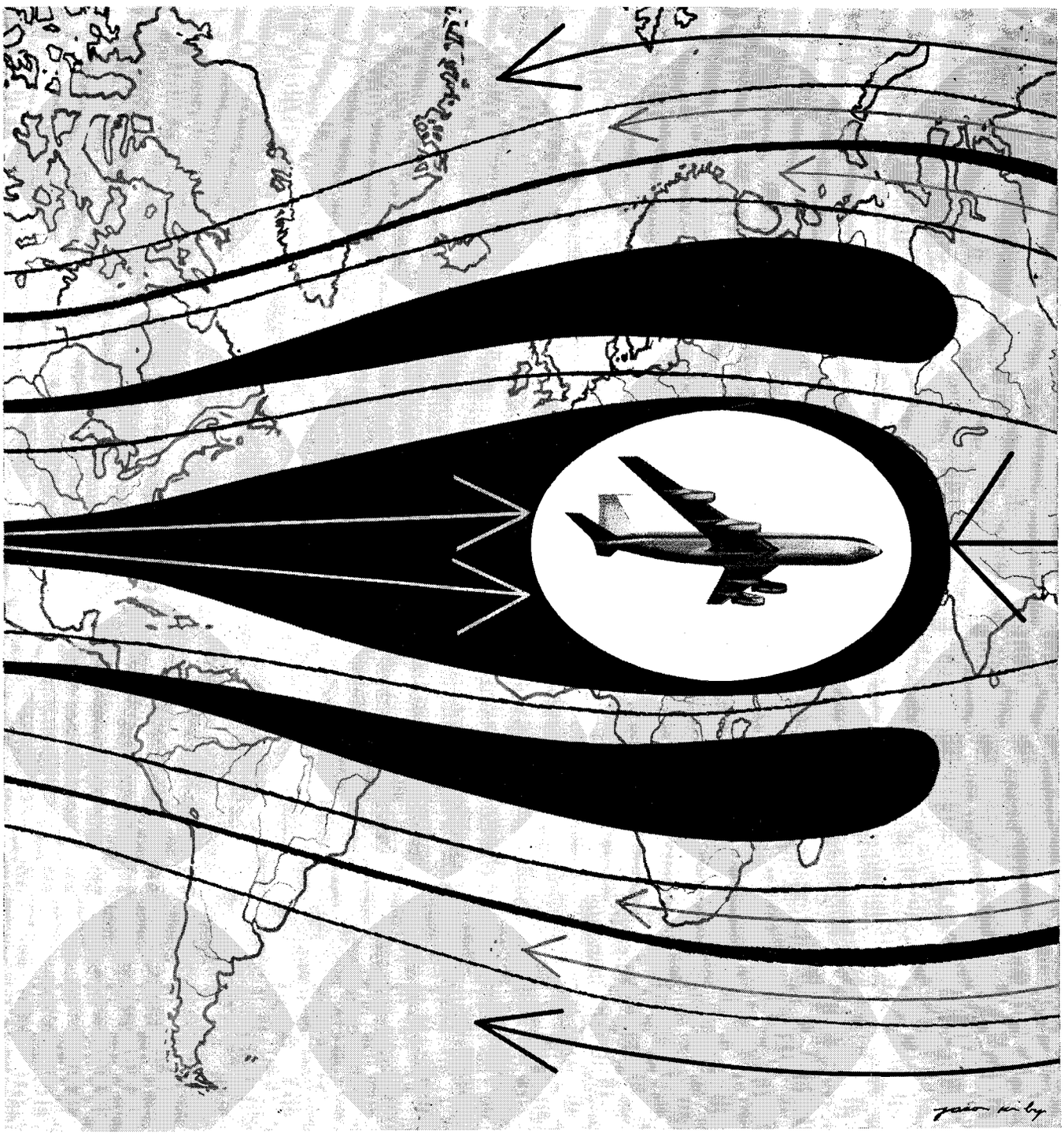

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The day is at hand when you can step aboard an airliner, circle the globe and be back where you started in a little under 47 hours.

A far cry from our early years at Rand McNally, when we were printing tickets and timetables for America's first transcontinental railroads . . . and everyone was breathlessly reading *Around the World in Eighty Days.* Its intrepid hero, Phileas Fogg, would marvel at today's jets . . . flying smoothly at 600 miles an hour in the stratosphere.

Like Phileas, we were pioneers in travel. But the precision and care we devoted to those early tickets and timetables are still at the service of today's fast-moving transportation industry . . . including its luxurious bus lines, railroads . . . and now the new jet-equipped airlines.

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*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.

Who is she?

She's a marvelous puppeteer, a genius at getting children to drink milk, and (incidentally) does all her own housework. Her busy life needs special clothes—here in Suburban Outlook Fashions in fabrics of

Celanese contemporary fibers

Celanese Arnel jersey by Philip Wick, separates by Koret of California. Arnel triacetate (with nylon) makes this marvelously soft jersey that holds its pleats, hand washes, drips dry without ironing. In brown, black, white, navy, or orange. Blouse about $11, skirt about $13. Both in sizes 8-18. At Bamberger's, New Jersey; Labiche's Inc., New Orleans. Names of other stores carrying the "Who Is She" collections on last page. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. Celanese® Arnel®

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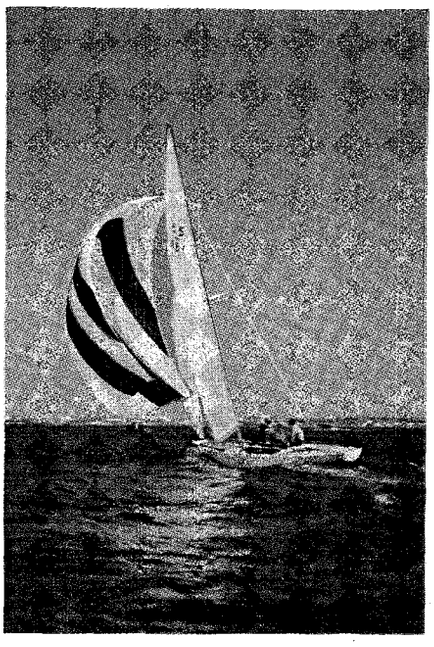
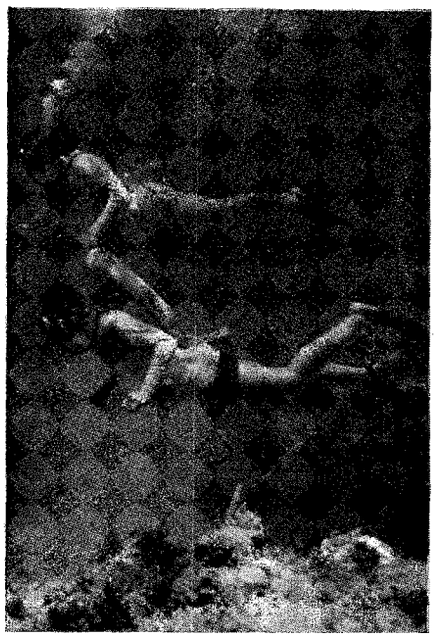

BERMUDA

Another world awaits you in these lovely little islands

On her wide beaches and quaint streets, far from daily cares, it's hard to believe Bermuda is only 700 miles from the mainland. Here you can sail as you've dreamed of sailing, or skim on skis over sparkling blue waters. Bicycles or surrey-top taxis take you to historic sites or secluded picnic coves, to flower-banked roadways or lighthouses from which to view all the islands. There are five beautiful golf courses, en-tout-cas tennis courts. Bermuda's hotels offer excellent accommodations, food and service . . . nightly dancing and entertainment; or you may prefer one of the many charming guest houses or cottage colonies.

There are numerous daily flights to Bermuda by major trans-Atlantic airlines; and weekly sailings on luxury ocean liners. Plan your trip efficiently, economically—with your travel agent. And for a free Bermuda Vacation Kit, write to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

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A WONDERFUL WAY FOR YOU TO ENJOY BERMUDA

On no other vacation island will you find quite the same atmosphere as in a Bermuda guest house, with its delightful combination of modern comfort and old-world hospitality. The one where we stayed had a lovely lounge, a friendly cocktail bar and a perfectly charming hostess. Our very first evening she introduced us to everyone there, and always had dozens of suggestions about where to go and what to do. We had a spacious room overlooking a brilliant garden, delicious meals, guest privileges at nearby golf and beach clubs, and gay evenings dancing at the large hotels.

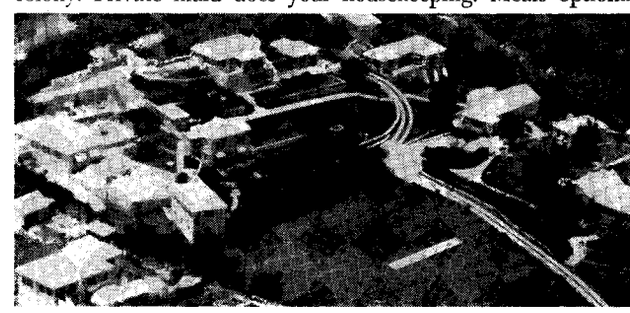
Bermuda guest houses provide all the facilities and service you want on a vacation in quiet, leisurely surroundings. Each one is different, as individual as your own home, but in all you will find the same pleasant informal way of life. Our travel agent knew the guest house we would enjoy the best, and he certainly was right. For specific folders write

The Bermuda Trade Development Board,
620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

ARIEL SANDS. Lovely cottage colony on South Shore estate with Club House and attractive cottage units at the water's edge. Natural ocean-side pool. Private beach. Tennis. 65 guests.

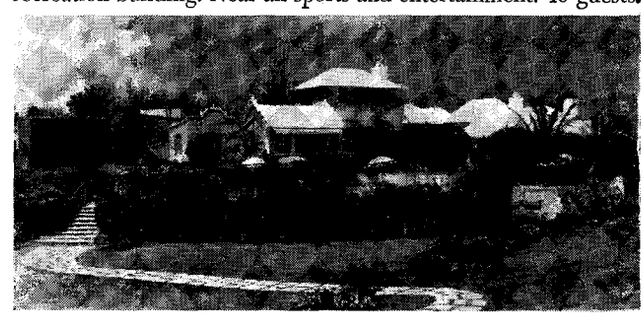
BERMUDA COTTAGES. Modern cottages on Bermuda's famous South Shore beaches. Separately located, or in air-conditioned colony. Private maid does your housekeeping. Meals optional.

CAMBRIDGE-BEACHES. Distinguished cottage colony on 25 beautiful acres in Somerset, with private beaches, all water sports. Tennis club nearby, convenient to golf. 90 guests.



FARAWAY COTTAGE COLONY. On landscaped acres overlooking ocean, with private beach, swimming pool, separate recreation building. Near all sports and entertainment. 40 guests.

HARMONY HALL. In lovely garden setting near South Shore beaches; each room with outside entrance. Swimming pool. Full hotel service. Nightly dancing, entertainment. 80 guests.



THE LEDGELETS COTTAGE COLONY. Ultra-modern cottages on terraced lawns overlooking Great Sound and Ely's Harbour. Pool, private beach. Fine food. 26 guests.

THE REEFS. Delightful beach club with breathtaking ocean view. Each room with sun porch overlooking private beach. Dancing terrace. Excellent Continental cuisine. 65 guests.

ROSEDON. Gracious guest house near Hamilton, with swimming pool, lovely gardens. All rooms air-conditioned. Selective dining plan at choice of restaurants. 32 guests.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, we recorded our pleasure in the chrysanthemums of prose that three out of four autumns bring to bloom on editorial pages in this city. Every even-numbered year, New Yorkers vote for a President or a Governor, every second odd year for a Mayor. One year in four, the pages lie fallow, but that hasn't happened since 1955; it will happen again next fall, but then, in a pre-Presidential year, the editorialists need a chance to recharge their hyperbolic glands. Today, we celebrate the way a campaign causes homeyness to sprout—simplicity, democracy with a lower-case "d," and an honest, uncomplicated pleasure in being just folks. On Labor Day, we read that Governor and Mrs. Averell Harriman drove over from Sands Point to have a Sunday patio

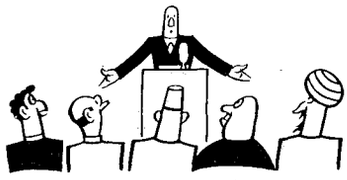
lunch with Mr. and Mrs. William Reilly, of Levittown, on Mrs. Reilly's spur-of-the-moment invitation by letter. Mr. Reilly is a foreman in a metal-making plant, and Mrs. Reilly is a past vice-president of the Levittown Democratic Club. They have a daughter, Janet, six, we learned from the page-one story, with picture, in the *Times*, and the Harrimans, in default of children of commensurate age, brought along their white Labrador retriever, Brum, who takes a mighty fine picture. The Harrimans, plain as a pair of old shoes, sat there talking with the Reillys about lawn gear, mosquito control, Jones Beach, schools, and Long Island roads, over a lunch of chicken salad, rolls, and coffee. The *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* agreed on every item of the agenda and the menu both, but the *Times*, characteristically, added a bit of detail that the *Trib* didn't have: "Mrs. Harriman expressed delight with Mrs. Reilly's chicken salad, which included apples and walnuts. She asked for the recipe." (Mrs. Reilly's salad sounds to us like a Waldorf salad with chicken in it, but she is a photogenic young matron.)

Well, while Mr. Harriman's campaign workers were preening themselves on how folksy the Governor, although undeniably born to wealth, had proved himself, Thursday's *Herald Tribune* came along with a story, for the most part exclusive, about how the Republican candidate, Nelson A. Rockefeller, had sneaked away upstate and outfolksed him. In the manner of Haroun-al-Rashid, a Baghdad candidate long ago, he had circulated among "farmers and plant workers" around Ogdensburg, and then gone on to the State Fair, at Syracuse. Mr. Rockefeller is the grandson of a man who gave away dimes to children, but the candidate presumably didn't want to be accused of buying votes, so he just shook hands. "He left a wake of surprised and delighted people—farmers and housewives visiting the fair," the *Trib* said. "He had a happy grin, a handshake or a pat, and a few words of greeting for almost everybody. He descended on dignified farm wives who were resting their feet on benches and said, 'I'm Nelson Rockefeller,' and bestowed on them his flashing, extra wide grin and a graceful greeting. He stooped low to shake hands with four-year-olds [Mr. Harriman had merely unbent] and he came up from behind spectators and laid a hand on their shoulders, introducing himself as they whirled around in surprise. . . . 'Wonder if he'll have a beer,' a man said from a beer booth on the midway. 'Who said beer?' called out Mr. Rockefeller. [But not in the tone, we imagine, that his grandsire would have employed.] Soon the Rockefellers and the entire party, along with a few outsiders, were lifting foamy glasses to election victory."

Who said hauteur, say we. A midway is folksier than a patio by the length of a good whiffletree, and when two rich men stand face to face we're seein' a mighty good wrassle in the corn patch.

The International Stratum

MORE than four hundred lawyers, law professors, government people, and kindred thinkers—two-thirds of them visitors from twenty-seven countries outside the United States, including the Soviet Union—turned up here for the International Law Association's seven days of reports and dis-



cussions ending last Sunday, on such hefty problems as air law, space law, United Nations Charter reforms, and tribunals to settle disputes over the control of rivers flowing through two or more countries. Except for forays to Columbia and the United Nations headquarters, the business was conducted—usually in English, though sometimes in French—at the New York University Law Center, but attendant social activities were spread all over the place, and we had an opportunity to peek in at one reception for the delegates, which was being thrown by the American Arbitration Association in the capacious Founders Room of its Madison Avenue offices.

Our guide on the expedition was a young N.Y.U. information attaché named Charles Monaghan, who told us, when we met him downstairs in the lobby, that the International Law Association, headquartered in London, is an independent body of three thousand responsible minds that like to join forces for two purposes; one is to draw up recommendations for desirable international laws, and the other is to create a climate of world opinion favorable to the establishment of such laws. "In 1877," Monaghan said as we

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got into the elevator, "a conference of the Association drew up something called the York-Antwerp Rules of General Average, which, in the years since, has gradually been adopted all over the world to govern bills of lading and charter parties in international commerce. It may sound obscure, but it's a model example of the kind of practical work toward world law that the members can accomplish. In 1924, Dag Hammarskjöld's father, Dr. Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, who had earlier been Prime Minister of Sweden, was president of the Association. The current chairman of the executive council is Professor A. L. Goodhart, Master of University College at Oxford, who was born in America and is a nephew of Senator Lehman." The elevator disgorged us a few steps from what was clearly a bang-up social event for somewhere around three hundred talkative people, and Monaghan, after deftly fetching us a gin-and-tonic from the crowded bar, said "Come on," and steered us to an empty chair beside a chair containing an ample gentleman of cheerful mien, with bright-blue eyes, a florid complexion, and a gray cowlick, whom he introduced as the Association's Honorable Secretary-General, W. Harvey Moore, of the United Kingdom.

"You shouldn't talk to me at all," said the Secretary-General, shifting himself around to get settled for a good talk. "You should be talking to Professor Goodhart, who is in a position to speak for the Association. However, I don't see him here. My views are known for being altogether too unorthodox. Although this is our first meeting here since 1930—and only our fourth meeting in America since the Association was founded, eighty-five years ago, in Brussels—America is something of a home to us. It was owing to three Americans that the Association was founded at all, and they gave it its first name—the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations. One of the Americans I speak of was Elihu Burritt, who detested nationalism and said that 'the nations were increasingly given up to *rag* worship.' The two other Americans were the Reverend Dr. Miles, who was secretary of the American Peace Society, and, most important of all, David Dudley Field, of the New York Bar, who I believe was draftsman of the Civil Code of New York State, and whose papers covered a substantial field of interests, from International Codification and Judicial Integrity to the Smoke Nuisance and Pleasant Names for Pleasant Places. He told the Association's original meeting in Brussels, 'We come unbidden, without official representation, as citizens of one country to confer with citizens of other countries on questions of common interest tending to affect the welfare of us all.' His aim was what he defined as 'the settlement of national contentions by peaceful means.' He hated war. He called it 'one of the silliest of all flippant follies in which shallow heads and wicked hearts indulge.' Your United States Attorney General, Mr. William P. Rogers, delighted me personally during his greeting to the Association's conference here the other night when he said the nations might well think of relaxing their insistence on reserving the right to determine whether a domestic matter is suitable or unsuitable for putting before the World Court at The Hague. This is quite my own opinion, mind you. I feel that anyone who believes in police action must realize that police action isn't just a matter of shooting the suspects up but of bringing them to justice, and wherever you let a policeman loose without a judge to control him you're in for trouble."

"I never can remember. Is 'sincerely' two bongs or three?"

Before we left the reception, we met the Association's outgoing president, Professor Milan Bartoš (pronounced "Bartosh"), who was elected at the Association's last meeting, two years ago, in Dubrovnik, in his home country of Yugoslavia, and who was succeeded at the current meeting by Oscar R. Houston, senior partner in the local admiralty-law firm of Bigham, Englar, Jones & Houston. A vast and rumpled man with enormous freckled hands and a manner that somehow suggested the late Raimu impersonating the late W. C. Fields, Professor Bartoš addressed us in leisurely French, conveyed officially through a translator. "Too many lawyers are too closely associated with governmental functions to fulfill the lawyer's historic social function of facilitating independence of thought—the free spirit," said Professor Bartoš, his great fingers extracting a fragile cigarette from a pale-blue box bearing what looked like a Yugoslavian trademark. "Too many studies in the last few years have overlooked the judicial questions involved in working

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out the application of United Nations rulings. For example, what are the necessary legal conditions for peaceful coexistence?" He appeared to be leaving the poser hanging there, so we asked him to venture an answer, and he replied obligingly, "All the necessary conditions are already given in the Charter of the United Nations."

Professor Bartoš told us that this was his thirteenth visit to the United States. "The women are more extravagant in fashion than they were ten years ago, even on Fifth Avenue," he said, looking rueful, and then he added unexpectedly, "They are more attractive now."

•

OVERHEARD in a delicatessen in Greenwich Village: "These pears look terrible. In my art class, the teacher gets better ones to *draw*."

"Well, I'll be damned! 'Mrs. Wiggs du Carré de Choux.'"

•

P. C.

PEOPLE who love New York are bound to be enchanted with a book that Macmillan is bringing out ten days from now, entitled "Once Upon a City." It contains something over two hundred masterly photographs of local people and places, all of them taken between 1890 and 1910 by the well-known photographic firm of Byron, as well as a text—thorough, witty, and notably unsentimental—by Miss Grace M. Mayer, curator of prints at the Museum of the City of New York. The publication of this stout, handsome volume has been arranged to coincide with an exhibition of Byron photographs at the Museum and, much more important, with the eightieth birthday of Mr. Percy Byron. In the course of a joint career lasting from 1889 to 1942, Mr. Byron and his father, Joseph, aided at times by up to half a dozen other members of the family, took well over thirty thousand photographs of New York theatres, hospitals, residences, ships, parks, streets, actors, athletes, society figures, literary lions, and anonymous passersby; in 1942, when the firm was dissolved, Mr. Byron presented a third of his vast collection of prints and negatives to the Museum, and he has since hinted that there are more to come. The present book may be only the first of many big chunks to be hewn from that prodigious quarry.

Anticipating the birthday celebration-*cum*-exhibition-*cum*-publication by a few days, we journeyed up to the Museum and had a fine backward-looking talk with Mr. Byron, while the modest Miss Mayer stood by, ready to supply a helpful oral footnote if Mr. Byron's memory should happen to fail at any point. As things turned out, it didn't; at eighty Percy Byron, jaunty and pink-cheeked, could easily pass for sixty, and his powers of recollection are on the order of Thomas Wolfe's. We learned that he was born in Nottingham, England, where his family had been photographers for three generations (his great-grandfather had switched from painting crests on carriages to taking pictures almost as soon as a workable camera was invented), that his father and mother had come to New York in 1888, and that Percy and an assortment of brothers and sisters had followed about a year later. "That fancy 'Percy' gave me a lot of trouble," Mr. Byron told us. "To make matters worse, my mother had saddled me with 'Claude' as a middle name. I decided to use only my initials; when anyone asked me what they stood for, I said 'Police Constable.'"

P. C. sold his first professional photograph at fourteen. It was a picture of Princess Eulalie of Spain at the temporary tomb of President Grant, on Riverside Drive, and he sold it to Arthur Brisbane, then city editor of the *World*, for five dollars. A few weeks later, he had another choice item for the papers—a picture of Edwin Booth's coffin being carried down the steps of his house on Gramercy Park. After so heady a start, there was no turning back, and P. C. was soon working full time for his father. By then, the senior Byron had begun to make a specialty of stage photography; he would gain permission to take photographs of actors on set during the first dress rehearsal, and peddle these photographs to the papers at five dollars apiece. In 1896, the comedy team of Weber and Fields revolutionized the enterprise by *asking* the Byrons to come to rehearsal and take pictures, which Weber and Fields

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paid for and distributed free of charge to the press. "From that day on, we were in the theatrical business in a big way," Percy Byron said. "I can recall taking as many as eighty flashlight pictures of Mrs. Leslie Carter at a rehearsal of David Belasco's 'Adrea.' And once, I remember, we took some photographs of Sarah Bernhardt, and when I showed them to her the next day she was so pleased that she kissed me on both cheeks."

Having become interested in that newfangled thing, motion pictures, the Byrons took the first movie ever made of an Easter parade on Fifth Avenue. That was in 1897. Later, they filmed one of the earliest plotted movies; it was called "The Professor and the Indian," and depicted a butterfly-chasing professor being stalked by a fierce-faced brave. The scene was supposedly the West but was actually Central Park; the film ran for forty seconds and was a great hit. In 1898, P. C. went to Cuba to cover the Spanish-American War for Hearst's *American*. When he returned, his father informed him that they were out of the movie business, adding, "No use bothering with it. The novelty has already begun to wear off." Joseph Byron died in 1923. "I carried on, with the help of my mother and my three children," Percy Byron said. "By then, we were devoting ourselves almost entirely to photographing ships. We were the official photographers for just about every line whose ships entered the port here. When the war came along, nobody wanted any pictures taken of their ships, so I decided to put an end to the firm. It was ninety-eight years old at the time. Until then, I'd had a strenuous life. Now I work for a photo-engraving company in Newark, if you want to call it work—thirty-five hours a week, which is hardly enough to keep the motor turning over. Still, I keep fussing with new experiments and inventions. I love this profession. If I can help it keep on making progress, that's all I ask."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Some of the residents of Harrison, New York, have formed a car pool to transport a group of children from the town to the offices of an allergy specialist in Scarsdale.

Aftermath

A LITTLE over a month ago, while at Cannes, en route to the Brussels World's Fair, the American Ballet Theatre suffered a disastrous fire, which consumed four hundred thousand dollars' worth of sets, costumes, properties, and personal belongings. Nevertheless, the company is scheduled to open in full splendor next week at the Met. The other day, we dropped into the company's rehearsal studios, on West Fifty-seventh Street, for a talk with the co-director, Lucia Chase, on how things were coming along. Ballet—that cool, elegant, serene, and most aristocratic of the arts—is customarily rehearsed in a frenzied atmosphere of crisis, sweat, and despair, yet with an underlying optimism that holds that everything will miraculously turn out all right on the night of the performance. Over on West Fifty-seventh Street, we found the usual atmosphere, but, understandably, in an extreme form. Miss Chase—a gracious but dynamic woman with red hair and green eyes, who was one of the original members of the company eighteen years ago and has been one of its principal ballerinas—told us, neatly combining frenzy and optimism in one utterance, "That fire was the greatest catastrophe we've ever had, and we're going crazy getting ready for the opening, but I think this is going to be our finest season, because we'll have a new, fresh look."

At the moment, a new, fresh look was being given to "Petrouchka." Only the principal dancers were present, along with a pianist; the company's *régisseur*, Dimitri Romanoff; and the man who is staging the ballet, Yurek Lazowsky—a dramatic-looking fellow, wearing his trousers tucked into black Cossack boots. Next door, a building was being torn down with a deafening racket. Nobody in the studio seemed aware of the noise.

"This season," Miss Chase went on, "we're putting on six new ballets, as well as six revivals and our basic repertoire—a total of thirty ballets. It would be a frantic business to mount that many new ballets even under the best of circumstances—but with that fire! We're having to get new costumes and sets for nine of our old ballets, to replace what the fire destroyed. The logistics are formidable. We've placed rush orders for things all over Europe. Wigs are on their way from Brussels. The costumes for 'Theme and Variations'—designed by André Levasseur, whom we tracked down in Monaco—are being made in Paris. The scenery for 'Journey' is coming from London, and the scenery and costumes for 'Miss Julie' from Stockholm. Don't ask me what will happen if the things don't arrive on time! They *will* arrive."

The fire broke out, mysteriously, on July 31st, in a twelve-ton truck in which the company's gear was stored, Miss Chase told us. All that was found in the ashes that could be identified was a charred souvenir program. Six days later, however, the company managed to go through with its performances at Brussels—a feat accomplished through heroic improvisation, an airlift of shoes and equipment from New York, and the assistance of ballet companies throughout Europe, which rallied to the aid of the American company with tutus, tunics, tights, and music scores. "Some of the women had to dance in shoes that were the wrong size, and some of the men had to really scamper offstage, so they could pass their tights on to the dancers in the next ballet," Miss Chase said.

Miss Chase was summoned to the telephone in the next room. When she returned, she was looking pleased, and said, "That was a young man just arrived from London. He's brought us a 'Giselle' score from Anton Dolin, the choreographer who first staged it for us. We lost the scores for four ballets in the fire, and reconstructing them is an enormous effort. We can't just go out and buy them at a music store, because each company usually works out its own version of each ballet it does, making cuts in the music here and there, and shifting some of the parts. We've had to get 'Giselle' scores from six sources in order to put together the version we use. Among the things lost in the fire that we can't replace in shops or from insurance were our *régisseur's* notes on the staging of nearly all our ballets. Fortunately, Dimitri's got a fine memory—as a ballet *régisseur* must have, since that's the way most ballets are preserved and passed on—and he's writing out his notes again in every spare moment. What's more, the fire took all the dancers' personal possessions. Nora Kaye had one of the best collections of wigs, hair pieces, and falls of anyone in the theatrical world. All burned. Then, there are things that the average person might not think important—makeup boxes, for instance. Each dancer assembles her own makeup box over the years, to suit her face, and the roles she plays, and the lighting, and so on. You can't assemble a new one overnight."

A staff member came up to remind Miss Chase of an appointment at the company's main offices, on Broadway. "Oh, I'm afraid I'll have to fly," Miss Chase said to us hastily. "And I just remembered that I have to call our

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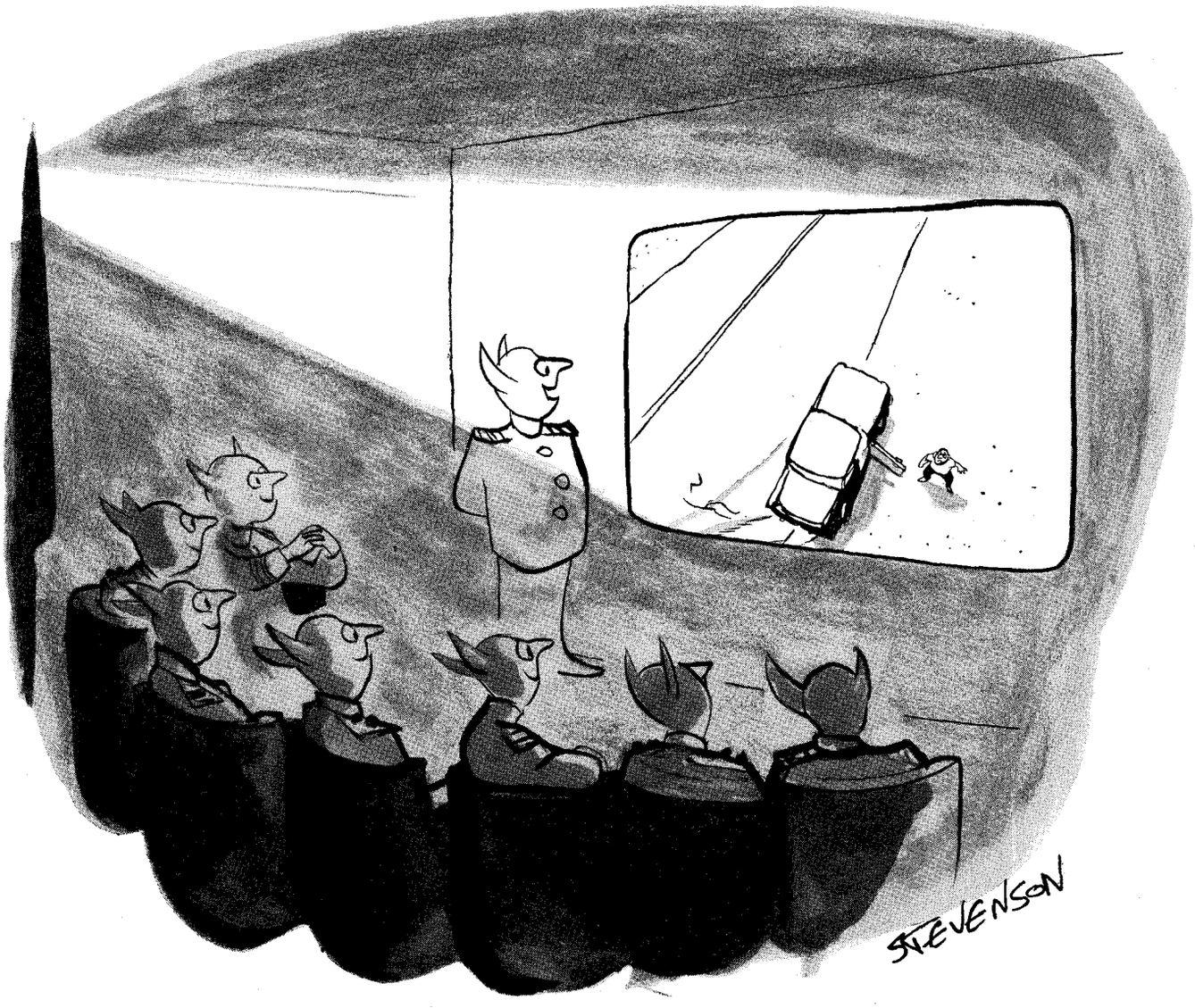

"There's the fellow who spotted us. I imagine he's regarded as something of a crank by now."

• •

transport agent in Paris. There's so much to be done!" She smiled. "People keep asking me whether the fire wasn't a tremendous blow to me and whether I don't feel discouraged. Heavens! With all these problems to cope with, I'll have to wait until the season's over before I can sit down and find out *how* I feel."

McGrath on Stature

LIAM MCGRATH, who stands five feet two and a half inches and is credited with being the smallest man ever served a drink in Costello's, got onto the subject of height the other evening, according to our Third Avenue correspondent. "He was crouched, like a jockey, on a tall stool," our correspondent reports, "and sipping a lager, when, all of a sudden, he announced that none of the men in the house knew how far they extended from earth to Heaven. Well, that caused a silence, as you can imagine, and, realizing that something characteristic was on the way, I got out a pencil and jotted down the following, herewith submitted:

" 'The plague of the middle-sized man,' said McGrath, 'is the mad notion that he must be six feet high to have any distinction whatever. They creep up on the sacred six in all kinds of crooked ways. There was a time I was with the Motor Vehicles Bureau, under O'Brien, God rest his soul, and I used to see the applicants come in with great descriptions of themselves as "five feet ten and a half," "five feet eleven and a quarter," and even, so help me God, "five feet eleven and five-eighths." Actually, there wasn't a one of them of any vast size, and no one in my time had the gall to say he was six feet, even. When I think of them—worrying, fretting, and lying—I feel that there's a lot to be said for a case like me that would have to grow a foot to get into this crazy contention. No enemy has ever struck me down without being accused of bullying, and there is a frequent notion among the strivers for a bit of expansion in the vertical that people like me, relaxing quietly in the five-foot area, have time to think about more important things than the size of the hole we cut in the wind. Mind you, I don't intend to say that little men are smarter than big men; all I know is that the big ones I've met have been a lot dumber than me.'

" 'As a six-footer, with brains to spare,' said the publican Costello, 'I have never regarded you, McGrath, as the mental equal of my son, for instance, who is attending R.I.P.'

" 'He goes to a place called Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,' said McGrath coldly, 'which is not called "R.I.P.," and furthermore you stand about five feet nine.'

" 'Eleven,' said Costello.

" 'Nine,' said McGrath implacably."

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THE WRYSONS

THE Wrysons wanted things in the suburb of Shady Hill to remain exactly as they were. Their dread of change—of irregularity of any sort—was acute, and when the Larkin estate was sold for an old people's rest home, the Wrysons went to the Village Council meeting and demanded to know what sort of old people these old people were going to be. The Wrysons' civic activities were confined to upzoning, but they were very active in this field, and if you were invited to their house for cocktails, the chances were that you would be asked to sign an upzoning petition before you got away. This was something more than a natural desire to preserve the character of the community. They seemed to sense that there was a stranger at the gates—unwashed, tirelessly scheming, foreign, the father of disorderly children who would ruin their rose garden and depreciate their real-estate investment, a man with a beard, a garlic breath, and a book. The Wrysons took no part in the intellectual life of the community. There was hardly a book in their house, and, in a place where even cooks were known to have Picasso reproductions hanging above their washstands, the Wrysons' taste in painting stopped at marine sunsets and bowls of flowers. Donald Wryson was a large man with thinning fair hair and the cheerful air of a bully, but he was a bully only in the defense of rectitude, class distinctions, and the orderly appearance of things. Irene Wryson was not a totally unattractive woman, but she was both shy and contentious—especially contentious on the subject of upzoning. They had one child, a little girl named Dolly, and they lived in a pleasant house on Alewives Lane, and they went in for gardening. This was another way of keeping up the appearance of things, and Donald Wryson was very critical of a neighbor who had ragged syringa bushes and a bare spot on her front lawn. They led a limited social life; they seemed to have no ambitions or needs in this direction, although at Christmas each year they sent out about six hundred cards. The preparation and addressing of these must have occupied their evenings for at least two weeks. Donald had a laugh like a jackass, and people who did not like him were careful not to sit in the same train coach with him. The Wrysons were stiff; they were inflexible. They seemed to experience not distaste but alarm when they found quack grass in their lawn or heard of a contemplated divorce among their neighbors. They were odd, of course. They were not as odd as poor, dizzy Flossie Dolmetch, who was caught forging drug prescriptions and was discovered to have been under the influence of morphine for three years. They were not as odd as Caruthers Mason, with his collection of two thousand lewd photographs, or as odd as Mrs. Temon, who, with those two lovely children in the next room—But why go on? They were odd.

Irene Wryson's oddness centered on a dream. She dreamed once or twice a month that someone—some enemy or hapless American pilot—had exploded a hydrogen bomb. In the light of day, her dream was inadmissible, for she could not relate it to her garden, her interest in upzoning, or her comfortable way of life. She could not bring herself to tell her husband at breakfast that she had dreamed about the hydrogen bomb. Faced with the pleasant table and its view of the garden—faced even with rain and snow—she could not find it in herself to explain what had troubled her sleep. The dream cost her much in energy and composure, and often left her deeply depressed. Its sequence of events varied, but it usually went like this.

The dream was set in Shady Hill—she dreamed that she woke in her own bed. Donald was always gone. She was at once aware of the fact that the bomb had exploded. Mattress stuffing and a trickle of brown water were coming through a big hole in the ceiling. The sky was gray—lightless—although there were in the west a few threads of red light, like those charming vapor trails we see in the air after the sun has set. She didn't know if these were vapor trails or some part of that force that would destroy the marrow in her bones. The gray air seemed final. The sky would never shine with light again. From her window she could see a river, and now, as she watched, boats began to come upstream. At first, there were only two or three. Then there were tens, and then there were hundreds. There were outboards, excursion boats, yachts, schooners with auxiliary motors; there were even rowboats. The number of boats grew until the water was covered with them, and the noise of motors rose to a loud din. The jockeying for position in this retreat up the river became aggressive and then savage. She saw men firing pistols at one another, and a rowboat, in which there was a family with little children, smashed and sunk by a cruiser. She cried, in her dream, to see this inhumanity as the world was ending. She cried, and she went on watching, as if some truth was being revealed to her—as if she had always known this to be the human condition, as if she had always known the world to be dangerous and the comforts of her life in Shady Hill to be the merest palliative.

Then in her dream she turned away from the window and went through the bathroom that connected their room and Dolly's. Her daughter was sleeping sweetly, and she woke her. At this point, her emotions were at their strongest. The force and purity of the love that she felt toward this fragrant child was an agony. She dressed the little girl and put a snowsuit on her and led her into the bathroom. She opened the medicine cabinet, the one place in the house that the Wrysons, in their passion for neatness, had not put in order. It was crowded with leftover medicines from Dolly's trifling illnesses—cough syrups, calamine lotion for poison ivy, aspirin, and physics. And the mild perfume of these remnants and the tenderness she had felt for her daughter when she was ill—as if the door of the medicine cabinet

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had been a window opening onto some dazzling summer of the emotions—made her cry again. Among the bottles was one that said "Poison," and she reached for this and unscrewed the top, and shook into her left hand a pill for herself and one for the girl. She told the trusting child some gentle lie, and was about to put the pill between her lips when the ceiling of the bathroom collapsed and they stood knee-deep in plaster and dirty water. She groped around in the water for the poison, but it was lost, and the dream usually ended in this way. And how could she lean across the breakfast table and explain her pallor to her husky husband with this detailed vision of the end of the world? He would have laughed his jackass laugh.

"Sort of strange about Carter. Defecting to the beat generation like that."

DONALD WRYSON's oddness could be traced easily enough to his childhood. He had been raised in a small town in the Middle West that couldn't have had much to recommend it, and his father, an old-fashioned commercial traveller, with a hothouse rose in his buttonhole and buff-colored spats, had abandoned his wife and his son when the boy was young. Mrs. Wryson had few friends and no family. With her husband gone, she got a job as a clerk in an insurance office, and took up, with her son, a life of unmitigated melancholy and need. She never forgot the horror of her abandonment, and she leaned so heavily for support on her son that she seemed to threaten his animal spirits. Her life was a Calvary, as she often said, and the most she could do was to keep body and soul together.

She had been young and fair and happy once, and the only way she had of evoking these lost times was by giving her son baking lessons. When the nights were long and cold and the wind whistled around the four-family house where they lived, she would light a fire in the kitchen range and drop an apple peel onto the stove lid for the fragrance. Then Donald would put on an apron and scurry around, getting out the necessary bowls and pans, measuring out flour and sugar, separating eggs. He learned the contents of every cupboard. He knew where the spices and the sugar were kept, the nut meats and the citron, and when the work was done, he enjoyed washing the bowls and pans and putting them back where they belonged. Donald loved these hours himself, mostly because they seemed to dispel the oppression that stood unlifted over those years of his mother's life—and was there any reason why a lonely boy should rebel against the feeling of security that he found in the kitchen on a stormy night? She taught him how to make cookies and muffins and banana bread and, finally, a Lady Baltimore cake. It was sometimes after eleven o'clock when their work was done. "We do have a good time together, don't we, son?" Mrs. Wryson would ask. "We have a lovely time together, don't we, you and me. Oh, hear that wind howling! Think of the poor sailors at sea." Then she would embrace him, she would run her fingers through his light hair, and sometimes, although he was much too big, she would draw him onto her lap.

All of that was long ago. Mrs. Wryson was dead, and when Donald stood at the edge of her grave he had not felt any very great grief. She had been reconciled to dying years before she did die, and her conversation had been full of gallant references to the grave. Years later, when Donald was living alone in New York, he had been overtaken suddenly, one spring evening, by a depression as keen as any in his adolescence. He did not drink, he did not enjoy books or movies or the theatre, and, like his mother, he had few friends. Searching desperately for some way to take out of this misery, he hit on the idea of baking a Lady Baltimore cake. He went out and bought the ingredients—deeply ashamed of himself—and sifted the flour and chopped the nuts and citron in the kitchen of the little walkup apartment where he lived. As he stirred the cake batter, he felt his depression vanish. It was not until he had put the cake in the oven and sat down to wipe his hands on his apron that he realized how successful he had been in summoning the ghost of his mother and the sense of security he had experienced as a child in her kitchen on stormy nights. When the cake was done, he iced it, ate a slice, and dumped the rest into the garbage.

The next time he felt troubled, he

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THE ARCTIC OX

(DERIVED FROM "GOLDEN FLEECE OF THE ARCTIC," AN ARTICLE IN THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY," BY JOHN J. TEAL, JR., WHO REARS MUSK OXEN ON HIS FARM IN VERMONT)

To wear the arctic fox
you have to kill it. Wear
qiviut—the underwool of the arctic ox—
pulled off it like a sweater;
your coat is warm, your conscience better.

I would like a suit of
qiviut, so light I did not
know I had it on, and in the
course of time another,
since I had not had to murder

the "goat" that grew the fleece
that grew the first. The musk ox
has no musk and it is not an ox—
illiterate epithet.
Bury your nose in one when wet.

It smells of water, nothing else,
and browses goatlike on
hind legs. Its great distinction
is not egocentric scent
but that it is intelligent.

Chinchillas, otters, water rats,
and beavers keep us warm.
But think! A "musk ox" grows six pounds
of *qiviut;* the cashmere ram,
three ounces—that is all—of *pashm.*

Lying in an exposed spot,
basking in the blizzard,
these ponderosos could dominate
the rare-hairs market in Kashan, and yet
you could not have a choicer pet.

They join you as you work,
love jumping in and out of holes,
play in water with the children,
learn fast, know their names,
will open gates and invent games.

While not incapable
of courtship, they may find its
servitude and flutter too much
like Procrustes' bed,
so some decide to stay unwed.

Camels are snobbish
and sheep unintelligent,
water buffaloes neurasthenic,
even murderous,
reindeer seem overserious.

Whereas these scarce *qivies*,
with golden fleece and winning ways,
outstripping every fur bearer—
there in Vermont quiet—
could demand Bold Ruler's diet:

Mountain Valley water,
dandelions, carrots, oats;
encouraged as well, by bed
made fresh three times a day,
to roll and revel in the hay.

Insatiable for willow
leaves alone, our goatlike
qivi-curvi-capricornus
sheds down ideal for a nest.
Songbirds find *qiviut* best.

Suppose you had a bag
of it; you could spin a pound
into a twenty-four- or five-
mile thread—one, forty-ply,
that will not shrink in any dye.

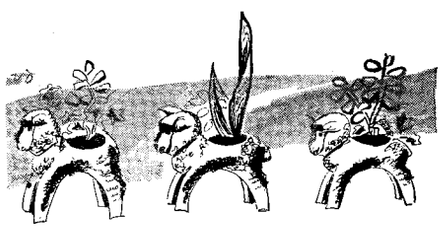
If you fear that you are
reading an advertisement,
you are. If we can't be cordial
to these creatures' fleece,
I think that we deserve to freeze.

—MARIANNE MOORE

• •

resisted the temptation to bake a cake, but he was not always able to do this, and during the eight or nine years he had been married to Irene he must have baked eight or nine cakes. He took extraordinary precautions, and she knew nothing of this. She believed him to be a complete stranger to the kitchen. And how could he at the breakfast table—all two hundred and sixteen pounds of him—explain that he looked sleepy because he had been up until three baking a Lady Baltimore cake, which he had hidden in the garage?

GIVEN these unpleasant facts, then, about these not attractive people, we can dispatch them brightly enough, and who but Dolly would ever miss them? Donald Wryson, in his crusading zeal for upzoning, was out in all kinds of weather, and let's say that one night, when he was returning from a referendum in an ice storm, his car skidded down Hill Street, struck the big elm at the corner, and was demolished. Finis. His poor widow, either through love or dependence, was inconsolable. Getting out of bed one morning, a month or so after the loss of her husband, she got her feet caught in the dust ruffle and fell and broke her hip. Weakened by a long convalescence, she contracted pneumonia and departed this life. This leaves us with Dolly to account for, and what a sad tale we can write for this little girl. During the months in which her parents' will is in probate, she lives first on the charity and then on the forbearance of her neighbors. Finally, she is sent to live with her only relative, a cousin of her mother's, who is a schoolteacher in Los Angeles. How many hundreds of nights will she cry herself to sleep in bewilderment and loneliness. How strange and cold the world will seem. There is little to remind her of her parents except at Christmas, when, forwarded from Shady Hill, will come Greetings from Mrs. Sallust Trevor, who has been living in Paris and does not know about the



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accident; Salutations from the Parkers, who live in Mexico and never did get their lists straight; Season's Greetings from Meyers' Drugstore; Merry Christmas from the Perry Browns; Santissimas from the Oak Tree Italian Restaurant; A Joyeux Noël from Dodie Smith. Year after year, it will be this little girl's responsibility to throw into the wastebasket these cheerful holiday greetings that have followed her parents to and beyond the grave. . . . But this did not happen, and if it had, it would have thrown no light on what we know.

What happened was this. Irene Wryson had her dream one night. When she woke, she saw that her husband was not in bed. The air smelled sweet. Sweating suddenly, the beating of her heart strained with terror, she realized that the end had come. What could that sweetness in the air be but atomic ash? She ran to the window, but the river was empty. Half asleep and feeling cruelly lost as she was, she was kept from waking Dolly only by a healthy curiosity. There was smoke in the hallway, but it was not the smoke of any common fire. The sweetness made her feel sure that this was lethal ash. Led on by the smell, she went on down the stairs and through the dining room into the lighted kitchen. Donald was asleep with his head on the table and the room was full of smoke. "Oh, my darling," she cried, and woke him.

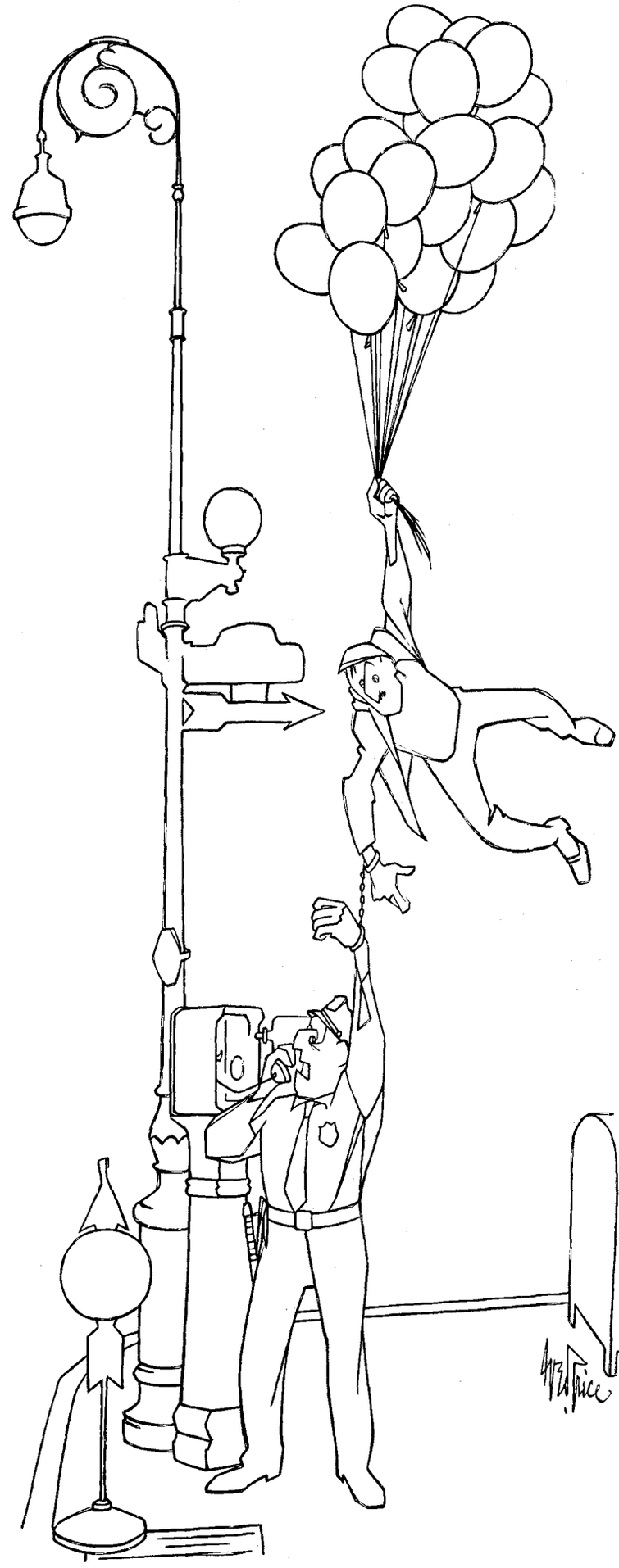
"I burned it," he said when he saw the smoke pouring from the oven. "I burned the damned thing."

"I thought it was the hydrogen bomb," she said.

"It's a cake," he said. "I burned it. What made you think it was the hydrogen bomb?"

"If you wanted something to eat, you should have waked me," she said.

She turned off the oven, and opened the window to let out the smell of smoke and let in the smell of nicotiana and other night flowers. She may have hesitated for a moment, for what would the stranger at the gates—that intruder with his beard and his book—have made of this couple, in their night clothes, in the smoke-filled kitchen at half past four in the morning? Some comprehension—perhaps momentary—of the complexity of life must have come to them, but it was only momentary. There were no further explanations. He threw the cake, which was burned to a cinder, into the garbage, and they turned out the lights and climbed the stairs, more mystified by life than ever, and more interested than ever in a good appearance. —JOHN CHEEVER



"Vending without a license—and get over here quick!"

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THE OLD LADY

SHE woke up, as she did every morning, early and very happy. The sky was still gray, and only here and there a bird stirred in a tree and gave its first, fresh twitter. She stood on her veranda and looked out at this quiet dawn breaking over Delhi, and she smiled with happiness. She was strong and calm and at peace. Still smiling, she turned back into her bedroom and sat on the floor before the little table on which stood a small brass image of Vishnu and an incense holder and a framed photograph of her guru. She sat there with her legs crossed under her and her hands laid palm upward on her knees. She sat like that for quite a long time, though she did not know for how long, because she was too happy to be aware of any time.

Then the bearer came in with her morning tea set out on her silver tray, and she smiled and was happy at that, too, because she always enjoyed her morning tea. Munni, her small granddaughter, came with her tumbler of milk, and they sat drinking together. Munni told her dream; she had a dream every night, and this time it was about how a big white horse had come for her and carried her off to a blue cloud. "How beautiful!" said her grandmother admiringly, and Munni, in a complacently offhand way, said yes, it was. Sometimes Munni's dreams were beautiful and fantastic, and sometimes they were very stern and tragic, as when she dreamed that both her parents had been condemned to be hanged and she had watched the execution. Her grandmother was always the first person to be informed of these dreams, and afterward she and Munni sat together and discussed them. Nobody else in the house would listen to Munni's dreams, but her grandmother told her they were serious and important.

Satish, the old lady's elder son, had already left for his office; her younger son Bobo and her daughter Leila were still asleep. So the old lady had time to go around and see that everything was being properly cleaned and dusted. The whole house was alive with cleaning; marble floors were being wiped, brass ornaments rubbed, rugs beaten, cushions shaken, door handles polished, fresh flowers put in vases. The old lady walked around sprinkling rose water from a long-handled silver sprinkler. She sang as she did this, she was feeling so happy and lighthearted. Like a bird, she thought—she felt just like a bird singing from green trees and lawns on a dewy morning.

But Leila was feeling cross when she got up at last. She suffered from some stomach trouble, and that always made her irritable in the mornings. She had consulted many doctors, but they had all said that there was nothing wrong. "It is nerves," they all told her. So now Leila often referred to her nerves.

"I can't bear it" was the first thing she said on this particular morning, and her mother, full of sympathy, asked, "What, Daughter?" Leila's face was an unhealthy color, and it was screwed up with irritation. Looking at her, the old lady was a little ashamed that she herself was feeling so fresh and gay.

"Not today," said Leila, shutting her eyes. "I can't bear it today. He will talk, and we will all talk, and what will be the good of it?"

"Krishna?" asked her mother. Leila nodded, her eyes still painfully shut. Her mother clicked her tongue in sympathy, but offered, "It will be nice to see him." Leila laughed hollowly.

Munni, who had just entered the room, asked, "Daddy is coming today?"

"Go away and play," Leila told her. Munni saw that her mother was in her morning mood, so she went without comment.

"And it will be nice to see him eat," the old lady said, a trifle sadly. She never could help feeling sorry for her son-in-law. "I don't know *what* they give him in that hotel." She added "Poor boy," and could not suppress a very gentle sigh.

"Oh, Mother!" said Leila in exasperation.

"I know, I know," said the old lady. "It is not your fault." Now she felt sorry for both of them—for Krishna and for Leila. How sad it was for peo-

"Just because I don't act inadequate doesn't mean I don't feel inadequate."

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ple to be unhappy in their marriage. She sighed, and picked up a plate of biscuits. She took the plate into the drawing room and put it on a table beside her son Bobo, who lay stretched out on the sofa, reading an art magazine. She enjoyed feeding biscuits to Bobo—she had baked them herself, with such love—but she wished he were not getting so fat. His stomach bulged through his silk shirt; his cheeks were round and puffed. It was not a healthy fatness, and one could see that he often had pimples and boils.

The old lady hurried out into the garden. She had to hurry because she felt waves of happiness passing over her—not really *happiness*, but that was what she called it to herself, because she knew no other word for it. She stood in the garden, sheltered from the morning sun by the tall old trees, and the birds' twittering trickled like water, and the gardener's hose gurgled softly in the grass, and she could hear the gardener snipping with his shears. She stood there with her eyes shut, seeing nothing, yet feeling everything, while ecstasy held her and carried her. She did not mind the gardener's seeing her like this, though she did mind it when her children saw. That was why she always hurried away from them when she felt her happiness coming over her. She did not want them to know about it. Perhaps it was because she felt guilty for having something so precious and not being able to share it with them.

Munni came running across the lawn with her doll pushed carelessly under her arm; one finger was stuck in her mouth, and she was warbling a war song. She ran straight into her grandmother and, clasping her arms round the old lady's legs, buried her face in the sari, which smelled of jasmine scent and camphor. The old lady laughed happily. Once, the descent from her states of ecstasy to ordinary everyday being had been very difficult for her, but now it was easy and effortless. Everything now was easy and effortless. Gay as a young girl, she went back to the house and into the kitchen, where the cook was squatting on the floor, vigorously grinding spices on his stone. "Quickly now!" the old lady cried in her bright voice. "Cut up the onions!" And she began to melt fat in a pan, deftly shaking it round with sharp little jerks. She had always loved cooking.

The cook let his knife slice through an onion with precision, his head laid critically to one side. "Have you heard?" he said. "Yesterday they killed a snake outside Mathur Sahib's bungalow."

"A snake!" she cried.

"A cobra," he said with enthusiasm, handing her the cut-up onion, which she slid into the fat while clicking her tongue over the cobra. "It was so long," he told her, showing her with his hands. He pursed his mouth and said, in a judicious voice, "It must have been some evil spirit."

"Yes," she said. "It is difficult to know in what shape an evil spirit may not come to visit us. Are the spices ready?"

"MOTHER!" Leila called from the drawing room, and was at once annoyed when her mother failed to hear her. "She must be gossiping with the servants again," she told Bobo, who smiled indulgently and said, "Why not, if it makes her happy?"

"I know," said Leila, "but it is hardly dignified."

Bobo was looking at some Rajput miniatures. "Lovely," he murmured with sensuousness, trying to enjoy them like a taste.

"Mother is often not dignified," Leila said. "For instance, with Krishna. It is very awkward for me when she is so soft with Krishna."

"Lovely," said Bobo, "but probably fake." He looked up and asked, "Why awkward?"

"It might make Krishna think—You see," she said with emphasis, "I want it to be *quite* clear that everything is finished and there can be no reconciliation."

"But isn't that obvious? When you and Munni are living here?"

"But Mother keeps calling him!" Leila cried in exasperation. "When none of us are at home, she goes quiet-

"Henry!"

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ly to the telephone and says, 'Krishna, come and eat a meal with us.' "

"Poor fellow," murmured Bobo, who had inherited some part of his mother's sympathy.

"Yes, but what about me?" Leila demanded. "Because you and Mother feel sorry for him, do you want me always to be tied to an incompatible husband?"

Bobo yawned (how he hated argument, and his sister was very argumentative), but politely tried to cover it up.

"It is very difficult for me," sighed Leila, and then she said, "I am going to telephone."

Her mother, emerging from the kitchen, was glad to see her telephoning. She knew that Leila's mood always improved at the telephone. Already her daughter's voice was quite cheerful. "We shall just have to call an extraordinary meeting, that is all," she was saying. Her telephone conversations were always full of references to meetings, subcommittees, resolutions, agendas. She was an enthusiastic committee-woman and had many committee friends, to whom she telephoned and with whom she exchanged, several times a day, important notes and papers, which were carried to and fro by a scared young clerk specially hired for the purpose.

"Leila was complaining that you gossip too much with the servants," Bobo told the old lady. He said it with good humor, but nevertheless in the patronizing tone that all her children used toward her. The old lady did not mind. On the contrary, she rather liked being patronized by her children. They were so much cleverer than she had ever been.

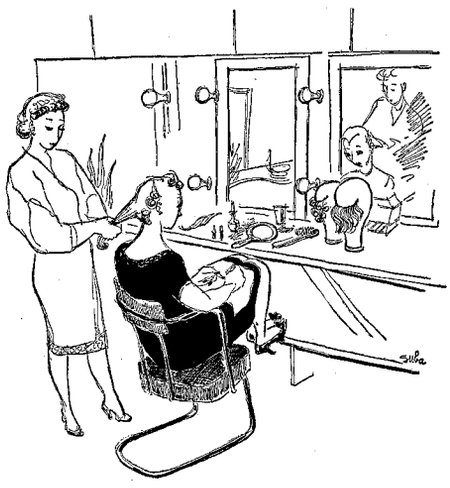
"Yes," she said, smiling radiantly, "I talk too much. Shall I bring your milk?" And then she said, "Oh, Son, why won't you get married?" She did so want him to. But Bobo only smiled, showing his pointed, wide-spaced little teeth and his gums. She sat down and said dreamily, "I wish one of you two boys would get married. I could arrange so nicely for you." She could talk like this to Bobo, but not to her other son. If she diffidently mentioned marriage to Satish, he only clicked his tongue and made a movement of irritation.

"And you would be happy," she told Bobo, looking at him with appealing eyes. "With a wife and children you would be so happy!" And maybe with a wife and children he would become more active, and would no longer lie all day on a sofa, reading and looking at objets d'art. Of course, she realized that that was his work, and she was always proud when an article he had written appeared in one of the art magazines or in the Sunday edition of the *Statesman*. But still she did wish he would *move* a little more, if only to stop him from getting too fat.

"Why not talk to Satish?" Bobo teased her.

She shrugged. "He is so busy, poor boy," she murmured.

"So busy making money and a name," Bobo said, a trifle acidly. The two brothers did not get on well together. Satish had taken very much after his father; like his father, he had gone in for law, and he had already established a very remunerative practice for himself. He was hard-working and ambitious, which Bobo decidedly was not.



KRISHNA turned up punctually at lunchtime. He was nervous, and therefore was giggling in that rather silly way he had. The old lady glanced apprehensively at Leila and saw, as she had feared and expected, that Leila was already looking irritated. Krishna must also have noticed, for he giggled harder, and then, feeling obliged to make some remark, said, "Hot again today, no?"

"Yes!" cried the old lady, so eager that her voice trembled. "Yes, hot!" Now Leila was frowning at her mother, too. Bobo, still lying on the sofa with a big, glossy art magazine, said, "Are we going to discuss the weather?" Krishna laughed out loud. Munni came in and said, "Oh, look, Daddy has come." Her grandmother would have liked to see her greet him more warmly, but Munni made no further move toward him. Krishna looked over his daughter's head, pretending, in his shyness, not to see her.

They were already seated round the huge, heavy-legged dining table when Satish came in, saying briskly, "Sorry I am late." This briskness and his hasty entrance, combined with a frowning air of preoccupation, were enough to make them all feel ashamed of their idleness, which had allowed them to sit down, spaciously and in good time, for their lunch. The old lady got up, flus-

A MEMORY

Skipping flat pebbles over the dark pond—
One of yours flipped nine times before it sank—
We watched the ripples spread, round after round,
Until the circles broke against the bank.
We played until the sun set, and the dank
Mist, heavy with the spicy smell of fern,
Rose from the reeds and warned us to return.

Of lives that intersect, then go their way,
At last to lose themselves alone against
The shores of silence, our brief hours of play
Seem now the symbol: the bright memory fenced
With deep, oblivious forest, and condensed
Into one flash, one fragmentary scene
That skips the surface of the years between.

You had a decade left that afternoon
Before you were to die in the first war;
But deep within me, like a sealed cocoon,
The memory clung, for fifty years and more,
To open for one sudden flight and soar
Into this moment lost in time beyond
Two small boys skipping pebbles over the pond.

—ROBERT HILLYER

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"Here it is! No, that's an apple again."

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tered and hurried; she seized the tray from the bearer who was serving them, and began herself to fill her son's plate. Satish let her serve him but said "Why do you fuss so, Mother?" in a calm, patronizing voice.

"Allow me, Son," she said, her hands shaking a little as she piled food onto his plate. "It is my pleasure." Satish was so much like his father that she even felt toward him as she used to feel toward her husband—inadequate, and as if she had neglected some part of her duty. Then, in her youth and middle age, this feeling had penetrated her completely, so that she had felt dissatisfied and unhappy, but now it was only a kind of surface disturbance, which left her great depths of calm unrippled. Perhaps she was even glad of this disturbance and tended to exaggerate it slightly, because it made her feel that she was still sufficiently in touch with her children and had not yet given herself over to her own happiness alone.

After a while, Satish said, "Well, if you want to file your divorce papers, you had better make up your minds."

"How long have I been telling you that my mind *is* made up?" Leila said at once. So then they all looked at Krishna, who became so confused that he giggled; that confused him further, and with flushed face he bent close over his plate and ate. The old lady called

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quite sharply to the bearer, "Give Krishna Sahib water! Don't you see his glass is empty?"

"It is better to get these things over and done with," said Satish, in his brisk, busy voice.

Bobo drawled, in deliberate contrast, "Don't hurry them into something they might not wish to do."

"There is no question of *not* wishing," said Leila.

Bobo shrugged and waved his hand to the bearer to bring the rice around again.

"What are divorce papers?" Munni whispered to her grandmother.

"Mother," Leila said in a loud voice, "please don't encourage Munni to speak before everything on her plate is finished."

"Eat, child, eat," the old lady obediently murmured. She remembered so many meals in this room, around this table—her husband stern and domineering, like Satish, and her children tense with conflict. And she herself full of unhappiness, because she did not know what to do or what to say. She still did not know what to do or what to say, but now she was only gently sad because she could not show her children the way to her own peace.

"Anywhere else," said Leila fiercely, "everything would have been settled and finished long ago."

"Now we shall hear about poor, oppressed Indian womanhood," Bobo said, with a smile.

"For you, everything is a joke," Leila said. "But it is true. In Europe and America—"

"Why don't we remain to the point?" said Satish shortly.

"It *is* the point!" Leila said. "Our attitude of mind is wrong. We don't understand that divorce is a natural thing in any enlightened society."

Krishna was as shy and embarrassed as a young girl, picking at his food with the point of his fork, his eyes lowered.

"Yes, yes," said Satish. "But what is it you want to *do*?"

Munni looked up from her plate. She was a little afraid of her Uncle Satish, but she found him interesting. For instance, she found it interesting that he should suggest doing something. She liked to hear such talk; it offered possibilities. Nothing of what the others said ever offered possibilities, which was why she usually did not bother to listen to them.

"But I have told you," Leila said.

"Oh, no. Not again," said Bobo, peering into the bowl of dessert the bearer was offering to him, and then casting an accusing look at his mother.

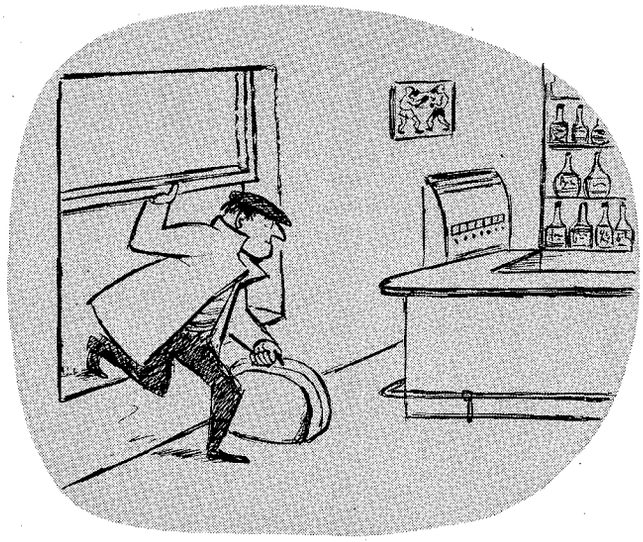
"Tomorrow I will make carrot *halwa*," she promised him.

"And you, Krishna?" Satish said, now looking directly at his brother-in-law, who, thus forced to commit himself, glanced helplessly around the table. His mother-in-law smiled at him encouragingly, but he was too nervous to smile back.

"Yes," he said, at last. "Of course."

There was a silence. The old lady tried hard to think of something suitable to interpose, but it was Leila who spoke first. "Really!" she said, in an exasperated tone. She also sounded half triumphant, for, after all, her point was being proved.

"Of course," said Krishna, with a heroic effort, "if Leila wants—" He looked distressed. "Of course," he said again, "if she wants—" And then he giggled and quickly resumed eating. The old lady felt she loved him terribly. Leila put both her hands to her forehead and said, "This is frightful for my nerves."



AFTERWARD, Satish paced up and down the drawing room, looking at his watch and saying, "I have just half an hour." Bobo, replete and drowsy, was again lying on the sofa and leafing through a magazine with a dreamy smile on his lips. A note had just come for Leila, and she sat on the edge of a chair and opened it; she frowned and pursed her lips and looked busy, while the young clerk who had brought it stood in front of her with his head bent. Everybody seemed to be waiting for something.

The old lady got up and hurried to her room. Only for one minute, she promised herself. She sat in front of the little table with the image of Vishnu and the photograph of her guru, and—God forgive her—at once forgot all about her children sitting so puzzled in the drawing room. Everything now was clear and serene. Her guru looked at her out of his silver frame; he had large, burning eyes and an ugly mouth, with thick, unshaped lips. The very first time she had seen him, nine years ago, she had known that he was the man who would guide her. Not much had been said. She had gone to see him with a friend. He sat in a bare little room over a sweetmeat shop. There were several other people in the room, sitting around, not doing anything much. Out on the veranda, which overlooked the street, his wife sat tending a brazier, and a fat, naked little boy sat beside her and watched. Her friend had asked the guru several questions, but he had only smiled instead of replying. Then, suddenly, he had turned, not to her friend but to her, and his eyes had burned as he gazed at her and said, "If you look for it, peace is not hard to find." So now she sat cross-legged before her little table, surrounded by vast fields of peace, in which her spirit frisked like a lamb. While downstairs in the drawing room Bobo yawned and said "Where is Mother?," lazily patting his hand against his open mouth.

"Why does she always disappear like that?" Leila asked. She licked the flap of an envelope in an efficient way and handed it to the clerk, who still stood humbly before her. "Now, see that you deliver this at once, but at *once*," she said sharply.

"Perhaps she is resting?" Krishna suggested diffidently.

"Poor Mother," Bobo said. They often said "Poor Mother," for they felt she ought to be in need of pity. Their father had always been the strong force in the family, and it was only to be expected that after his death she should be lost and broken. That was why they said "Poor Mother" and, when they remembered, were kind and considerate to her.

"Yes, but since we are here to *discuss*," Leila said, and Krishna again looked embarrassed. Satish flicked out his wrist to look at his watch; he frowned, and managed to look pressed for time. Bobo, observing him, put on

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a deliberate gentleman-of-leisure act, crossing his plump legs as he lay on the sofa.

Munni quietly crept up the stairs and into her grandmother's room. She came up behind the old lady and put her arms round her neck and whispered into her ear, "They are all waiting for you." But Grandmother did not move. Maybe she was dead. Munni peered round into her face. Grandmother's eyes were wide open, and her mouth, too, was slightly open, with the tip of the tongue showing. She looked very strange. What if she really was dead? They would put a red cloth over her and carry her on a board down to the Jumna, and there they would burn her till there was nothing left of her but ashes. "Grandmother!" Munni suddenly cried. The old lady said, "Yes, Munni," in a quiet voice.

After a while, Munni said, "When people get very, very, *very* old, do they die?"

"Yes," said the old lady cheerfully, "they die."

There was another pause, and then Munni asked, "Grandmother, are you very, very, *very* old?"

"Oh, yes," said the old lady, even more cheerfully.

"No!" Munni cried angrily. "The cook's mother is much older than you are! I know!"

The old lady smiled and began to stroke Munni's hair. They sat like that together, and the guru looked at them out of the photograph.

"When people die," the old lady said, "they become happy."

"But they are burnt; how can they be happy?"

"Their spirit is happy," the old lady explained, and she smiled, her eyes looking far into the distance, as if she saw there vast flowering plains for spirits to be happy in.

WHEN Munni and the old lady got downstairs, Satish said, with an air of finality, "Well, I have to be going," and slapped his pocket to see if his car key was in it.

"Already?" said the old lady, in a somewhat dazed manner. She was blinking her eyes as if she had just waked up, which made Leila say, "Really, Mother, you could have postponed your nap for *one* afternoon." Her mother at once looked contrite and blamed herself for selfishness.

"Nothing settled, as usual," Satish said. "If only you people would let me know what you want."

"But I have told you!" Leila cried. Krishna bent his head and pretended to be engrossed in the back page of a folded newspaper.

The old lady ventured to say, "Perhaps it would be better to wait." Her voice was cracked and nervous, and after she had spoken there was a silence, so that she wished she had not spoken.

"Mother doesn't understand," Leila said, at last. "She still thinks the marriage bond is sacred." She made a schoolgirl face of distaste to show how completely she dissociated herself from such an attitude.

"You can't expect Mother to give up the ideas of her generation so easily," Bobo said.

"No," said Leila, "but that is no reason why she should criticize *our* ideas."

The old lady sat humbly, with her hands folded in her lap, and listened to them talking about her. She thought that they were right, and that she was old-fashioned, with no conception of the modern ideas and principles that guided their lives. She admired her children for being so much more advanced and intelligent than she was, but that did not prevent her from feeling sorry for them. If only she could have shown them—opened the way for them, as it had been opened for her that day in the shabby little room where people sat around casually and the smell of cooking came from the veranda.

"You can give me a lift in your car," Leila told Satish. "I have a meeting."

Krishna got up at once and said, "Let me." His eyes and voice begged, quite without shame. But Leila turned away from him and followed Satish. Krishna sat down again, looking unhappy.

Perhaps she could show Krishna, the old lady thought. She looked at him tenderly and thought that maybe she loved him best of all. Bobo had gone to sleep on the sofa. His heavy head had dropped sidewise, and his mouth was slightly open, to allow big, regular breaths to escape. The old lady put out one finger and laid it on Krishna's wrist. What she had to communicate could not be said in words. But she felt him to be ready for it; he was unhappy and tender and lost. She could feel him seeking for something, straining for something, without his knowing it himself. She wanted to pray to be able to help him. Slowly, she stroked his wrist with her finger. Come with me, she wanted to say.

"Grandmother," Munni said sternly, watching the old lady stroke Krishna's wrist, "you know very well Mummy says we mustn't be too kind to Daddy." —R. PRAWER JHABVALA

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Its two-stage rocket system would include a modified Air Force atlas, a Navy vanguard and small army sergeants.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The shrimpy little expendable ones.

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PROFILES

POLYMERS EVERYWHERE—I

AMONG this era's thinning ranks of men who are genuinely cheerful despite the possession of proved intelligence and unquestioned sanity, Dr. Herman F. Mark, a ruddy, bustling sixty-three-year-old scientist associated with the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, stands out like an indomitable field marshal. A few of his more cloistered colleagues at the Institute, where, for routine purposes of academic pigeonholing, he holds the pallid and inadequate title of professor of organic chemistry, are inclined to ascribe his buoyant outlook to the fact that by doubling as a consultant to various industrial firms—notably, for the past eighteen years, to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.—he earns about as much as the average corporation vice-president. But those who know Mark best, while conceding that he is not averse to having money in the bank, attribute his high spirits primarily to the flattering subliminal messages that daily make a myriad gentle but insistent impressions upon his ego. The messages start coming in from all directions shortly after he wakes up in the morning, in his apartment overlooking Prospect Park. Usually, he receives the first two as he grasps the Lucite handle of his toothbrush and then runs a comb made of Styron through his thick, gray-white hair, for both of these ubiquitous plastics originated nearly thirty years ago in a laboratory he supervised while he was on the staff of I. G. Farben, in Ludwigshafen. Additional messages—less distinct, possibly, yet still unmistakable—reach him from the orlon shorts and the dacron shirt he puts on; though he did not invent these two synthetic materials, he was one of the principal consultants to the du Pont chemists who did. If he selects a rayon tie, it, too, has a message, for rayon is produced from cellulose, one of nature's commonest building materials but a material that chemists were helpless to make do their bidding until 1928, when Mark, working first at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, near Berlin, and then at Farben, succeeded, with the assistance of several fellow-researchers, in analyzing its molecular structure. At breakfast, he is likely to receive filial signals from the orange-juice glass,

Dr. Herman F. Mark

which is one of the practical results of a combination of styrene and vinyls he worked out some years ago, and the morning paper may chime in with a not too distantly related item, describing a new breakthrough in the rocket world, where plastic nose cones capable of resisting enormous heat are being developed. As he prepares to leave for his office, the messages continue to pour in—from the polystyrene wrapper on a box of cigars on the living-room mantel, from the nearby polyethylene squeeze bottle his wife uses for watering her potted plants, from a stray phonograph record of unbreakable polyvinyl on the table beside his armchair. All three of these plastics, along with many others, are manufactured by processes governed by a series of equations—any one of them can easily be typed on a single three-by-four-inch sheet of paper—that Mark and his fellow-chemists worked out in the early thirties, while he was the head of a chemical-research laboratory at the University of Vienna. Upon leaving the apartment building, he may pick up a fleeting message from the polyvinylchloride heels on the shoes of some pert young lady walking past on her way to work, but the chances are that it will be obliterated by another message—this one so sharp and clear that it almost reaches his consciousness—emanating from the tires of his car as he approaches it, key in hand, to drive to the Institute. Like most tires, his are a blend of natural tree rubber and synthetic rubber, and while the former says nothing to Mark, a mere mortal, the latter sends particularly strong vibrations his way—and naturally so, for little more than a quarter of a century ago he and his laboratory staff at Ludwigshafen, in collaboration with another group of Farben scientists, invented buna S and buna N, the prototypes of nearly all the important varieties of synthetic rubber being made today.

Arriving at the Institute, which occupies a former razor-blade factory on Jay Street, in downtown Brooklyn, Mark takes an elevator to the seventh floor and—hurrying, as always—makes for his office, a square, unpainted room with a cement floor and nothing more in the way of ornamentation than a leafy potted plant he calls "The Tree" and a bucket that serves as an umbrella stand. On his way, if the door of one of his laboratories has been left open, he may catch a warming glimpse of some of the six professors and sixty graduate students who are currently working with him in the Polymer Research Institute, a branch of Polytechnic that he organized in 1946 and has headed ever since. And if by this time he still feels the need of a spiritual lift, he can take a heartening look at a bookcase in the corridor that contains a complete set of the *Journal of Polymer Science*, a monthly publication that he founded in 1947 and still edits.

AS the names of his research institute and his journal suggest, Mark's specialty is polymers—bits of matter whose molecular relationships and reactions in substances like cellulose and rubber have made them the subject of a whole branch of chemistry, which he helped develop, and which has resulted in the production of the synthetics he feels so close to, and a lot more besides. Indeed, Mark is currently the foremost authority on polymers in the United States—a distinction not diminished by the fact that a great many people have never even heard of the things. That anybody at all has heard of them outside a comparatively small circle of theoretical and practical chemists is a tribute to his prodigious labors as a writer and editor. When he became interested in polymer chemistry, there were no textbooks on the subject; now there is a

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series of them running to thirteen volumes, ten of which were written at Mark's instigation and the rest by Mark himself, and he has also written and published ten other books and more than three hundred learned papers about polymers. In the eleven years since he started editing the *Journal*, it has carried fifteen thousand pages bursting with tidings of the latest developments in its field, and for impatient readers he also gets out a monthly polymer newsletter. While even this torrent of information has left the general public pretty much untouched, Mark's diligence and the scale of his achievements, coupled with a restless spirit that undoubtedly makes him the most peripatetic polymer chemist anywhere around, have established him as a power in scholarly circles. In consequence, he has collected quite an assortment of academic laurels, including honorary degrees from six universities and scientific institutes, honorary memberships in a dozen scientific societies, and medals from scientific organizations in eight countries. On the whole, however, the tribute that pleases him most is the nickname *Der Geheimrat*, conferred on him by a fellow-professor several years ago and since picked up by most of his colleagues and students, who think it immensely funny, simply because it suggests precisely the sort of man he isn't. Literally, "*Geheimrat*" means "privy councillor," but in universities on the Continent it has a special meaning, which, though vivid, is untranslatable. Being a Prussian title formerly bestowed by German kaisers on professors who were preëminent in some field of research, it instantly suggests to Europeans a standard caricature of a stuffy antique with a bristling mustache, a hemispherical belly, and an opaque casing of shatterproof dignity. Mark, at sixty-three, is mentally more nimble than many men half his age; his upper lip is clean-shaven; his belly is the lean one of a skier who can outski his own sons; and his animation and the utter lack of pomposity in his manner would make him a spectacular standout in a company of true *Geheimrats*. The most casual acquaintance dropping into Mark's office is greeted as if he were a cherished intimate. Waving his arms about wildly and radiating pleasure, Mark cries, "Aha! Good morning, good morning, good morning! Come in, come in! How are you, Herr Professor, how *are* you?" The visitor need not be a professor, or even have any connection with the academic world, to receive such a welcome; Mark liberally sprays the titles "Professor" and "Doctor" on anyone within earshot, in the belief that, whether they have been earned or not, they make people feel important. He has been known to carry this sort of thing to confusing extremes, as in his introduction some time ago of a callow, shuffling youth to the late Dr. Raymond Eller Kirk, Dean of the Polytechnic Graduate School. "Ah, Dean Kirk," said Mark. "Please let me present to you Dr. Smathers, who is coming to us to earn his Master's degree." In the halls of old Polytech, the story has become a classic.

"Just for once, Lucille, let's do something without asking ourselves, 'Can we afford it?'"

• •

As a matter of fact, it would be surprising if Mark's manner did resemble that of a *Geheimrat*, since, far from being a Prussian, he is a Viennese, who kisses a lady's outstretched hand not with a military click of the heels but with the suavity of a boulevardier. Evidence of his lighthearted heritage crops up in everything he does, notwithstanding the dead weight of the polymers ("admirable objects, in their way," as one of his more detached friends remarked recently, "but not usually conducive to gaiety") with

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which his mind is always laden. In his role of industrial consultant, he travels a good deal, and at odd moments of the day and night while he is out of town he scribbles directives relating to the Polymer Research Institute and other solemn matters, and mails them back in batches to his office, where two secretaries struggle to keep abreast of them; toward late afternoon, as they expedite page after page of urgent instructions from the boss, their flagging spirits may be momentarily lifted by the sight of some such salutation as "My dear, darling, wonderful super-secretaries." Mark often exhibits an irreverent attitude toward the conventional symbols of scholarly achievement. Once, encountering a fellow-chemist from California in the lobby of a hotel where both were attending a scientific gathering, Mark all but embraced him, and then, while the other man was still beaming at the warmth of this greeting, said, "I'm sorry to say that I haven't read your latest book yet, but I've weighed it, and it is clearly one of considerable importance." The man's smile froze at the old gag, for scientists are no different from other authors in their tendency to lose perspective when discussing their own works. "Of course," Mark added hastily, "you're still not in my class. I'd guess I outrank you by about two and a half pounds." A slight thaw set in, which Mark accelerated by guiding the Californian into the bar and standing him to a couple of Gibsons. On another occasion, the du Pont company, having struck a snag in the course of an attempt to develop rayon cord for automobile tires, summoned Mark to a trouble-shooting conference, headed by Lester Sinness, assistant general manager of the du Pont Textile Fibers Department, in its laboratory at Richmond, Virginia. Driving south on Route 1, Mark passed a stand where, for the benefit of the tourist trade, the proprietor was offering an attraction billed as Lady Wonder, the Talking, Clairvoyant Horse, and a few hours later, finding himself faced with an involved question from one of the du Pont men, to which he realized he could give no quick answer, he stared at the table in front of him for a minute or two, as if deep in meditation, and then, shaking his head, said blandly, "Well, *now*, let us go and consult Lady Wonder." The du Pont men laughed uncertainly, and then settled down to the problem of rayon tire cord.

"Never forget, Phil, you've mastered the highest art—the art of living."

WHILE the molecular structure of polymers is likely to seem about as exciting to the untutored as their name, it was by grappling with and finally taming this obscure subject that Mark and a few other pioneers gave mankind its first glimpse of a world all but enveloped in plastics. Even today, when chemists have pinned down polymers to their own satisfaction, the layman may still find them not only uninspiring but elusive. Baldly oversimplified, the situation is this: Any compound is made up of molecules, which are aggregations of atoms of various elements, the nature of the compound depending on the number and arrangement of these atoms. Now, if two or more simple molecules of a given compound are combined, or if a number of molecules of different compounds are strung together, the result is a single larger molecule, or macromolecule. A substance made up of these macromolecules is a polymer (the word comes from the Greek, and means "many parts"), and the simple molecules that make up the macromolecule are monomers ("single parts"). All this would be of little concern to the workaday world were it not that the new compound, made up of the macromolecules, has the striking quality of bearing little or no resemblance to the compound that supplied its monomers. Thus, each molecule of ethylene, the principal ingredient of natural gas, contains two atoms of carbon and four atoms of hydrogen; the union of five hundred or so ethylene molecules—each functioning as a monomer—results in a polymer called polyethylene, a solid used in making the pliable film that commonly wraps meats and vegetables, and also in making the squeeze bottles so popular now as containers for cosmetics, insecticides, ointments, cheese spreads, and the like. Some eight hundred million pounds of polyethylene

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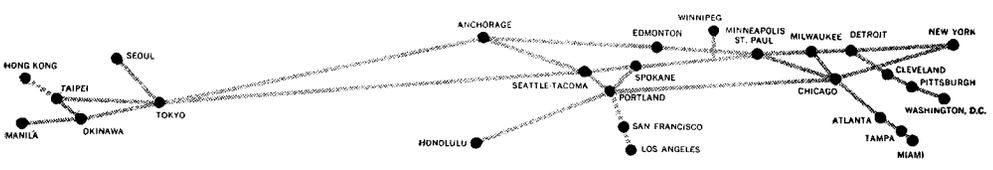

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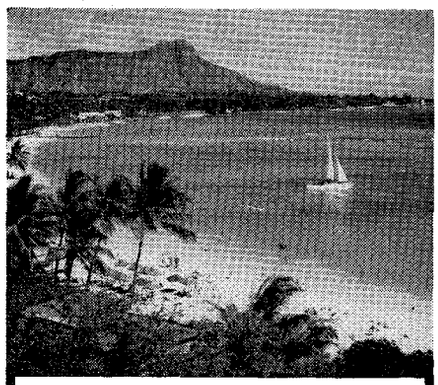

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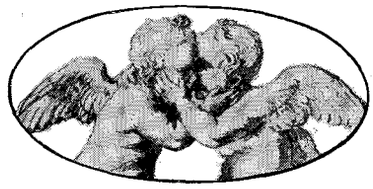
are manufactured in this country every year. Before Mark's time, the nature of the simpler molecules was fairly well understood by chemists, but macromolecules had them stumped; in fact, few would even concede that there might be such a thing—a state of affairs that led to chaos when they sought to analyze macromolecular substances, such as wood, cotton, and rubber. The first chemist to suspect the existence of macromolecules—with enough conviction and insight, that is, to go into the question thoroughly—was a German named Hermann Staudinger, now seventy-seven years old and living in retirement in Freiburg im Breisgau, whose brilliant theorizing on the subject, published in the early twenties, was fittingly, if tardily, acknowledged in 1953, when the Nobel Prize people got around to giving him an award. But Staudinger's studies never went far beyond the academic stage, so polymer chemistry did not emerge as a full-fledged science until around 1930, when his hypotheses were confirmed by Mark and a handful of his contemporaries—practical men, most of them, employed by Farben to produce practical results, who then swiftly moved on to the job of devising laboratory methods for controlling polymeric reactions and making them produce synthetic materials the public would buy. Mark, however, having done his field work and established its utilitarian value, presently retired to the more scholarly atmosphere of the University of Vienna, where he and his assistants straightened out the whole confused business with their illuminating set of equations, of which the following is a representative sample:

$$\text{Mol. wt.} = k_p \sqrt{\frac{1}{k_i\, k_t}}\; m \sqrt{\frac{1}{c}} \cdot M_1$$

And a confused business it had been. As recently as fifty years ago, organic chemists experimenting with dyestuffs, drugs, perfumes, oils, and so on were repeatedly baffled at seeing their witches' brews suddenly curdle into waxy or gooey messes; "gunk" and "glop" were a couple of the more restrained terms they used in referring to the inexplicable and unwelcome substances that gummed up their retorts and test tubes, and their only thought was to get rid of the miserable stuff as soon as possible and start over again. Many of them, as they exasperatedly scraped gunk into the trash pail, undoubtedly threw away potential fortunes in macromolecular



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synthetics, but it is probably just as well that no one was on hand to inform them of the fact, since, having no knowledge whatever of the polymeric reaction that produced the first batch of material, they would have had no idea how to make a second. Nowadays, factory foremen, guided by prescriptions based on Mark's equations, have no trouble producing batches of precisely the right kind of gunk for artificial fibres, rubber, and other goods that rival nature's best. In little more than a quarter of a century, polymer chemistry has grown from a shadowy concept into the backbone of an industry that in this country alone grosses six billion dollars a year, and has drastically altered at least the surface appearance of civilization everywhere. Yet all that it has accomplished so far seems humdrum compared to what some medical-research people think it may accomplish in the future. The hopes of these men are based on evidence indicating that chromosomes, the particles in the cells of every living organism that chemically determine its evolutionary destiny, are themselves macromolecules—from man's point of view, no doubt, the mightiest of them all. If the evidence stands up, it is argued, research may eventually show that hereditary defects are caused by the presence, loosely speaking, of gunk in the chromosomes, and that medical science can eliminate them by tinkering with the faulty macromolecules. To get back to the indispensable equations, their importance was emphasized some time ago by an eminent British chemist, Sir Eric Rideal, who, in a special issue of the *Journal of Polymer Science* celebrating Mark's sixtieth birthday, had this to say of him: "There are no workers in the world in [polymer chemistry] who at some point in their investigations are not indebted to his pioneering work."

IN the United States alone, at least five hundred chemists, working in a score of nonprofit institutions, are now carrying on basic polymer research, and the number of those in industrial laboratories who devote all or part of their time to it is incalculable. With this continuing influx of younger men eager to take part in the turbulent growth of the new science, it is a matter of wonder to some people how Mark contrives to remain the central figure in the world of polymers. The answer, or at least a good part of it, probably lies in the ingenuity he has shown in making the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn the universal center of polymer learning. Mark's reputation and the scientific ad-

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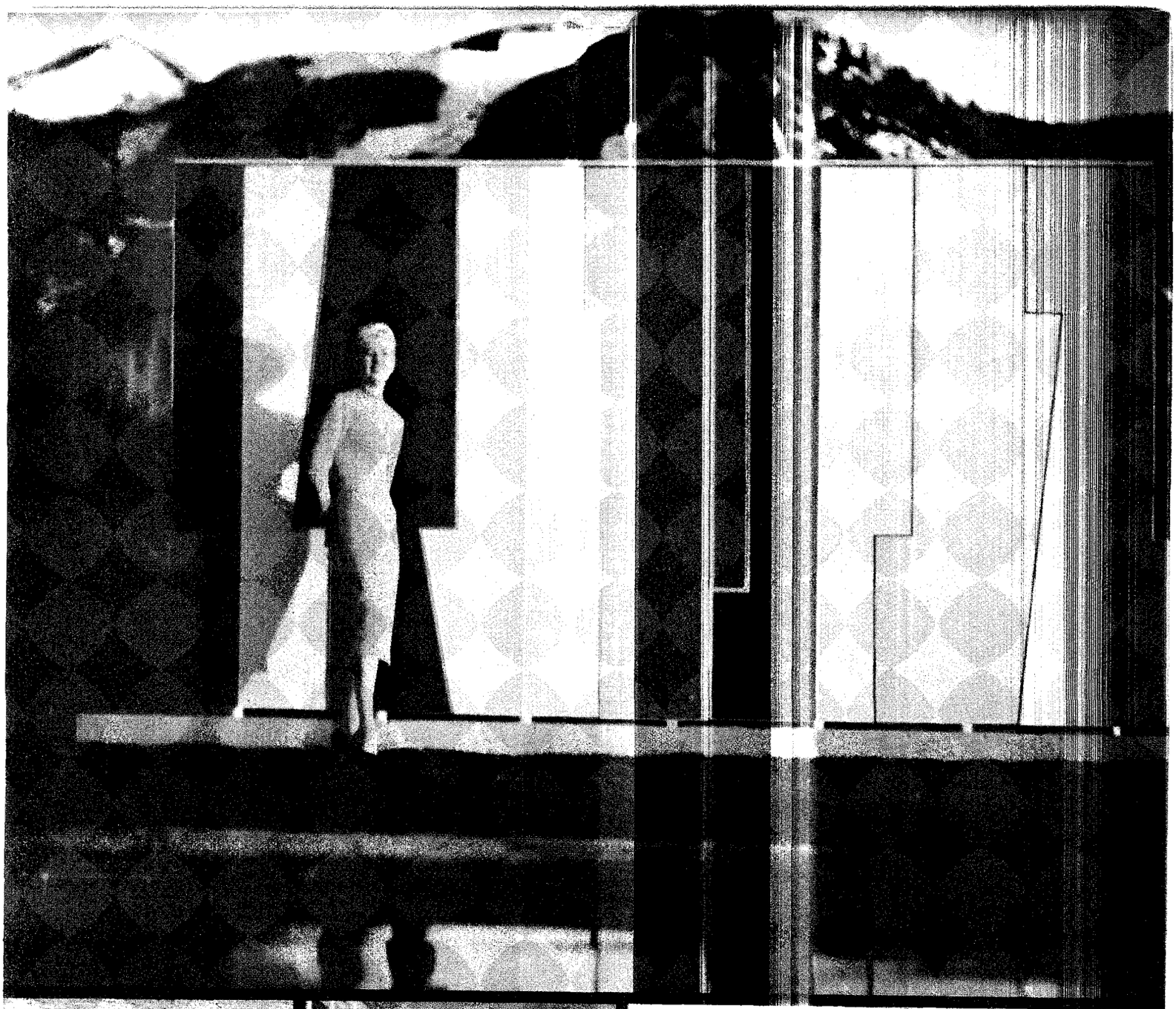

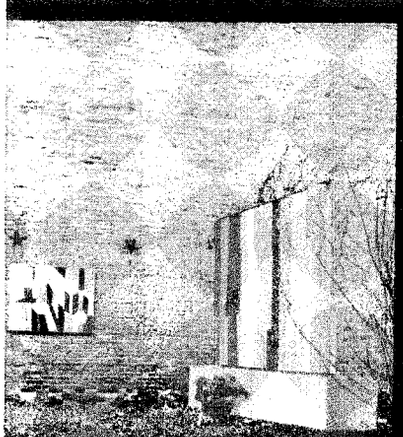

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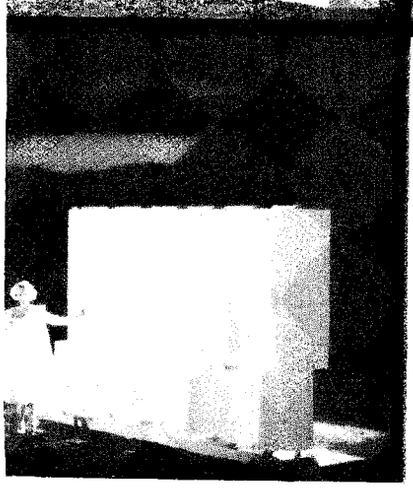

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vances that are constantly being made under his direction attract distinguished chemists from many parts of the world; in their quest for the latest and most reliable lowdown on what's new in polymers, they bypass any number of more celebrated educational institutions and flock to Brooklyn Polytechnic. The Institute's standing in this field is a monument to the shrewdly pragmatic way Mark has of brightening the scholar's austere lot with a few modest trappings of materialism. Although Brooklyn Polytechnic has an enrollment of 5,532 students, or only six hundred fewer than the flourishing Massachusetts Institute of Technology, its financial resources are by no means comparable to M.I.T.'s; in fact, they are often insufficient to pay the travelling expenses of members of its faculty who want to keep their minds fresh and their lectures up to date by attending meetings of scientific societies. Mark, who came to this side of the world when the Nazis took over his native Austria (he is half Jewish), joined the staff of the Institute in 1940, and he had not been there long before he began to find this unavoidably parsimonious policy intolerable, so, during his third year at Brooklyn he and a physicist on the faculty named Isidor Fankuchen quietly hatched a scheme to remedy the situation. Without bothering to let the top echelons know what they were up to, they prepared an unostentatious invitation offering, in the name of Brooklyn Polytechnic, intensive two-week summer courses at the Institute—which was conveniently deserted at that time of year—for industrial scientists who might want to brush up on polymer chemistry and X-ray-diffraction analysis (a closely allied subject) unhindered by the usual formalities of registration, credentials, and so on. The response was all that the sponsors could have hoped for; about twenty scientists enrolled the first summer, paying their tuition fees (provided in most instances by their employers) to Mark and Fankuchen, as the sponsors of a private undertaking who just happened to have at their disposal whatever classrooms and other facilities they needed for their courses. The two entrepreneurs put the money into a fund for sending faculty members to scholarly meetings, and tried the plan again the next summer, when they were rewarded by a still larger enrollment. By 1945, their impromptu school was netting a couple of thousand dollars, even though they had been obliged to take on some assistant instructors.

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tive authorities, no matter how far away their vacations may have taken them, were not wholly unaware of what was going on in the Institute buildings. In any case, when they returned to their desks in the fall of 1945, they sniffed the heady aroma of cash, and, once they had traced it to the founders of the summer school, the president of Polytechnic, the late Dr. Harry S. Rogers, summoned Mark and Fankuchen to his office. As Mark remembers the episode, Rogers began, "Gentlemen, what are these courses I find we've been advertising and running in the summer? Admirably enterprising, of course, but highly irregular. No registration! No prerequisites! No profits! Or, at least, no profits accruing to the school. Most irregular!" Mark and Fankuchen explained how their travelling fund operated, and Rogers warmed to the idea at once. He not only forgave the two industrious educators but relieved them of the routine details incident to running the summer school by arranging to make it an official part of Polytechnic, and the Institute has operated it, on a considerably expanded scale, ever since, skimming off a percentage of the profits to cover overhead and depositing the balance in the special fund for scholarly travel.

Meanwhile, Mark was also proving quite a drawing card as a professor on Polytechnic's regular-school-year staff; during his first six years in Brooklyn, five professors and sixty graduate students—polymer-minded to a man—gravitated to the Institute from all over the country to work under his guidance. Gratifying though this was, he nevertheless experienced periods of discontent and restlessness; he has a pronounced streak of the executive in him, and within a few months after the reorganization of the summer school he began casting about for something new. The result was another scheme involving Polytechnic, and this time, instead of improvising, he called on Rogers and urged him to endorse it. Again as Mark reconstructs the scene, he got to the heart of his subject at once by saying, "I would like to suggest that we organize a Polymer Research Institute—the first thing of its kind in the United States—to be set up as a part of Polytechnic. We can staff it with our own professors, who will be supervising a student body of graduate chemists working on advanced problems of real consequence. It would enhance my field, and it would enhance Brooklyn Polytechnic." Rogers' face lit up for an instant. Then, with a frown, he asked, "What sort of budget would this call

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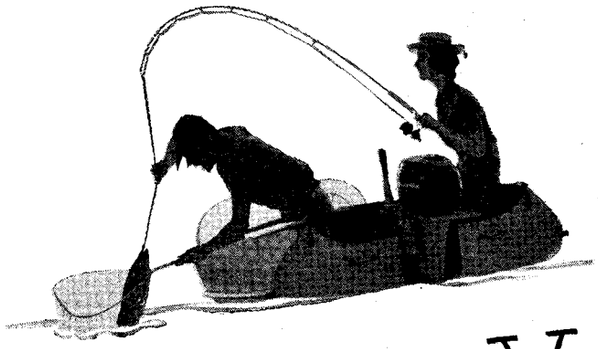

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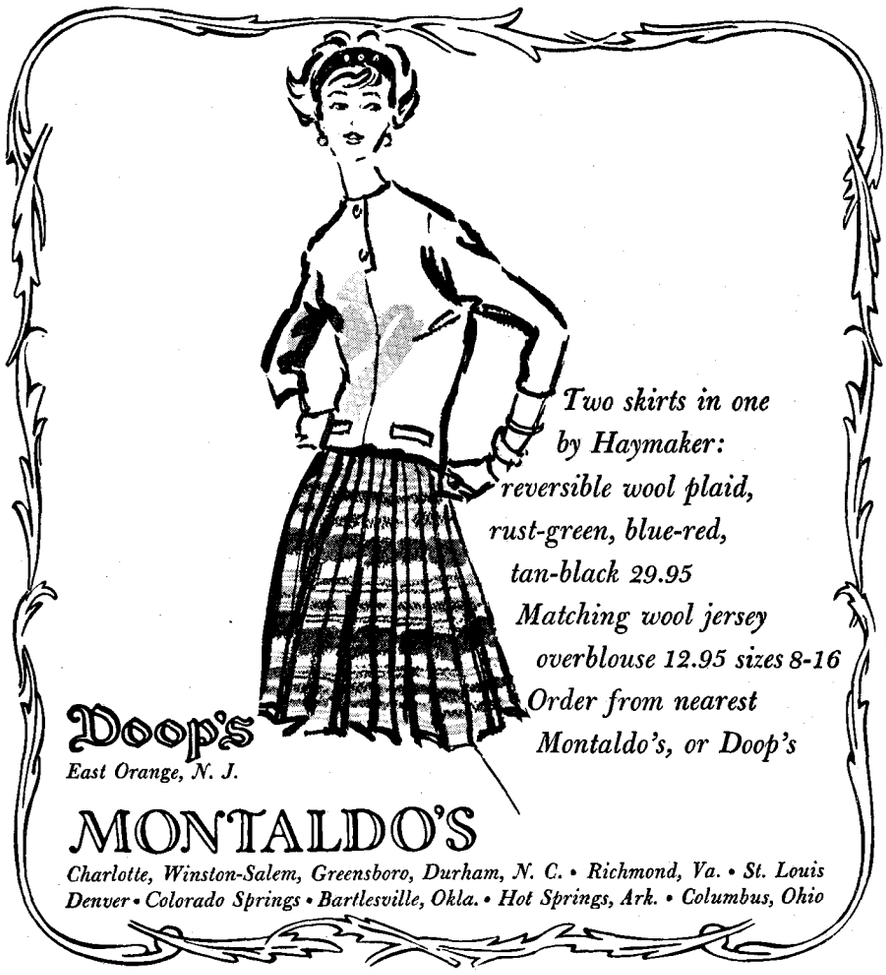

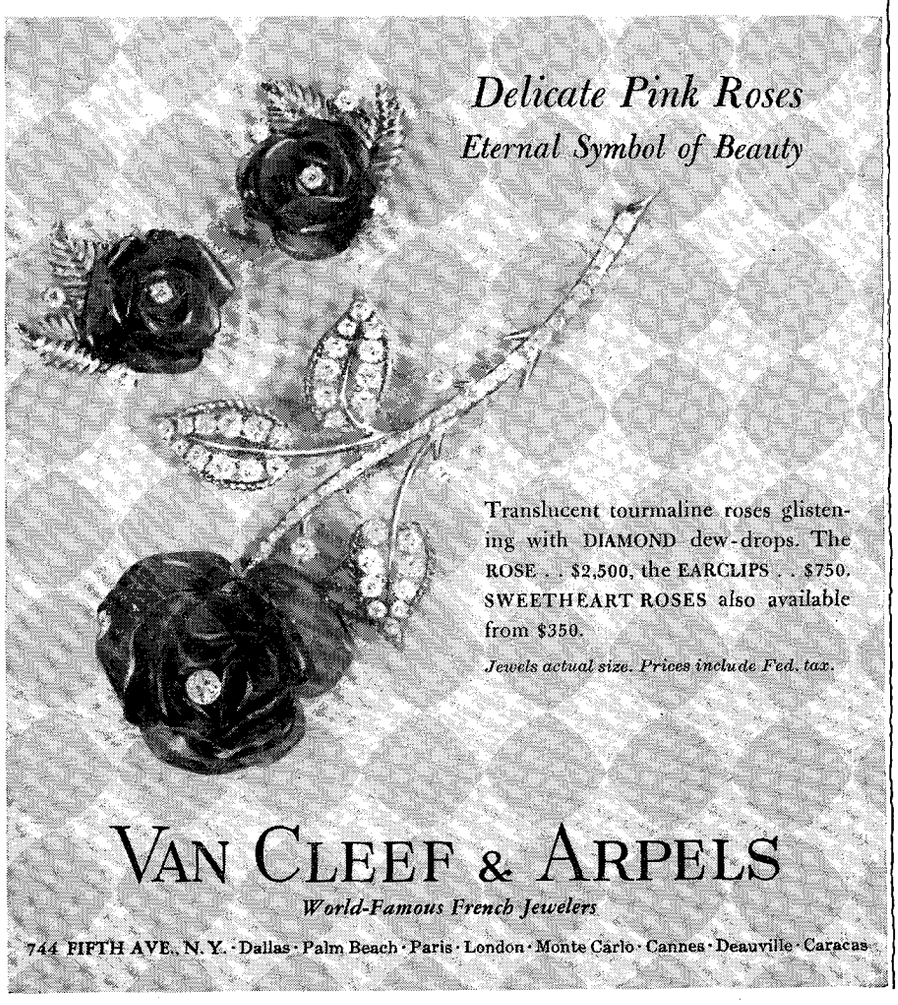

for?" Whisking a sheaf of figures, notes on a proposed curriculum, and lists of equipment requirements from his briefcase and plumping it on the president's desk, Mark replied, "About two hundred thousand a year." Rogers looked stricken. "But," Mark went on, "that's what it would cost if we had to start from the beginning. We already have everything I have listed. The only cost to Polytechnic will be the price of printing up some letterheads with the name 'Polymer Research Institute' on them. We simply keep on doing what we're doing now. Except that we haven't named it, the Polymer Research Institute already exists. By naming it, we gain legitimate recognition without any expense whatever, aside from those letterheads. We also become known as a place to which industry can turn for advice and instruction, and we become the nerve center of polymer science." According to another member of the staff, Rogers went about for days muttering at intervals, "*Genius! Sheer genius!*"

An order was put in for a generous supply of letterheads, and the Polymer Research Institute officially came into being. In the twelve years since it opened, it has more than justified the rosy picture that Mark painted of it in Rogers' office. Chemists able to get a little time off from their jobs, no matter how distant, find their way through Brooklyn's tangled streets to the done-over razor-blade factory and settle down there happily for a stretch of uninterrupted study at the very fountainhead of information on polymer chemistry. Free monthly symposia on the latest developments in the field draw hundreds of visiting scientists, either to lecture or to listen, and industrial firms with special problems set up research projects there, paying handsomely for the privilege by supplying the equipment necessary and taking care of the salaries of numbers of graduate students employed on them. In Mark's office, which is, among other things, the editorial headquarters of the *Journal of Polymer Science*, a stack of manuscripts two feet high accumulates every month, and by scanning their contents he and his assistants are able to make the Polymer Research Institute the one place in the world where students can learn about a great variety of new developments in macromolecular science before they appear in print.

As teacher, author, editor, administrator, practical chemist, and student of pure science, Mark obviously risks the criticism of spreading himself too thin, but he refutes the charge as ef-

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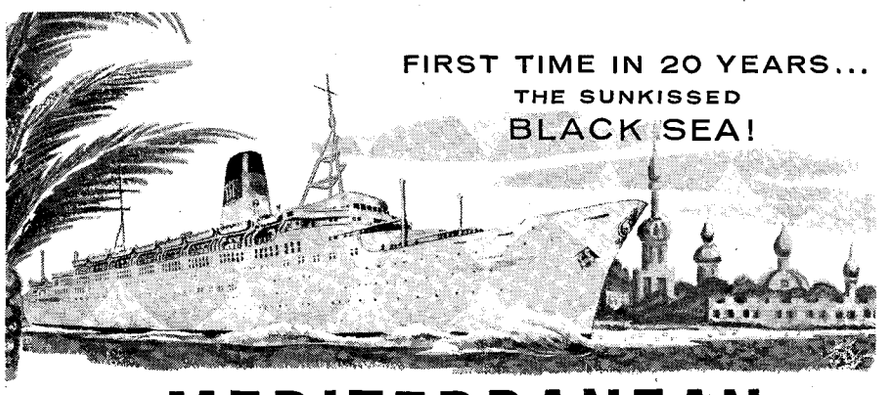

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fectively as any man in his position could by adhering to a well-ordered program that frequently keeps him on the go eighteen hours a day. In Vienna, where he grew up, there was no public transportation between his parents' home and the school he attended, two miles away; while most of his playmates dawdled back and forth on foot and a few lucky ones rode bicycles, Mark always ran to school and home again, not because he was in any particular hurry but simply because he liked to. Figuratively, and often literally, Mark has been running ever since. Although he rarely gets to bed before midnight at home, and is likely to sleep only a couple of hours a night during the three or four days a week that he spends on the road, he always turns up at the Institute pink of cheek and full of bounce. In planes, trains, and taxicabs, and while standing in line at ticket counters, he jots down not only his directives but snatches of more formal prose, which he also sends back to his secretaries, and which, when assembled and typed up, turn out to be lucid, well-rounded technical articles. While waiting his turn in a doctor's or dentist's anteroom, he is likely to produce a slide rule and a large pad of yellow paper from his briefcase and raptly work out a series of equations, unaware or heedless of the envious sidewise glances turned on him by the other patients, sitting with their dog-eared *Looks* and *Lifes* in their laps.

Many other men also work long hours and resort to timesaving devices, but Mark gets more substantial results than most, because he possesses the power of practically total recall and a no less remarkable ability to think about two things simultaneously. His memory is so retentive and so nearly photographic that it surprises even him on occasion, especially since it is apparently something he was born with; at least, he has never made any conscious effort to develop it. He can compose his technical articles while on the go, because, unlike the majority of scientists, who have to consult innumerable writings by other authorities in order to cite references in support of their theses, he carries his source material around with him in his mind, which effortlessly produces not only the necessary quotations and equations but some of the customary footnote information—the title and author of the text to which he has occasion to allude, and sometimes even the number of the page the reference appears on. Probably no one has been more impressed by this gift than Dr. W. Hale Charch, of du Pont, a co-inventor of moistureproof cellophane. "As I'm

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Actually the Network came off quite well at the ABA convention which presented to CBS its distinguished "Gavel Award" for two other programs—*The Verdict Is Yours* (Monday through Friday, 3:30-4 pm) and the noted 90-minute dramatic series *Playhouse 90* (Thursday, 9:30 to 11 pm) for "outstanding contributions to public understanding of the American legal and judicial systems."

Judging from the reactions reported to our affiliated stations throughout the country, most viewers found the UN broadcasts interesting and valuable. There were some communities however which strongly opposed the networks' cancellation of their regularly scheduled programs to present the General Assembly debate on the Middle East. As one plaintive station manager reported "any time we interrupt one of your soap operas we catch hell." From another came the following tabulation: "37 people preferred daytime serials to UN coverage; 32 were pleased with coverage; 15 children called to say they wanted *Popeye* at 5 pm." That's the trouble with television. All it can do is please most of the people most of the time.

CBS

about to demonstrate, I'm not in the same league with Mark when it comes to recollecting things," Charch told an acquaintance the other day. "But I do recollect riding on a train with him in Europe some years ago and getting into a discussion of some highly technical aspect of a scientific process that we were both interested in. Mark cleared up the whole matter by recalling the results of a research project ten years earlier. So far so good, but the point is that it was *my* research project he was recalling—one that I had forgotten all about. Not Mark, though. He remembered the entire scope of the project, what it had proved, and the name of the journal that had printed the results, complete with date of issue and volume and page numbers." Typical of the sort of thing Mark will go to work on as his plane starts its letdown over, say, Washington and finish just as the first passenger steps out onto the loading steps is the following passage:

Hagedorn and Moeller had already prepared and studied in 1931 the higher fatty acid triesters of cellulose and found that they exhibited waxy properties.... Their findings were confirmed and extended by Malm, Mench, Kendall and Hiatt in an extensive study of the preparation and properties of these materials from the triacetate to the tripalmitate....

As for Mark's knack of thinking about two things at the same time, useful though this is to a man whose days are never quite long enough, it has led to some rather edgy moments in his relations with persons who are new to his ways. Several years ago, Dr. Gerald Oster, a chemist who had just joined the staff of the Polymer Research Institute, stopped in at Mark's office for an introductory chat and, after receiving the director's customary effusive welcome, asked if he might discuss his work with him. "Of course, of course! That's what it is my pleasure to be here for!" said Mark, apparently full of enthusiasm, but instantly subsiding behind his desk and bending over a slide rule to resume some computations he had been engaged with. Gamely addressing the top of Mark's head, Oster began a faltering account of a research program he proposed to undertake, but presently he lost heart and fell silent. "Go on, go on!" said Mark, without looking up. "Yes, yes, yes!" Halfheartedly, Oster continued to outline his theme—something about the rate of termination in the formation of stereospecific polymers in solution—and as he neared the climax, Mark broke in to say, "Very good! Excellent, in fact! Yes, yes, yes! Go on, go on!"

Skeptical, Oster decided to throw

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in a dud for test purposes. "In addition," he said, his tone still deadly earnest, "I have succeeded in making some nylon by a free-radical reaction and—"

"*Ach!*" Mark exclaimed, turning from his slide rule to scrawl a figure on a pad of paper. "That's nonsense, my dear boy, and you know it. But the rest sounds very promising. Go on, go on!"

Mark maintains the same tempo while supposedly getting away from it all in a four-room house at Lake Peekskill, where his tall, blond Viennese wife—the former Maria Schramek, who is always known as Mimi—spends the summer, ready at all hours to welcome him back from his journeys. The Marks are tireless party-givers, and if the host has a habit of absenting himself at intervals during the evening for a brisk quarter of an hour's work in his study, his guests give no sign of resenting it; in fact, invitations to spend a few days at the lake are so generously extended and so eagerly snapped up that the Marks were recently obliged to build a second house on their property to accommodate the overflow. Mrs. Mark, even though she has never really got the hang of polymers and is separated from her husband a good part of the time by his incessant travelling, seems to be very happy with her lot. "Whatever Dr. Mark tries to do, he is top, top, top!" she assured a weekend guest at Lake Peekskill early this summer. "Oh, I have a very famous husband! I don't understand exactly what he has done to make him famous, but I know that he is very, very important." The Marks have two sons, Hans and Peter, both of whom are physicists and both of whom, to the delight of all concerned, have been associated with scientists out of their father's past. Hans worked until last April at the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California with Dr. Edward Teller, until recently one of the physicists on the staff of the Atomic Energy Commission, who once studied quantum mechanics under Mark *père* in Germany. Hans is now an assistant professor at M.I.T. Peter, who received his doctorate last spring at New York University, under the guidance of a man who formerly collaborated with his father in writing papers on X-ray diffraction—Professor Hartmut Kallman—is now a research physicist for the Linde Company, a branch of Union Carbide, at Tonawanda, New York.

Mark does not let the trips to Lake Peekskill interfere with the pattern of his work. During the hour-and-a-half train ride up there, he writes a score or more of letters or a technical article in English, German, French, or Italian

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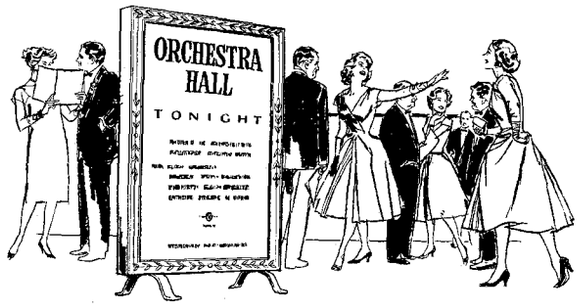

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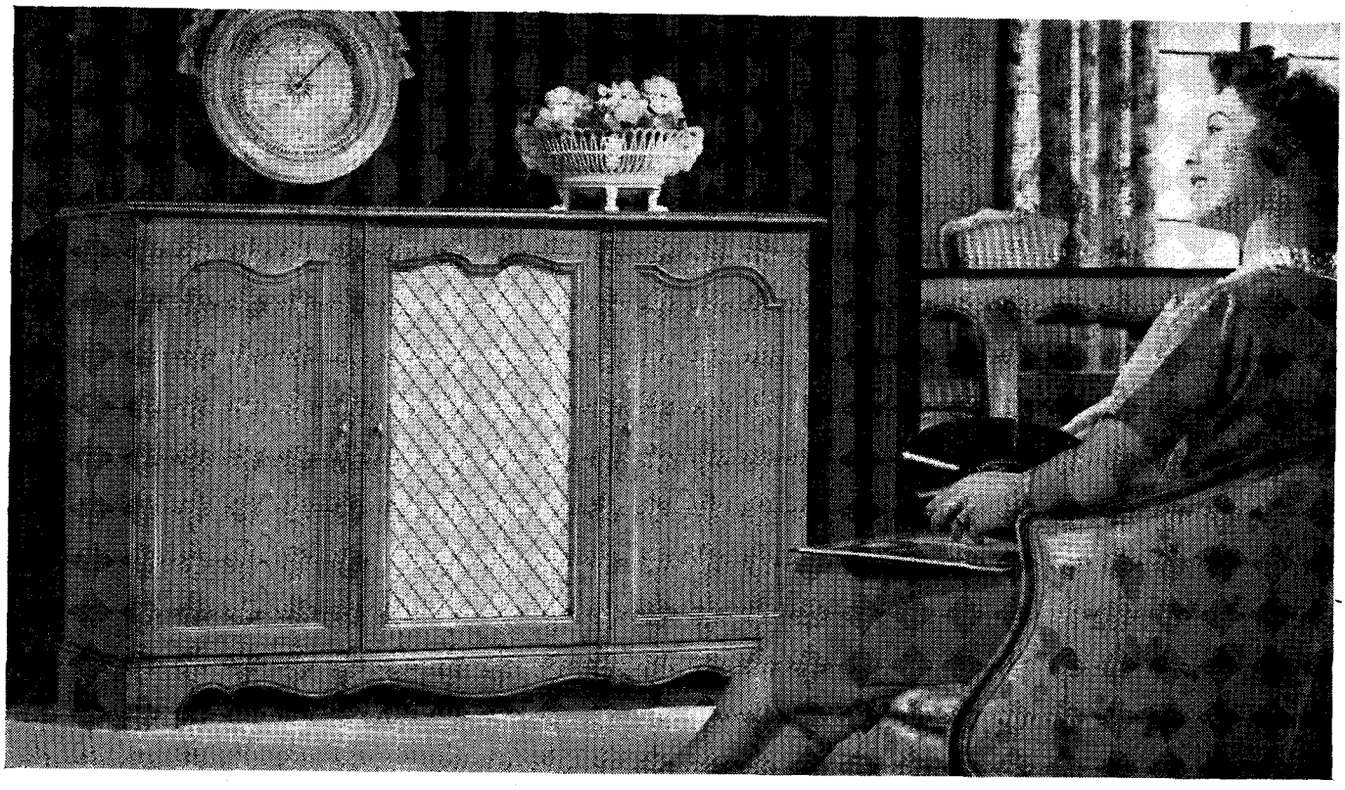

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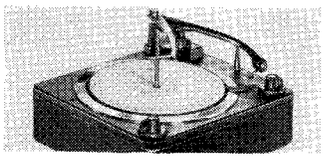

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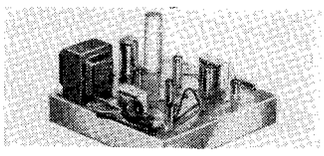

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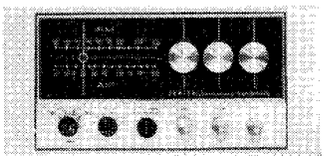

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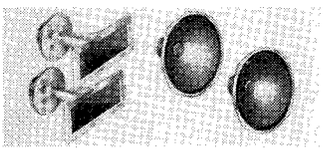

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to send back to his secretaries for typing. The curves and lurches of the Hudson Division hold no horrors for him as his pencil races along, negotiating words like "*Maleinsäureanhydridmischpolymerisaten*" without missing a letter. On arriving at the lake, he usually goes for a swim—though if there is an opponent handy, he may play a set of tennis first—and then retires to his study to work until dinnertime, or, in the likely event that the Marks are giving a party, until their friends start showing up. (Five years ago, his sons, having heard so much about his prowess as a runner, challenged him to a race around the lake—a distance of about two miles. They both dropped out, gasping, on the homestretch, but their father finished in a breeze, and ran on into the house to do a rush job of editing in time to meet the deadline for the forthcoming issue of his *Journal.*) On party nights, Mark plays the role of genial host, greeting each of his guests with the pleased air of a man whose only thought is of the pleasant evening in prospect. At dinner, he carves the roast with care and sees to it that the proper wines are served under exactly the proper conditions, for he fancies himself as both a gourmet and a connoisseur of good vintages, and is as pleased when others acknowledge his discriminating taste in these fields as when he is accorded a standing ovation at a convention of scientists. "If you want to know what I consider my greatest piece of work, it has nothing to do with polymer chemistry," he told a friend the other day. "It is, instead, my recent success in persuading my liquor dealer to carry wines in a class with Bernkasteler Doktor. And this on Flatbush Avenue, mind you—the stronghold of wines you can cut with a knife."

As the evening progresses, Mark refills his guests' glasses regularly and often, and only rarely does some sharp-eyed visitor notice the occasions—perhaps half a dozen of them in the course of an evening—when he drops out of sight for ten or fifteen minutes, ducking into his study for a spot of work and emerging when he suspects that another round is in order. Dispensing drinks is not Mark's only method of entertaining his guests; at any moment, he may raise his voice in a loud and joyful interpretation of such Viennese ditties as "Trink Ma No a Flascherl" and "I Muass Wieder a Mol in Grinzing Sein," and if the mood of the gathering calls for it, he will bustle about organizing card games. He is a formidable adversary at the card table, being particularly addicted to Tarok, a noisy and spirited

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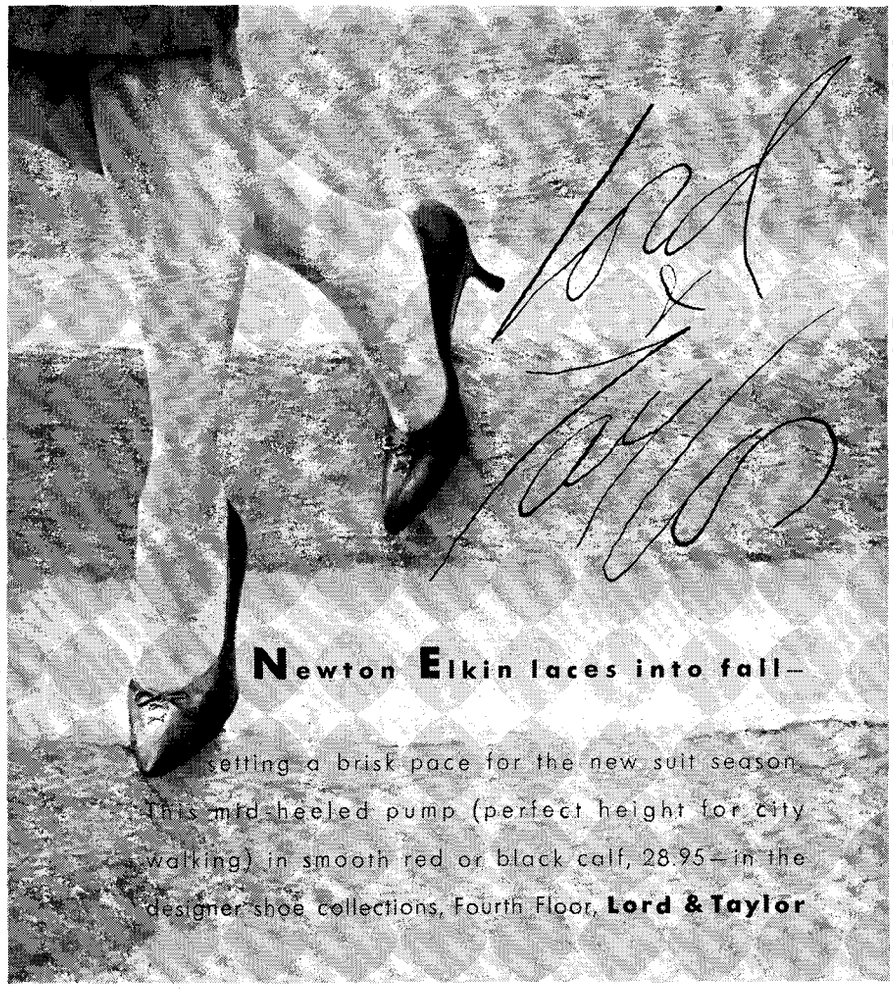
* Oh, the car? That's a 1903 Pierce Motorette.



game dear to the Viennese. Just before starting play at a Tarok party one evening last winter, Dr. Hans Kaunitz, who is engaged in nutrition research at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, collared Mark and gave him a brief synopsis of a complex problem that had him stumped; it had to do with fat metabolism, and he wondered if perhaps polymerization might shed some light on it. Mark shrugged noncommittally and invited Kaunitz to be his partner at one of the card tables. For an hour or more, Mark played furiously, his shouts of "Pagat!," "Grommoboi!," and "Piccolo!"—Tarok equivalents of such bridge noises as "Five no-trumps!" and "Double!"—ringing out as booming and exultant as those of any other player in the room. After an hour of this bedlam, he leaned over to Kaunitz during a pause in their game and said, "I've been thinking about that difficulty you mentioned, and I wouldn't be surprised if it worked out something like this," and he proceeded to rattle off a new biochemical hypothesis. Kaunitz caught the gist of it above the uproar, and the next day he set about putting it to the test, with results that, he says, were of considerable help to him.

How Mark works at the pace he does without wearing himself out physically and mentally is a mystery to many people, but not to his friend and publisher, Dr. Eric S. Proskauer, editor-in-chief of Interscience Publishers, Inc., who has known him for thirty years, both in Germany and in this country. "The secret, I believe, is that he is such a skillful juggler of projects that he can keep a dozen going at once without ever seeming to bear the full weight of any one of them. Also, he manages to keep from getting emotionally committed to any one part of his work, so if things start to go wrong, he doesn't have to throw himself into a death struggle to save something from the wreckage. It's a fairly common trait of the Viennese character—an eagerness to be busy and helpful, but at the same time with reservations that spare one the usual feelings of distress or guilt about errors and failures. Goethe called it '*die Frohnatur*'—'the joyous disposition.' Some Americans, while willing to accept this as a general principle, find it difficult to associate the trait with a dedicated scientist, and I must admit that you would be more likely to find it in a man engaged in some less responsible calling. But there you have it—Mark's a scientist and that's the way he is."

Why Mark works at the pace he does is another matter, and one about which

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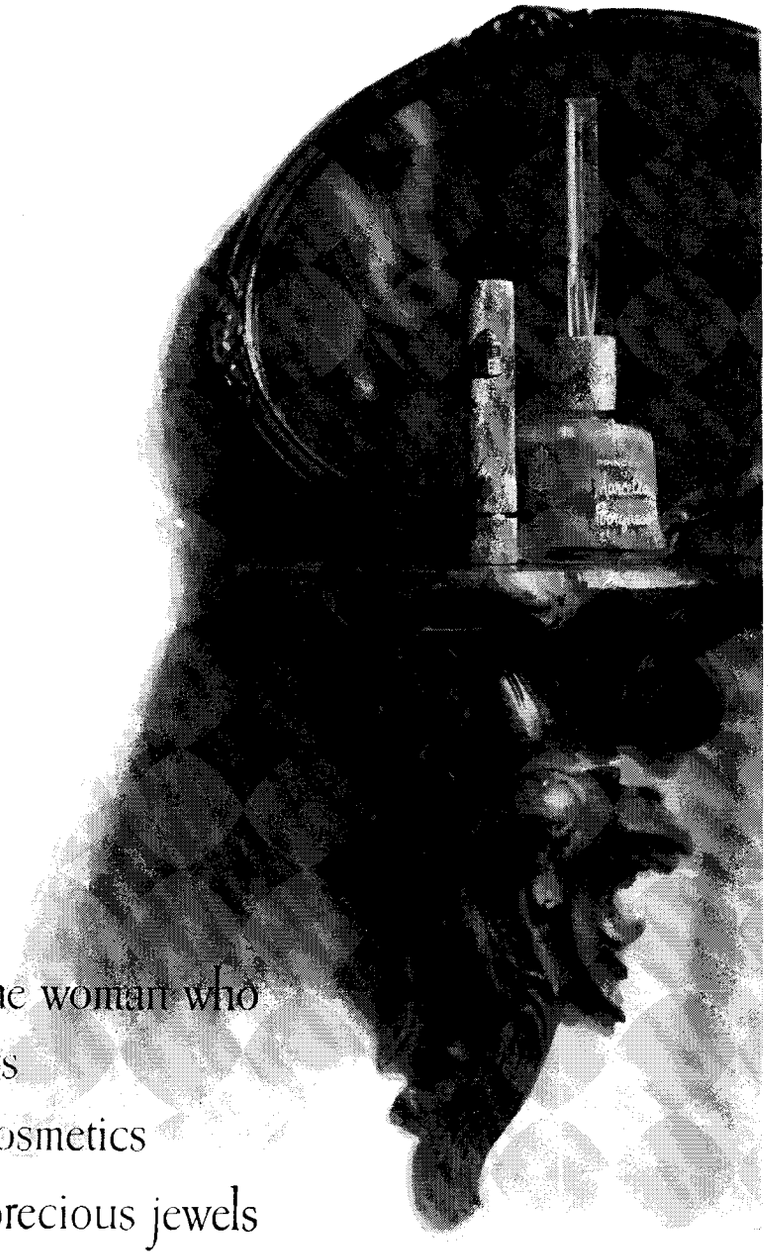
there are more, and often sharply conflicting, theories. Some of his friends believe he could not bear to be left behind by the march of events, and drives himself constantly to keep in the forefront of his field. Others put it down merely to an insatiable scientific curiosity. The simplest and most crass of the theories can be stated in a single word, which in some academic circles is a very touchy subject—money. The ivory-tower purist, to whom abstract research is an end in itself—the only end, really—regards any scientist who traffics with industry as morally and intellectually debased, particularly if, as in Mark's case, his stooping to the low level of the market place brings him in four or five times as much as the purist happens to be earning. "What a pity!" a former colleague of Mark's who is now teaching at one of the big Eastern universities said not long ago, after reviewing his friend's frenzied temporal activities as an ally of industry and an administrator at Polytechnic. "How can such a scientist waste his time like this! I remember him in the old days. What a worker he was then! Day and night in the laboratory, setting up and running three or four experiments at a time. Analyzing results, writing papers, lecturing brilliantly, making breathtaking deductions from a mere smudge of brown precipitate. And now? A businessman and an administrator!"

Mark is not a bit sensitive on this score; he *likes* to make money, he says, and it is a source of some regret to him that, things being what they are in the industrial world, it was I. G. Farben, and not Herman Mark, who made the lion's share of the money out of the synthetics he invented—and the company patented—while he was directing its Ludwigshafen laboratory. In the light of that experience, Mark might agree with the purists that trafficking with industry does have its debasing aspects, but by and large he considers such activities morally and intellectually elevating. "I carry the findings of the basic-research men in their endowed laboratories to the practical scientists in laboratories subsidized by industry," he says. "This benefits the whole economy, and it makes industry more willing to back up basic science. Somebody has to keep convincing industry. The need to make a profit is a constant cause of myopia, and I'm the eye doctor. I think I deserve a fee for professional services rendered."

Mark does not stand alone in his defiance of the purists. "Nowadays, Mark conducts much of his research

*PLUS TAX



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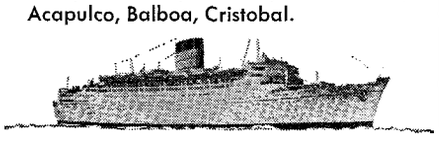

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vicariously, through the various experiments of the people he works with," a research director at du Pont has pointed out. "Too many men get so bogged down in the laboratory that they spend their entire lives struggling with one insignificant problem. In the most literal sense, Mark is profoundly involved in the accomplishments of everybody on his staff—and everybody on mine, too." A young member of Mark's staff gets right down to cases in defense of his boss. "Of *course* what Dr. Mark is doing is good business as well as good science," he says. "Well, so what? Louis Pasteur wasn't above working for the wine producers and the silkworm industry, and as far as I can see, it didn't demean him in the least. In fact, his work with the wine people was what led him to his major discoveries about the process of fermentation. As I look at it, Mark is only doing the same sort of thing. He has his worldly side, I grant you, but he also has the searching mind of the true scientist. He has smoothed the way for men who prefer an almost monastic existence, toiling year after year in their laboratories and serving the god of pure research. And at the same time, all you have to do is look around you to see examples of what Mark has accomplished as a man who appreciates the practical value of research. No, in my book he's O.K. After all, he turned the chemistry of gunk into a science."

—Morton M. Hunt

(This is the first of two articles on Dr. Mark.)

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Sunday Times*]

Violence stalks us in July. Just over forty years ago the beginning of the month saw the Somme and the first experiment in mass destruction. In July the Bastille fell, Caesar prepared his invasions, the Armada sailed up the Channel, the Young Turks (this year is their fiftieth anniversary) started shock therapy on the Sick Man, and in July, 1945, the first atom bomb exploded.

Storming and thundering, the world seems to resent being spun into its second half-year. The most peaceful events resound with a certain martial fury—the Salvation Army was first mobilised in July, 1865.

Ask a Marxist

Even the home can be troubled. At times like these a little homoeopathy in the kitchen, a little treatment of like by like can help. Ask a Marxist to dinner. It produces a profound sense of peace.

"Surplus value," "class struggle," "bourgeoisie" and "last analyses" . . . all the old words, ancient and meaningless, will drone on as a sort of secular rosary inviting sleep. Do not disturb your guest with questions,

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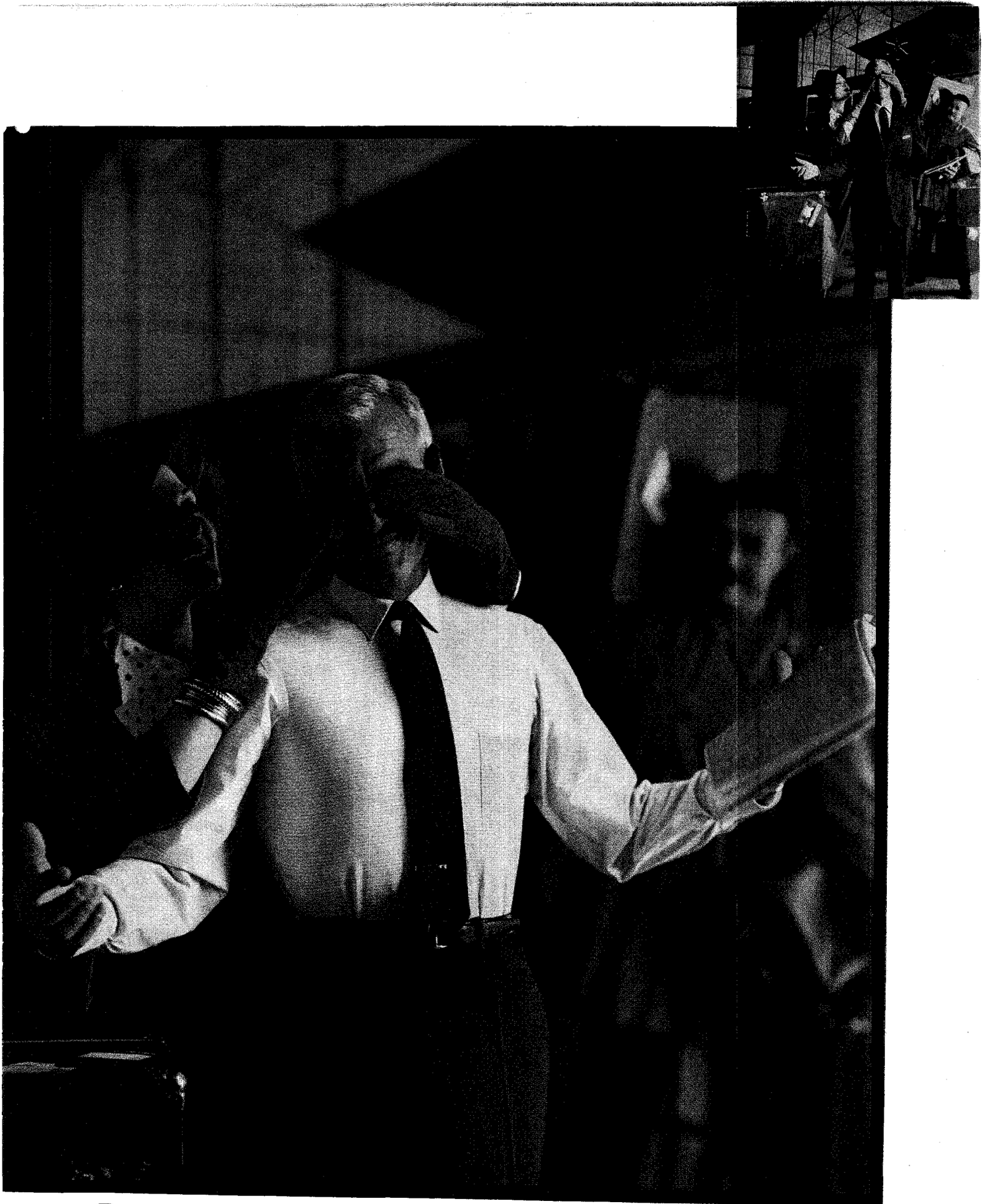

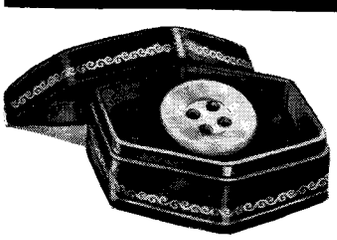

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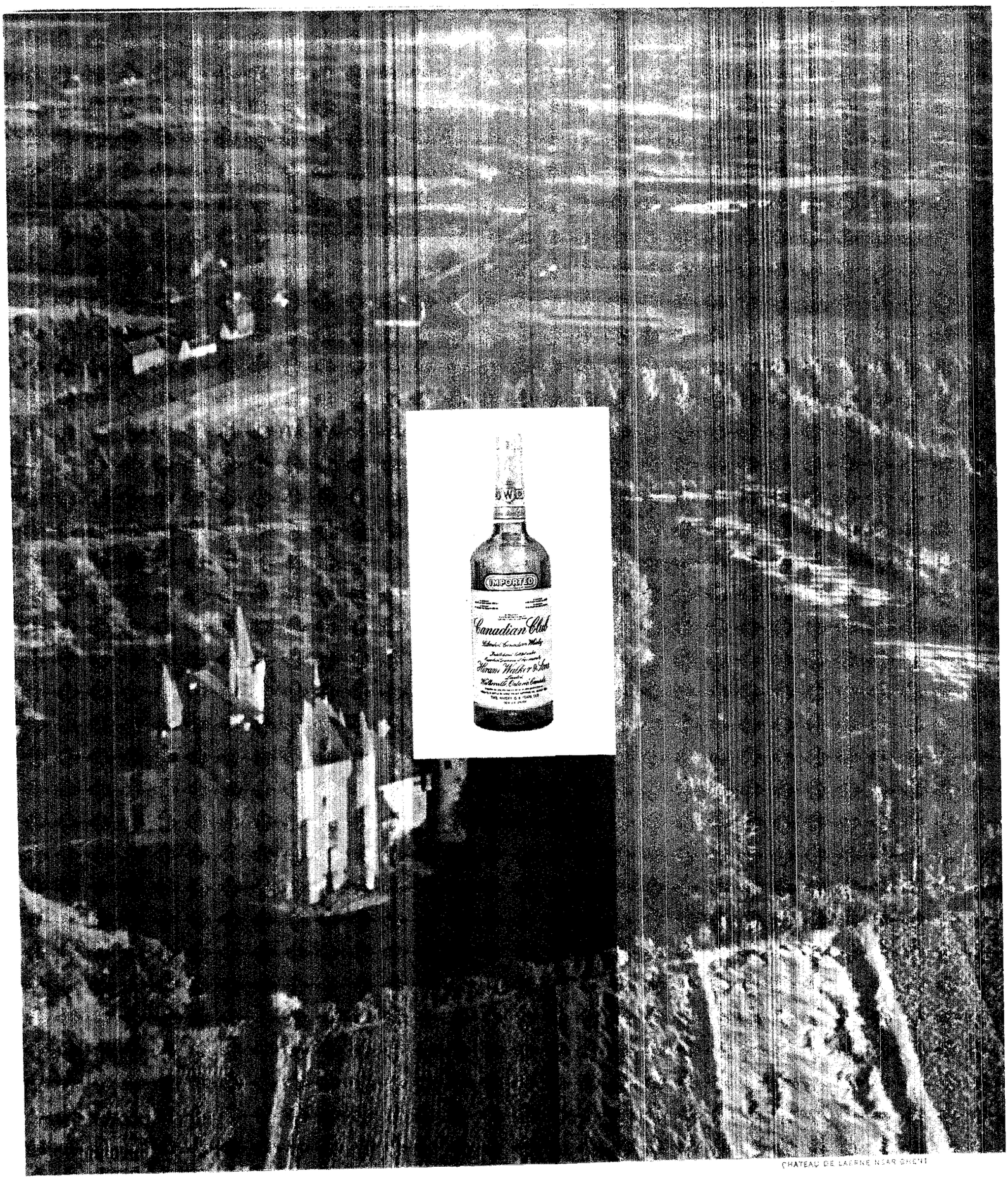

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pertinent or otherwise. He should not be reminded that in July, 1917, his old chiefs started giving history a shove in Russia. He knows now, as well as we do, that though big things can be pushed about you can never tell in what direction they will go, and that one set of priest kings and their minions may be destroyed only to be replaced by another rather crueller and not so amusing. Let him have his say undisturbed.

But he will not talk quite all the time. When the flow ebbs choose a safe subject on which to grumble about together. You will both, for instance, enjoy the condemnation of butchers—if it is clear that it is the ordinary meat butchers that are intended. Why do they not sell their meat on the bone? Because such a course makes it perfectly clear where the flesh comes from?

Do they ever, for instance, pass off a roll of boned meat as sirloin when it is really something else? And why do they not continually tell their customers that meat cooked on the bone has a specially delightful flavour?

And then why do they not hang their meat?

Stop your guest before he can mention the word "exploitation." Jab him in the small of the back just about where you get lumbago. Tell him that that is the sirloin and that the outside muscles make porterhouse steak, that they are separated from the inside muscle (the protected tender fillet) by little vestigial ribs that make a sort of "T" with the backbone. And serve him with a great roll of roasted "T" bone on the chine and complete with porterhouse flesh and fillet. Carve it against the grain.

Do not worry about the threat of July weather corrupting a 7-lb. joint costing 25s. It can be used cold for a day or two and then appear as a cold jellied stew turned out of a mould.

Jellied Beef Stew

Separate the bone from the fat and dice it fairly large. Add any available gravy from its first roasting, together with a little weak stock, and simmer it very gently till tender. Simmer the bones and fat for five hours in weak stock, together with a good piece of bacon rind and a calves-foot. Half-way through add onions, carrots, bayleaf, peppercorns and a good splash of dry white wine during the last hour. Then strain, remove the fat and add the liquor from the simmered beef. Reduce to 1½ to 2 pints, mix in the beef and fresh herbs to taste and let set in glass jelly moulds.

•

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—R. P. Lister

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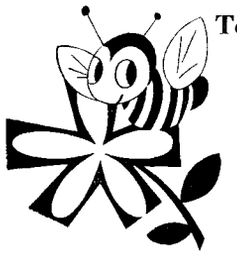

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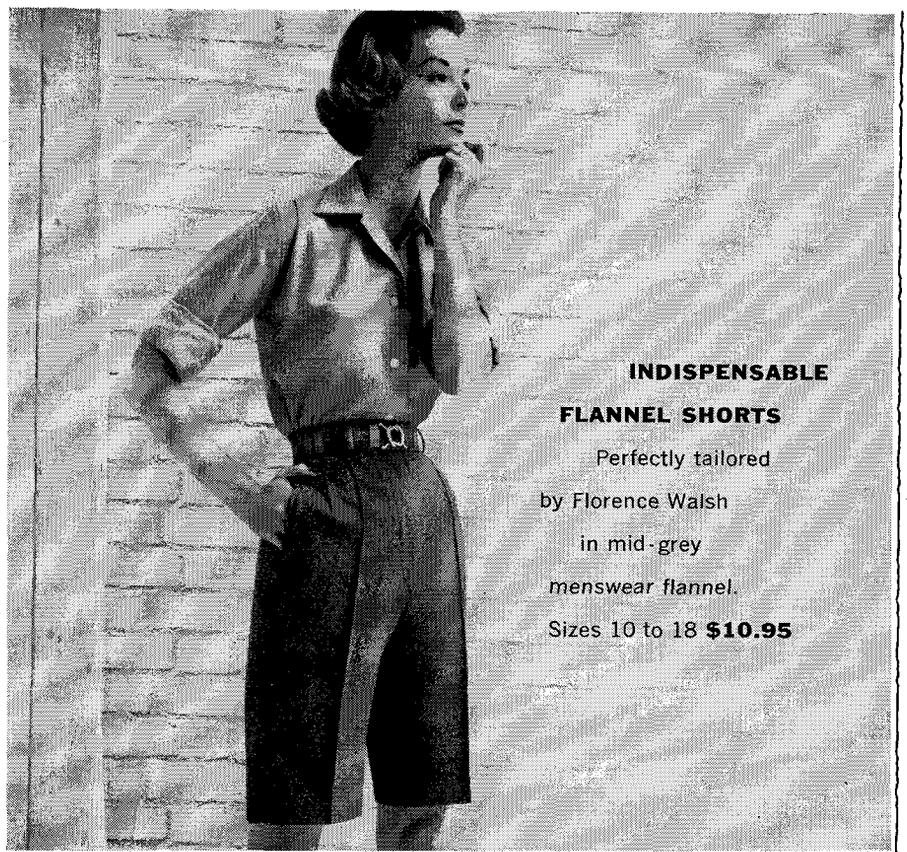

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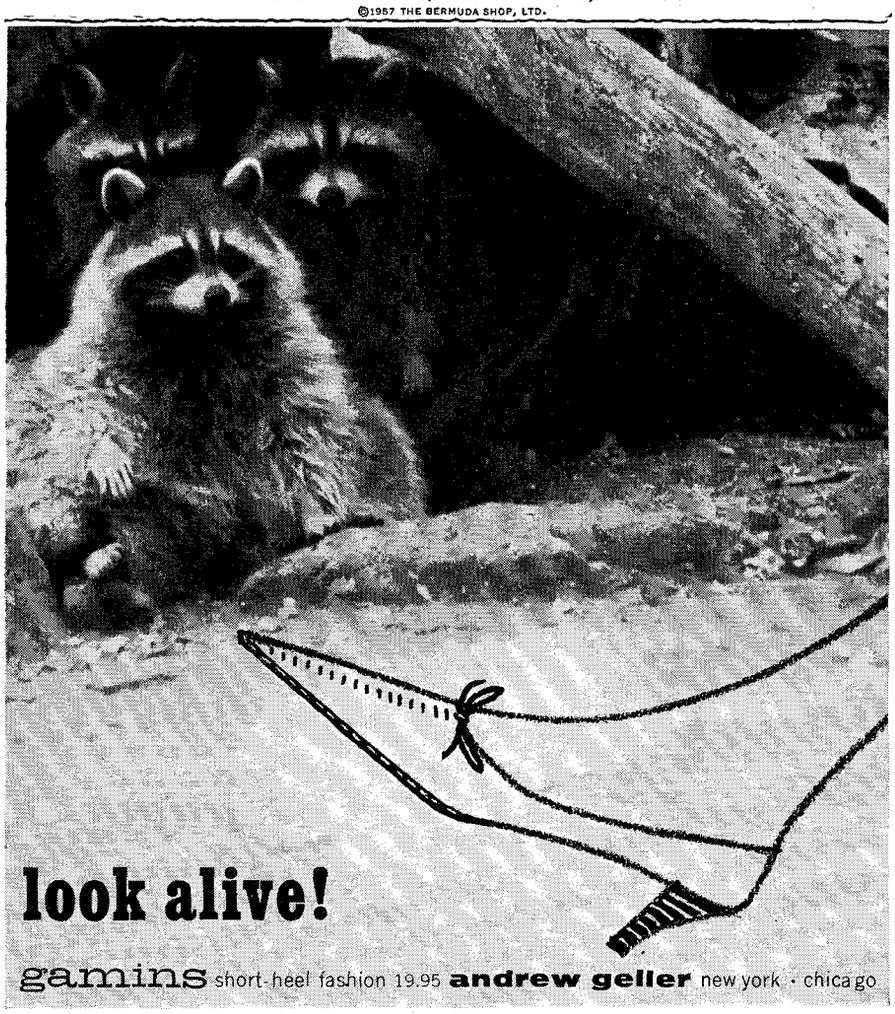

THE CURRENT CINEMA

How to Keep 'em Down on the Farm

JULIETTE GRECO, a young woman who figures prominently in "Naked Earth," a British film written by Milton Holmes and directed by Vincent Sherman, is a French actress in the amiably convex tradition, but, more than that, she is a performer who can give a line, even though it's delivered in heavily accented English, greater emotional impact than most of our Hollywood fillies could summon up for a property settlement in the course of a California divorce. Mr. Holmes' script was obviously designed to provide Miss Greco with plenty of room to display her talents, and that is a good thing, since "Naked Earth" is a fairly familiar commodity, having to do with the efforts of a farmer (in this case, a country boy from the West of Ireland) to exploit the possibilities of a recalcitrant land (in this case, Central Africa). What leads the agrarian bucko to the Dark Continent is the optimistic beckoning of a chum, but, alas, when our lad, having travelled halfway round the world, arrives at his pal's perch in the interior of Africa, he finds that his friend has been devoured by crocodiles.

All this is set in 1895, and Richard Todd does a nice job of representing the turn-of-the-century Gael, whose principal ambition it is to amass enough cash to force some snobs back in the old country to tug a forelock to him. As it happens, his simple plans are complicated by the fact that the consort of the crocodiles' victim is in residence in the late lamented's cottage, and only by marrying her can he keep on the right side with God and the regional priest (Finlay Currie). The consort is Miss Greco, and although she is a most appetizing sort, she is not exactly the girl of Mr. Todd's dreams, having served awhile as a tramp on the Marseille waterfront and having never got around to wedlock with Mr. Todd's deceased friend. In close proximity to Miss Greco, however, Mr. Todd, despite an iron vein of stubborn piety and morality, presently collapses in her experienced arms, and before long discovers that she is about to have a

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SUMMER'S MOST CHILLING EXPERIENCE!

child, which overjoys him until she advises him that the little stranger had its inception before he arrived in Africa.

As you can see, Mr. Todd's home life in "Naked Earth" is rather unsettling, but it is hardly more so than his out-of-door life. When he tries to grow tobacco, with the help of some friendly natives, they are most coöperative up until the crop is due to be harvested, and then all hands desert him to have a jamboree. The crop being ruined, Mr. Todd sets out to hunt crocodiles, whose hides in those days were just coming into fashion, but—as you might expect, the way things are going with him—a couple of crooked traders (Laurence Naismith and Christopher Rhodes) try to cheat him out of his haul. I can't say that Africa looks very romantic as it is presented here, but in the long run it's proved to be a fine place to go in for the simple life, particularly if Miss Greco is around to enliven the homestead.

NEXT to listening to some old grads relate how they put a cow in the belfry of their alma mater, I can't think of any occupation more deadly than sitting around while the English movie called "Lucky Jim" unravels. Based on the novel by Kingsley Amis, this one is supposed to be a satire on life in rural English universities. The hero, portrayed by Ian Carmichael, is a rambunctious history instructor who gets into all kinds of trouble while spending a dreary weekend with the professor heading his department (Hugh Griffith). He gets drunk, and the professor's guests sing off key at living-room recitals, and there's a lot of hanky-panky about our hero's stumbling into wrong bedrooms, and it's all just a little too arch to tolerate.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

As for peaceful co-existence, does Menshikov think we have forgotten the communique issued by all the Communist dictators except Tito after their meeting in Moscow last fall? They put it down in writing that there is "historical necessity for a proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat during he period of transition from socialism to capitalism," and denounced as "revisionists" those who deviated from this doctrine.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Another flipflop.

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Happy Landings

I HAVE long been an admirer of Mr. George Balanchine, who seems to me to be unique among contemporary choreographers both in his inexhaustible inventiveness and in his sure sense of what is and what is not germane to the medium in which he works. His ballets seldom tell stories or attempt to project any abstruse symbolism, and when they do, their stories and symbols are deftly subordinated to the main business of the art, which, of course, concerns itself with the human body in graceful and spectacular motion and with pleasing visual ideas arranged to follow one another with fluid continuity and a classical feeling for proportion. But while I rarely find him lapsing from his well-known perfection in this matter, I do occasionally encounter, in his more ambitious offerings, a tendency to wed his choreography to music of so intellectual a character that it is self-sufficient, and this has the effect of distracting the mind of the observer from what is happening on the stage.

"Scotch Symphony," one of three Balanchine ballets presented on the opening program of the New York City Ballet at the City Center last week is a case in point. The ballet, handsomely costumed and beautifully composed to exhibit the artistry of Melissa Hayden and André Eglevsky, was, barring some rather insipid pantomime in the adagio, a fine piece, in the best Balanchine tradition. But its musical accompaniment—Mendelssohn's symphony of the same title—is a work of art complete in itself, and adding a visual spectacle seemed something of an intrusion. Not only do its structural features—such things as development sections, *fugatos*, and the Beethovenesque affirmations of the finale—get in the way of the lightness and bounce that we expect in ballet but the music itself, which is, after all, that of a minor masterpiece in the symphonic style, has a way of demanding our whole attention, and its juxtaposition with a theatrical spectacle is likely to leave one with a divided and confused mind, as if one were trying to

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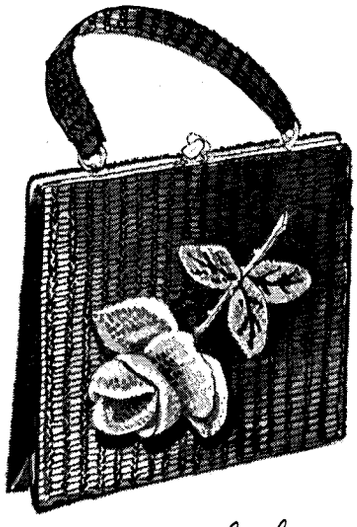
read two books or listen to two conversations at the same time. For this reason alone, and despite some ingratiating, and even quite stunning, sequences of dancing, I cannot place "Scotch Symphony" among my favorite Balanchine ballets. Mendelssohn's music is simply too strong to serve happily as a ballet accompaniment.

As the evening went on, Mr. Balanchine got back to less formidable musical settings, and I began to enjoy myself. "Square Dance," a joyous abstract composition in which he has wittily combined music by Corelli and Vivaldi with suggestions of the American barn dance (among them a real dance caller in a red shirt, whose patter contrasts oddly with the classical formality of both the Balanchine choreography and the early Italian score), struck me as pert, tricky, and exceptionally original. The finest moments of the evening, however, were unquestionably to be found in "Stars and Stripes," an uninhibited, wildly exuberant humorous ballet to music by John Philip Sousa, which I strongly recommend to anyone who has not yet seen it. Not only does Sousa's music have the requisite bounce and gaiety but Mr. Balanchine has matched it with an utterly delightful spectacle, full of prancing cadets and ballerinas in star-spangled tutus—a spectacle that, for pure merriment, ebullience, and athletic excitement, has not been surpassed, in my experience, since Massine's "Gaîté Parisienne." Among its numerous glittering individual performances, the most notable were those of Miss Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, a young dancer whose growing virtuosity seems to have hit a new peak in this work. But there was not a weak role, or a weak moment, in the entire production, and as it worked up to its climax—set, sure enough, to the Sousa march from which its title derives—I was in a mood to cheer.

IT was a busy week for the ballet. A couple of evenings after the New York City Ballet opened its fall season, Jerome Robbins, certainly one of the most imaginative of American choreographers, introduced, at the Alvin Theatre, a fresh new company known as Ballets: U.S.A., which, I understand, he recently assembled in connection with Gian-Carlo Menotti's summer music festival at Spoleto, Italy. Mr. Robbins' opening had the gala and fashionable atmosphere of a Broadway première, as well as a considerable amount of frank theatricality, which his audience ob-



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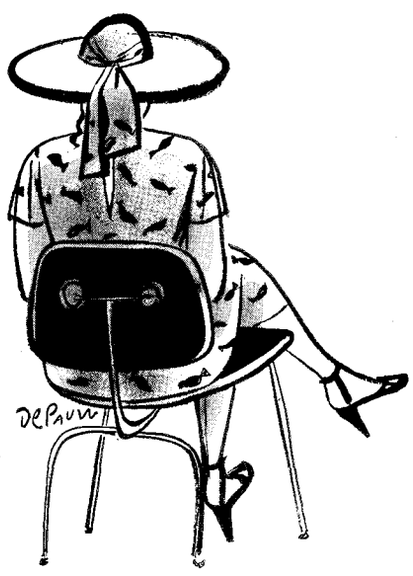
viously found very much to its taste. Personally, I found it a fairly spotty affair. After something called "3 × 3," a curtain-raiser whose most spectacular feature was a trio of members of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians—an oboist, a clarinettist, and a bassoonist—wearing Ted Lewis-type top hats and gigantic tail coats, and perching above the stage on ten-foot stepladders while a group of youthful dancers performed below them, Mr. Robbins got around to his pièce de résistance, an item called "N.Y. Export, op. Jazz," which purported to express the troubled souls of today's proletarian teen-agers. This is not a subject entirely lacking in human appeal, but to me, at least, the result was rather depressing. Aside from an energetic finale, subtitled "Theme, Variations, and Fugue," in which his dancers cut loose with some real popular dancing in the sidewalk manner, it seemed to consist mostly of fist-shaking and glowering at the audience, and it constantly reminded me of what, twenty years ago, used to be called "the dance of social protest." A score by Robert Prince, made up of "progressive"—that is to say, very self-conscious, deliberate, and artificial—jazz, did not contribute much more than a particularly raucous and grinding din, and in seeking something good to say about the production as a whole I can recall nothing but the sets, which were designed by Ben Shahn and had a certain amount of sprightliness about them.

Later, Mr. Robbins redeemed himself somewhat by presenting his "Afternoon of a Faun," with Jay Norman and Wilma Curley dancing gracefully, if not very subtly, in the respective roles of the Faun and the Nymph. And the evening wound up with what remains



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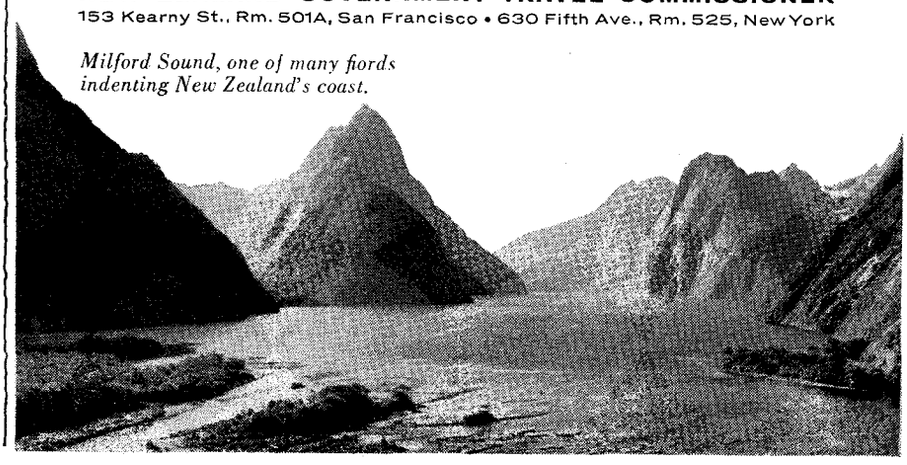

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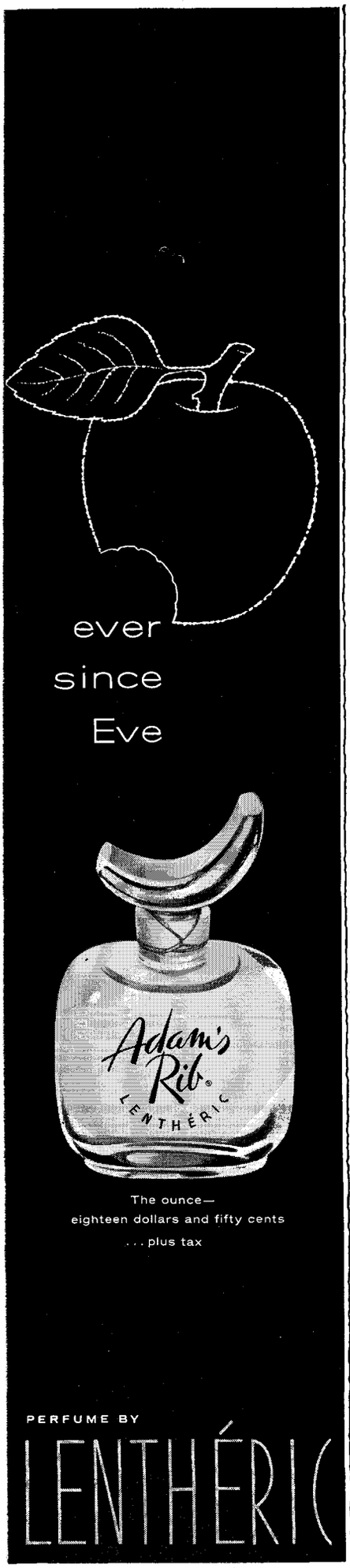

one of the most hilarious bits of dance-vaudeville to emerge from the mind of any contemporary choreographer—the item called "The Concert," which was presented for the first time two years ago with the New York City Ballet. Mr. Robbins is at his best with humorous ballet, and in this zany concoction, involving the behavior of a group of bemused auditors at a Chopin piano recital, he has outdone himself. Thus, the happiest note of the evening, as of Mr. Balanchine's, came at the end, and though one had to wander through a great deal of adolescent *Sturm und Drang* to get to it, it proved well worth waiting for. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

One Step Forward, Two Steps Back

THE nerviest, most tenacious movement to emerge from all the bewildering backing and filling in the jazz of the past decade—which includes the birth of hard bop; the rise and fall of the cool school; the resurgence of such swing musicians as Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson, Edmond Hall, and Jo Jones; the effort to revive New Orleans jazz; and the fitful activity of the few remaining big jazz bands—has been the intense laboratory work of a small but steadily increasing group of experimental composers and arrangers, among them Charlie Mingus, Jimmy Giuffre, John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Teddy Charles, Gil Evans, and George Russell. Starting with the basic belief that jazz can be composed—an assumption long ago proved by Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington—these men have attempted, in compositions that often have no improvisation at all, to broaden its harmonic, rhythmic, and structural boundaries, as well as to widen its content. At the same time, many of them have resurrected, in new and vigorous ways, collective improvisation, a kind of jazz that began going under in the late twenties, when the first great soloists appeared. (One of the fundamental elements of jazz is the tug of war—to say nothing of the resulting differences of mood and timbre—that occurs between the gossipy interdependence of collective playing and the lonebird freedom of the soloist.) During most of the thirties and early forties, jazz grew more and more lopsided as it became, often against the largely static backdrop of the big band, an exhibition ground for such men as Louis Armstrong, Hawkins, Sidney Catlett,

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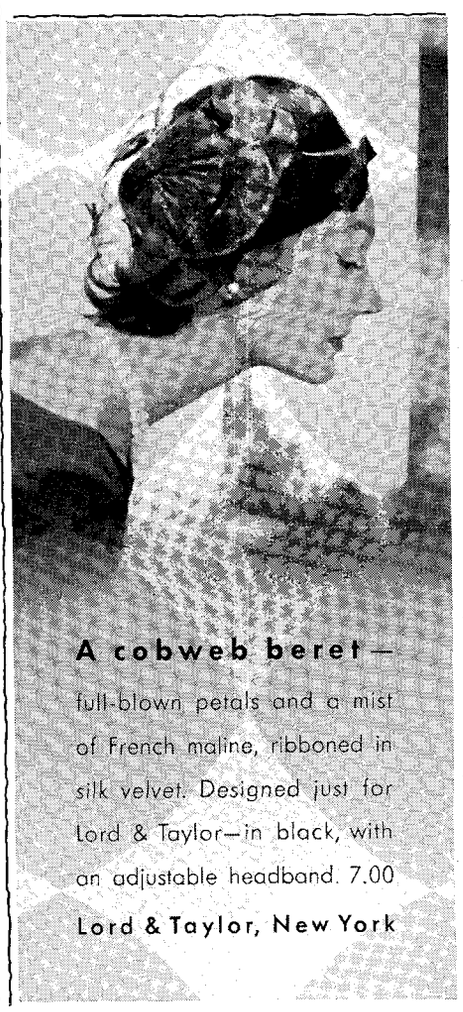

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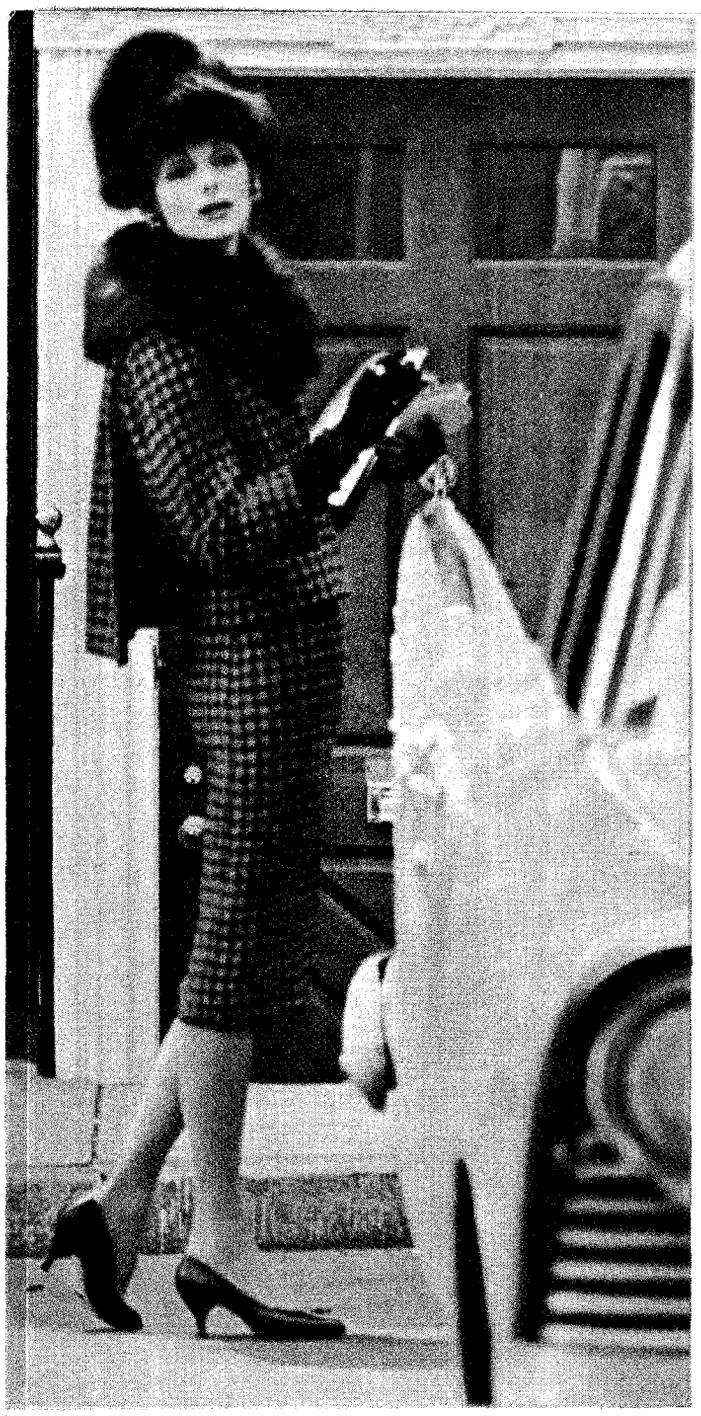

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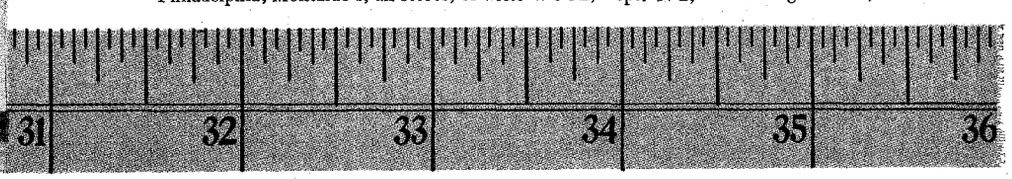

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Benny Goodman, Sidney Bechet, Art Tatum, and Charlie Parker. It was almost immediately obvious, in many of their solos, which turned out to be little more than repetitions or variations of past flights, that there is nothing rarer than fresh jazz improvisation. Then, late in the forties—as if in reaction to this, as well as to bebop, with its daring, demanding melodic lines and complex, humpy rhythms—many young jazz musicians plunged into formal musical training. The fireworks have been going off ever since. Within the framework of the Modern Jazz Quartet, John Lewis has gone in for interplay and such devices as the rondo and the fugue; Giuffre has experimented with an implied rather than a sounded beat, with (like Mulligan) a careful, almost bemused counterpoint, and with lyrical blues-folk themes largely foreign to jazz; Mingus's preoccupation with the content of his music, which is often satiric and bitter, has resulted in his abandoning (like Charles) conventional chorus structures for his own patterns, the invention of weird chord sequences upon which to improvise, and the use, for certain effects, of the human voice, foghorns, taxi horns, and so on; Evans has developed new instrumentations and tonal colors; and Russell has employed atonality, broken rhythms, and solos as organic outgrowths—rather than battling opposites—of the ensemble. Some of this has been exciting, but much of it has been depressing. For this music has inevitably resulted in preciousness, musical tricks, the stifling of spontaneity, pure dullness, an overattention to form, and a general solemnity and self-consciousness. It has often seemed, in fact, as if jazz—so graceful, surprising, and elusive, at its best—might eventually evaporate, like a restless hired man.

That is pretty much what happens on a new Columbia record, "Modern Jazz Concert" (WL 127), a pretentious, exasperating, but occasionally brilliant and always ambitious collection of six compositions commissioned by Brandeis University and played last year at its Festival of the Arts. Of the six composers, three are classical (Gunther Schuller, Milton Babbitt, Harold Shapero) and three jazz (Mingus, Russell, Giuffre). All the pieces are played by a cumbersome fourteen-piece group that includes two saxophones (John La Porta and Hal McKusick), two trumpets (Art Farmer and Louis Mucci), a trombone (Jimmy Knepper), a flute, a bassoon, a French horn, a harp, a vibraphone (Teddy Charles),

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a piano (Bill Evans), a guitar, a bass, and drums. Although the album notes, by Schuller, include an admirable map of what goes on, they also state, as in a vision, "Perhaps this is jazz or perhaps it is not. Perhaps it is a new kind of music not yet named." Perhaps, on the other hand (with a little boiling and scraping), it is this: one fairly successful jazz composition (Russell's "All About Rosie"); an obtuse atonal, contrapuntal classical piece (Babbitt's "All Set"); a concoction in which, through sheer cleverness and compositional strength, jazz and classical music are forced together (Schuller's "Transformation"); a watery work that never, except in one brief instance, makes up its mind where it belongs (Shapero's "On Green Mountain"); and a couple of pieces (Giuffre's "Suspensions" and Mingus's "Revelations, First Movement") that are, respectively, a variation on jazz material that the composer has handled better elsewhere and a stagy mishmash of ensemble techniques, instrumental shouting, Wagner, and Ravel.

"All About Rosie" is, though at times a peculiarly cold work (much of Russell's composing has the same chilly, detached air), a frequently exhilarating effort. The first of its three movements is an up-tempo, semi-contrapuntal development, by the ensemble, of an Alabama folk song. The second is a sort of slow blues, with an attractive introduction that has several of the horns skating slowly through an atonal section, which, when finally resolved, turns into a slowly building pattern of riffs delivered in a dragging round, with a sharp afterbeat by the drummer, that eventually reaches a relentless, thumping conclusion. (The orchestration, however, is as colorless as it is throughout the record.) In the final movement, the folk theme is taken up again at a faster tempo by the ensemble until—bang!—in comes Evans for an improvised solo, which is a fascinating stomping effort, with fresh blues figures and a couple of passages where he suddenly shifts into a lolling half time, as if he were trying to drag the rhythm to a halt. .

The best part of Shapero's rather dandyish "On Green Mountain," which is based on a chaconne by Monteverdi, is also its brief improvised section. Art Farmer, in the course of four choruses on the eight-bar theme, states the melody, embellishes it, then turns to a half-tempo improvisation and, in his last go-round, lets loose with a full set of up-tempo improvisations. (This is the only time in the entire record when

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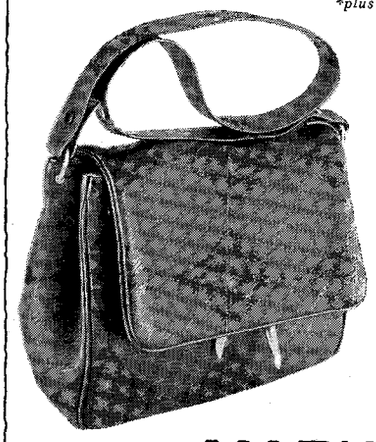

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anything imaginative is done with improvisation, which nearly all modern jazz composers, in their avidity for form, have ignored. Such possible departures as these have been largely bypassed—a solo like the Farmer one, but in an extended sequence of direct melodic statement, embellishment, improvisation, embellishment, and a return to the original melody, done in a gradual form of crescendo and diminuendo; the use, within compositions like "All About Rosie," of the revolutionary harmonic and rhythmic methods of such soloists as Thelonious Monk, Cecil Taylor, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane; a development of the extraordinary rondo-and-variations structure of some of Morton's piano solos; two solo instruments improvising at once, on the same or different themes.)

Schuller's "Transformation" begins as an unadorned classical piece in which a short, simple melody is repeated individually, as a slightly varied ground, by the horns, while the piano and drums inject clumps of jazz rhythms. By the time the theme is fully stated by the ensemble, the rhythm section has broken into a four-four gallop, which, in turn, dissolves into another first-rate Evans solo. This is slowly overpowered by a lunging, shimmying riff that comes gradually out of the background. Then the rhythm slowly breaks into pieces, and there is a shift back to a classical design. It is a perfect, and totally unconvincing, tour de force. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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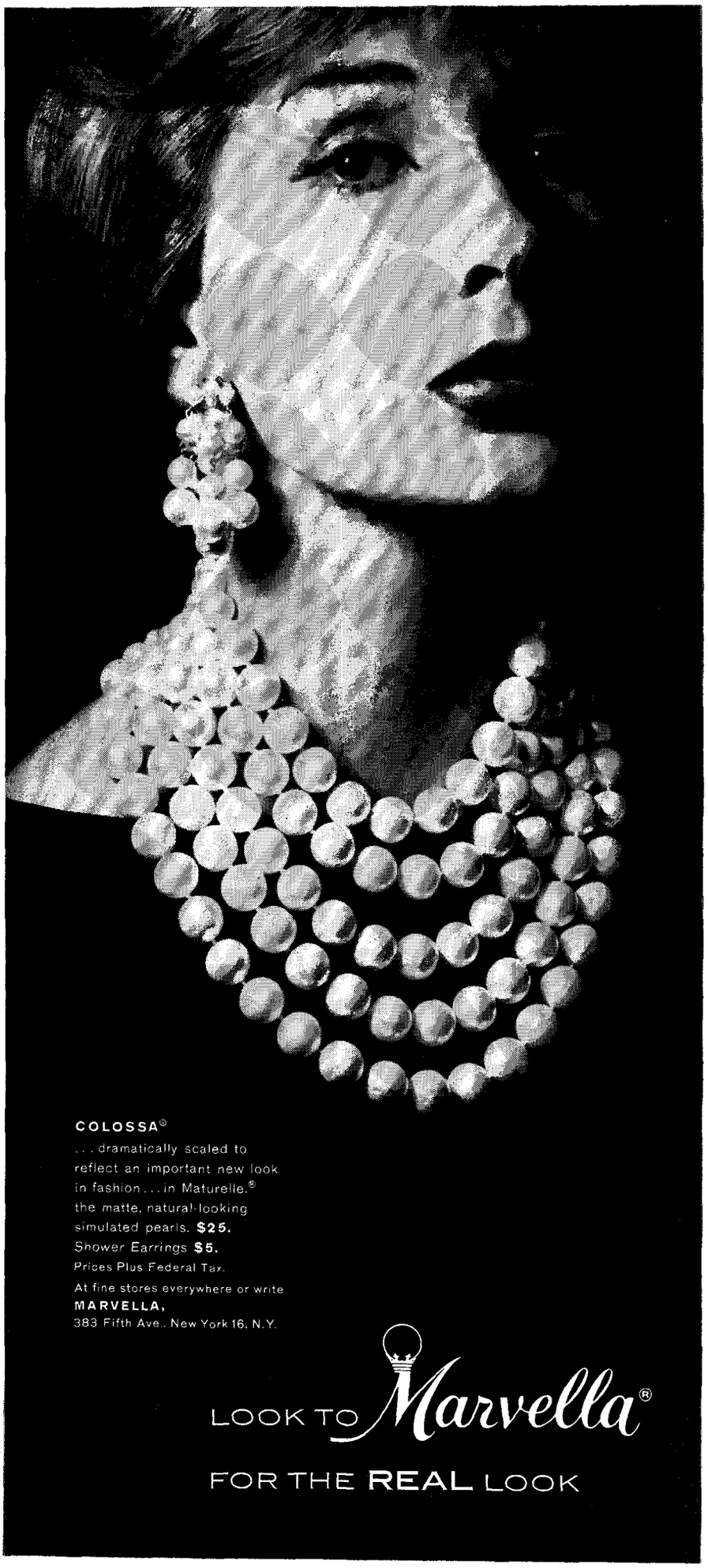

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MONSIEUR FLANDIN'S DOMAINE

READING the obituary page of the New York *Times* on a recent day, I came upon a face that was once briefly familiar to me, but at a time considerably later than the period when the photograph must have been taken. This experience is always puzzling. I felt that I knew the face, but I could not identify it until I read the caption underneath: "Pierre-Etienne Flandin, as he looked some years ago." In the *Times* picture, which probably dated back to 1934, when he became the youngest Premier of the Third Republic, Flandin had the look of a man about to tuck his napkin under his chin and attack a huge dish of grilled pigs' feet Sainte-Menehould, or a *plate-côte de bœuf* succulent with broth. The future smiled and he had appetite. His hair was dark and his jowls were fat. They had been gray and puffy, respectively, when I knew him—an elephantine, worried, and defensive man. But the features were the same—the forehead high, wide, and noble, the nose impressive, the mouth slack below the ragged mustache.

Looking up from the picture, I read the spidery two-column italic headline, the kind that the *Times* puts on obituaries that are important enough to go on the front page of the first edition on a dull news day if nothing better should turn up:

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'40 DECRIED HITLER THREAT
ON RHINELAND INVASION

According to the *Times*' practice in dealing with obituaries, the headline is supposed to tell as much as possible of the story that follows, but in M. Flandin's case the restrictions of space had strangled the head-writer's effort to summarize his biography. This gave a confusing impression that the threat had occurred in 1940, while Flandin was Pétain's Foreign Minister. But by that time all Hitler's threats had been realized—half of France was occupied, the rest dominated. The episode that the head-writer had tried to telescope occurred in 1936, when Flandin was Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of a forgotten politician named Albert Sarraut. Flandin was the star, or, in the misleading journalistic phrase, the "strong man," of that Cabinet. He had already had one turn as Premier, and in the normal course of Third Republican politics he could count on several more. Then Hitler, weak but temerarious, announced that he would remilitarize—not "invade"—the Rhineland. ("Invasion," though, will fit into a smaller space than "remilitarization." It is thus that the inelasticity of type shapes the writing of popular history.) The Germans owned the Rhineland, but they had renounced the right to have troops there. Once they had reëstablished their Rhineland defenses, they would be hard to deal with. Flandin called the attention of his colleagues in both the French and the British governments to the danger of inaction. He then joined them in doing nothing.

"Had his urgent advice been followed, many students of international affairs have said, Hitler's power and prestige would have been so diminished that World War II might have been averted," the obit written in the *Times* morgue remarked. But the copy of the Paris paper *Le Monde* that I received that same evening said that Sarraut had wanted to send the French Army into the Rhineland and that Flandin had deterred him. In any case, the French generals had said they would not take the responsibility of intervention without a full-scale mobilization; there was no striking force ready to conduct a limited war. The Ministers feared the effect of full-scale mobilization upon the electorate, and the British refrained from encouraging—or refused to support, or threatened to oppose, according to how you hear the story—unilateral French action. And so the Germans walked over, trembling inwardly because they knew they were not prepared to fight a war.

The Flandin I knew told me that he had flown to London at the moment of crisis, in the first week of March, 1936, to rally Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister, to joint action, or at least to a pledge of support if France moved. "When I arrived," he said, "I was told I could not see Baldwin. He had gone down to Worcestershire for a week to see the cherry trees in bloom." It must have been an early season for cherries.

Flandin's later effort at Vichy was more creditable. In 1936, when he had a chance to stop Hitler, he had funked it. But in 1940, when he hadn't a chance, he at least tried to maintain an illusion of an independent foreign policy, and Otto Abetz, the German

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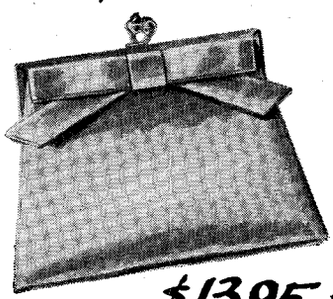
gauleiter in France, had him fired. His career does not lend itself easily to succinct explanation.

THE way I became acquainted with M. Flandin needs a bit of recounting. On a day early in February of 1943, I was sitting at a sheet-metal table in front of the Hotel Aletti, in downtown Algiers, writing a letter. In those days, it was pleasant to sit at a table in the open in Algiers; there were no patrols of chaps with tommy guns walking about in single file, as they do now, rotating their heads as if a *fellagha* were lurking behind each potted palm, and looking over your shoulder to see what paper you are reading. There was a war on then, but between equals. In the evening, six or a dozen German planes would come over from Sicily and drop bombs in the harbor. Aside from that, everything was quiet. The pilots' targets were the long piers sticking out into the sea, and as there was always a big anti-aircraft display, they usually dropped short and never overflew. Every Sunday, there was an inter-Allied parade—French, British, and American—and since Americans march so informally, our Army usually ran in a few tanks as its contribution. The Gaullistes, Jews, and other refugees from the mainland fraternized with the correspondents and the young officers; the rich *colons*—the European Algerians—who had collaborated with the Germans through Vichy, and were frightened, entertained the generals and the generals' political advisers. They had made a great deal of money exporting their oranges and wine to Germany, so they could afford to entertain in style. The soldiers fraternized as best they could. It was an era of good feeling.

The Aletti was a large, modern hotel, opened in 1930 to celebrate the centennial of the liberation of Algiers from its Turkish rulers by the French. (That is the official French version of what happened.) Every room had a bath, with hot water for one hour every morning, and you could have breakfast in bed if you felt like it. Breakfast consisted of a piece of gray bread, imitation coffee, and a saucer of thin, sugarless fruit jam. If you enjoyed hotel life, though, and had been deprived of it for a long time, this was better than getting up early to eat scrambled reconstituted dried eggs in an officers' mess a block away. The Aletti was under military control but civilian management, which meant, in tangibles, that the room was free but you

Miss Bergdorf



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[NUMBER 1]

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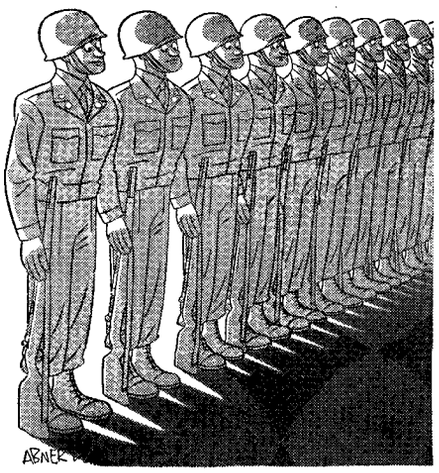
Revolt Against MONOTONY



WHEN Kilroy and those who helped him win World War II regained their civilian status, one of the constitutional rights they promptly asserted was the privilege of dressing as they pleased. The result was the flowering of sports clothes in wild profusion.

It was a case of revolt against monotony and the assertion of individualism on a large scale. More frequently, such movements are limited to a few bold souls who have the courage of their convictions and dare to be different. Witness the current search for a whiskey with true individuality.

As yet, the participants in this quest are a mere handful of sophisticates who have supreme confidence in their own judgment, and whose sole criterion is to find a whiskey with the individuality that suits their personal taste. From this spirit of independence is springing a new trend towards John Jameson.

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paid for the breakfast. Correspondents and transient officers who could find accommodations at the hotel put up there. General Eisenhower and members of his headquarters lived aloof at the Saint George, an elegant hotel of Anglo-Mauresque architecture atop the Hill of Mustapha. We had a better time at the Aletti. Rooms were hard to come by if you left town and then returned, as I continually did, but, by luck, I had met an old friend when I first arrived in Algiers, on Christmas Day—a Reuters correspondent named Dave Brown, who was a permanent guest because he covered Allied headquarters for his wire service in London. Brown's room, facing the waterfront, had two beds in it. The waterfront side of the Aletti had a minor drawback: it shook when the barrage went up. As compensation, we had beauty. Every evening, there were flowerpots of star shells and roman candles of tracers—a hundred beehives suddenly profiled in intersecting arcs. The racket stimulated the adrenals and gave the rear echelons the happy illusion that they were in the war. Once, it is true, a bomb landed on a pier right in front of the hotel—without killing anybody—and the blast removed Brown's window and blew him out of bed, but I was in Tunisia. There is a Turkish proverb that goes, "The viper that doesn't sting me, may he live a thousand years!"

In the Algiers of 1943, there were swarms of Red Cross girls, American psychological warriors, British political-warfare wallahs, Foreign Office and Foreign Service chaps in military uniforms, generals trying to be diplomats, Quartermaster Corps lieutenants in their late thirties keeping whole Algérois families, naval aides of generals, military aides of admirals, French liaison officers with the Americans, American liaison officers with the French, R.A.F. liaison officers with the Air Forces, and enough newspapermen and newspaperwomen to write, simultaneously, full accounts of a royal wedding, the Olympic games, the World Series, a Presidential internal obstruction, and four headless-torso mysteries. There were Vichy statesmen being squired about by Britons who touted them as alternatives to General de Gaulle, who was then confined to England by joint action of the Foreign Office and the State Department. There were also Gaullistes who insisted that all other nuances of French were Fascists. There were Zionists who said that the Jews were the Allies' only sincere friends, and anti-Semites who said that having the Jews on our side would

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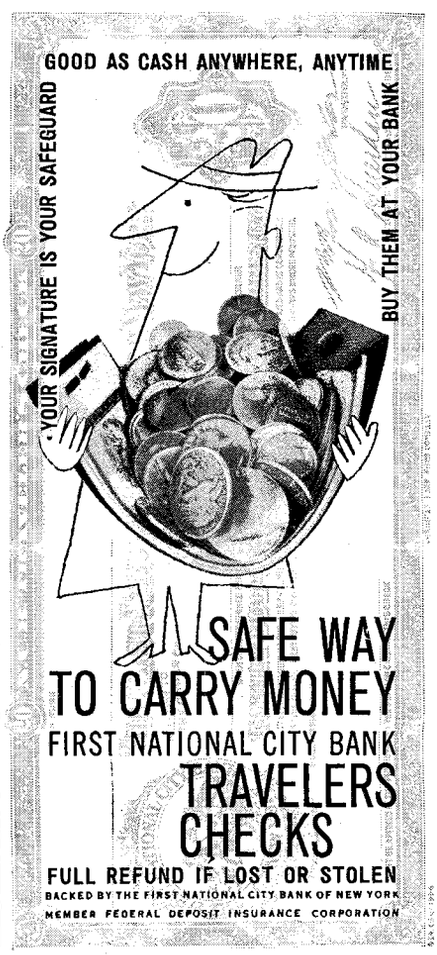

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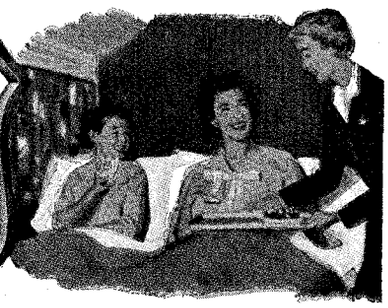

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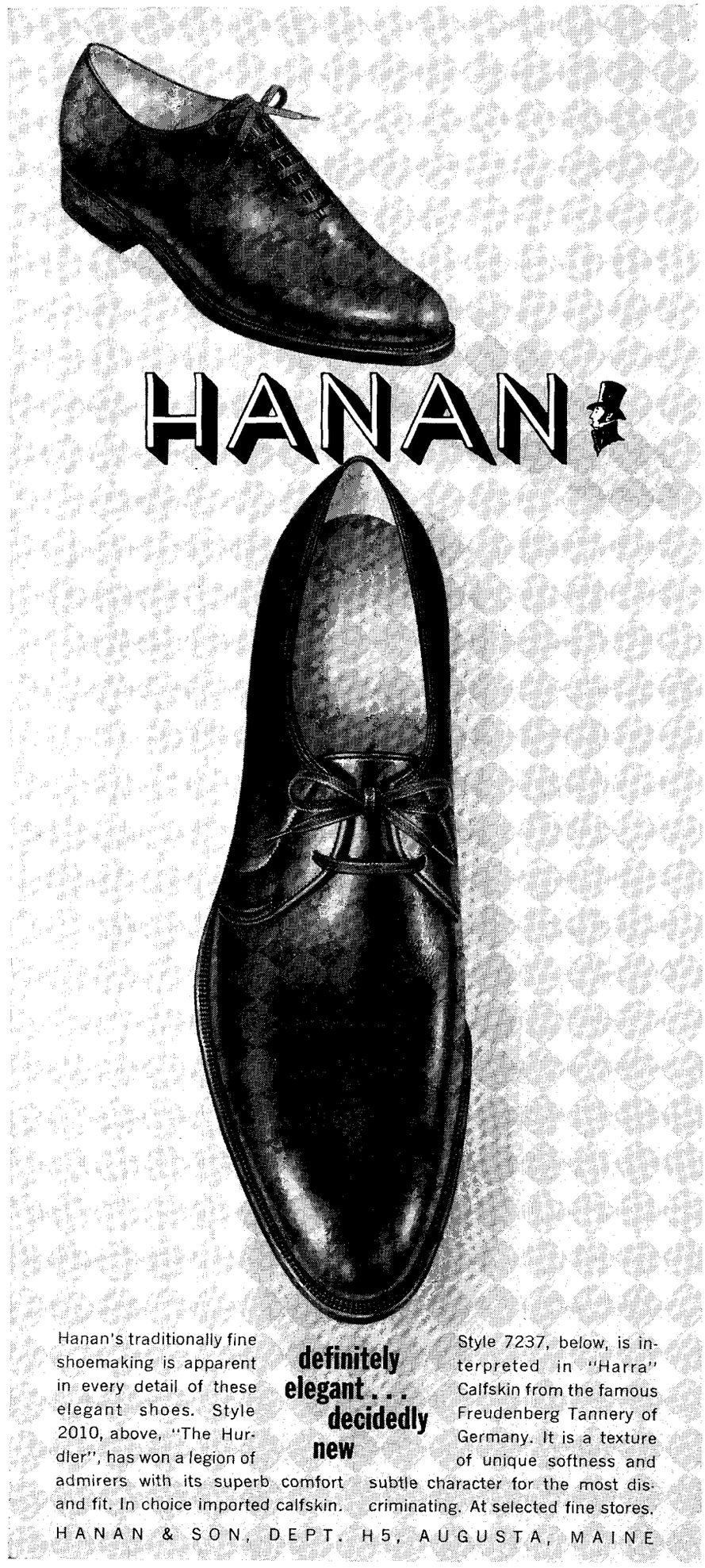
alienate both Christians and Moslems. There were royalists, including an antic Belgian princess who fed diplomats, and, for a few days, the Count of Paris himself. (He said that he would return to the French throne if he were drafted, but he wasn't.) All these, and a lot more, constantly plucked at the correspondents' sleeves. There were also, of course, Moslems—commonly referred to as "Ay-rabs"—in town, most of them working at the humblest jobs, but I cannot remember that they ever had much to say. They affected the general character of the place as little as the Puerto Ricans affect Rockefeller Center. Also, in chic bars—the Hotel Oasis was their favorite—there were great two-hundred-pound-and-upward dignitaries in wraparound headdresses with side drapes; white burnouses, which resemble shower curtains; purple silk gandurahs, which are blouses; and baggy white duck séroual, which are trousers, with shiny European shoes showing underneath like the cloven hoof. They smoked cigars that must have cost black-market fortunes, and knocked back a comfortable quantity of champagne, and all of them looked like the character called the Sheik in the old comic strip "Barney Google." When Americans remarked, as every American was sure to, that they had thought Moslems didn't drink in public, a Frenchman who "knew the country" was sure to explain that the big fellows were *chorfa*—members of *cherifian*, or saintly, families, descended from particularly venerable relatives of the Prophet. "They do as they please on earth; they will be judged in Heaven," the expert always expounded. "It is not for mere man to judge a hereditary saint." He would add, "They have great power over political opinion. They are venerated. They hold the people in the hollow of their hand." (In Paris last year, though, I got a different report on these fellows. I asked an old Algérois acquaintance, a police inspector, why the saints with cigars didn't stop the insurrection. "Oh, them," he said, laughing. "We call them the Beni Oui-Oui—the Tribe of Yes-Men. They're the ones we have to protect from the others.")

At any rate, there I was, sitting in front of the Aletti. I had just come from a battle in southern Tunisia that had been aborted for reasons that are still unclear. The plan had been to move east from Gafsa to the shore of the Gulf of Gabès, cutting the communications between Rommel's army, which was retreating westward from Libya, and



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von Arnim's, in Tunis, which it was retreating toward. Most of three new American divisions—one armored and two infantry—were committed; they moved forward awkwardly, against little opposition except strafing airplanes. Then, just as they were getting the feel of their work, the whole deal was called off—a discouraging initiation, since they had lost men for nothing. One battalion in the 9th Division did learn something; its Intelligence officer got out a mimeographed "lesson" sheet that began, "Confusion is normal in combat." The action was not the kind that inspired writing about, and that was my temporary dilemma. I had gone to Gafsa by jeep with another correspondent, Noland Norgaard, of the Associated Press, breaking the journey at Thélepte, a fighter field where we had good friends in the 33rd Pursuit Group. The 33rd had had a rough time in early January, when the Germans were over so often that, according to the 33rd's C.O., it looked as if Messerschmitts were patrolling his field. This time when we dropped in, the 33rd, after a great victory (ten planes downed), was in high fettle again, patrolling its own field and everything between the Southern Salt Lake and the Gulf of Gabès. The pilots came out of their dugouts to talk to us. They lived in a sort of prairie-dog village on the rim of the field; the earth heaped up at the entrance to each hole was camouflaged with alfa grass, which grows wild on the steppe and in peacetime is the chief export of that poverty-stricken region. It is used in the making of paper for banknotes.

I returned to Algiers from Gafsa without calling in again at Thélepte, so I did not know that six boys from the field had flown a sortie to protect an infantry advance in the Gabès offensive from an attack of thirty enemy planes; to die in protecting an advance that will be called back anyway is as normal as confusion. Five whom I remembered laughing in the sun were dead. But, not knowing this, I was in good spirits, because I myself was back in a lively, friendly city, so much more comfortable than Gafsa or Thélepte. It did not occur to me that our presence in North Africa was an intrusion, or that the wine merchants could have delivered the country from the Germans by themselves. This was a part of the French Fascist mythology that developed later.

As I drank wine and wrote my letter, a British officer approached my table, verified my identity, of which he was certain, and announced his, with which I was familiar. It was Captain

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Randolph Churchill, dressed in a Commando coverall that fitted like a greengrocer's bag around a single onion. We made a plump pair of rumpled amateur military figures; Algiers was full of such. Churchill, having accepted an invitation to have a glass of wine, began by saying that, for an American, I showed an astonishing understanding of the French, and that I wrote very good English for a fellow who wasn't English. I immediately began to like him. Churchill also said that he had heard I was a *bon vivant*, citing as his authority an Englishman who wouldn't know a *grenouille au vin blanc* from a toad-in-the-hole.

"*Monsieur mon Père*," he said, "has a friend on the Riviera here who has a *cordon-bleu* cook. Pierre-Etienne Flandin. Charming fellow, charming wife."

"Flandin?" I said. "The fellow who was Premier? I didn't know he was in North Africa."

"He came here shortly before the Allied landings," said *le fils de Monsieur son Père*. "Bought a place on the coast near Philippeville to grow wine. Living the life of a squire. Elder statesman, you know. Pleasure to talk to him, full of wisdom. *Monsieur mon Père* would like you to meet him."

This flattered me, because I had never met *Monsieur son Père*. I wondered if Flandin could be the candidate that *Monsieur son Père* was readying to pull out of the hat when the Allies, executing the Churchillian strategy of the long way around, finally arrived in France. The Allied heads of government did not like de Gaulle; Giraud wouldn't do; and Darlan had been shot—by a Gaulliste agent, according to the Americans, or by an American agent, according to de Gaulle. Of Flandin I remembered little from my newspaper reading between wars except that he was tall and had in his day been considered an Anglophile. But political speculation was not my specialty. I said I had a lot of writing to do and then wanted to return to the front, to the units I knew. (It was a small, intimate war, compared to what it afterward became, and personal loyalties were engaged.) Therefore I would have no time to visit M. Flandin.

Fils was prepared for that. He said that I could take my typewriter with me; the *domaine* of M. Flandin was an ideal scenic retreat for literary composition. Also, it was in the east—about three hundred miles away—and thus well on my way to the front. "I have a new vehicle at my disposition," he

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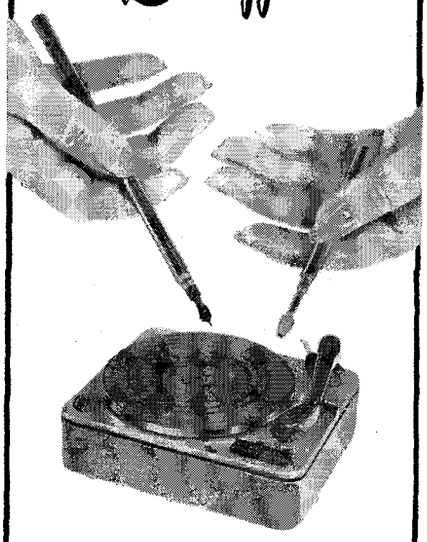

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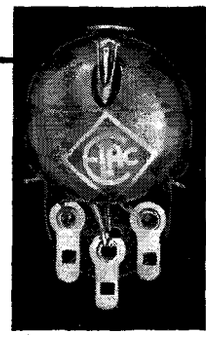

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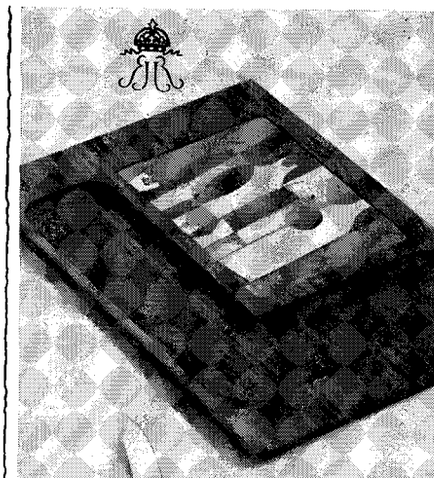
said. "A lorry just out from England that I have to take to a Commando training site on M. Flandin's domain. We could be off tomorrow. If you get bored, I'll lend you the lorry and a driver any time, and you can pop off to the nearest airfield—it's at Constantine, I believe—and get a transport plane to where you're going."

Recklessly, I said that I would go. Churchill *fils*, I knew, had spent several months in a hospital the previous spring after overturning a car in Egypt, and it didn't occur to me that the British Army would let him drive. I expected him to have a driver, but when I brought my gear to the front of the Aletti at the appointed hour the next day, I found him alone and triumphantly smiling in the high cab of a khaki Bedford lorry; his driver, Corporal Williams, he said, was out at the camp catching up on his Commando training. I, a non-driver myself, found no reason to take exception to *Fils's* performance at the wheel, though it did seem a bit odd to me once when he tried to go around a two-and-a-half-ton General Motors truck on a *corniche* road and the driver, a Moslem soldier, crashed his truck into the cliffside in order to avoid putting us over the edge. The driver had been trying his best to stay ahead of us, apparently in the futile hope of getting to the next widening of the road, but his truck was heavy-laden with 105-howitzer shells, while our Bedford was racing-light. "Get on with it, get on!" I could hear *Fils* saying impatiently when we were within a foot of the G.M.'s tailboard, and I thought at first that his plan was to hurdle the truck, but he decided to pass with our starboard wheels over the abyss. We made it, thanks to the truck driver's choice of two evils, but thereafter the Bedford limped slightly on the near forewheel.

In the evening, we reached a place called Azazga, in the coastal region of Kabylia, where there was a comfortable hotel (*des Touristes*, thirteen rooms), as un-African in aspect as possible, being built of wood in a mountain-summer-resort style. Azazga was in a forest a couple of thousand feet above sea level. Here it was winter again, and cold. The proprietress, a Frenchwoman, operated the hotel alone with her Kabyle servants; the only guests in residence when we arrived were another woman and her several small daughters—a family from Algiers who had retired into the country because of the superior nourishment available, the mother told me. Rationing, she said,



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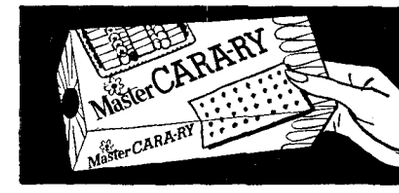

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was strict and black-market food dear in the city, swollen with a couple of hundred thousand refugees from the mainland. Kabylia was undernourished, too, but money went farther there than in the city, and there were no air raids. Both the British First Army and the American II Corps fronts were hundreds of miles away. Clearly, there was little sense of war and none of danger in a region that is now a center of the Algerian revolt, swarming with troops unable to control the country. It was idyllic. The Kabyle villages, of stone and mud, crowned the crests of high, sharp ridges that fell away into valleys seldom wide enough to run a road through. The Kabyles terraced and farmed the slopes, which were hard for a European to climb without using his hands. Their poverty was already intolerable, but armed dissidence in Kabylia did not exist.

Kabyles are Berbers, the descendants of the Numidians who were the opponents, the mercenaries, and, at times, the allies of Carthage—now exacting tribute from the Semitic city, now paying it, until the city disappeared, as intruders in Kabylia always have. When Islam was an expanding imperialism, the Arabs conquered the Berbers on the plains but never in the mountains. The Kabyles profess the faith, but in many regions they speak no Arabic. They are of the same aboriginal Mediterranean strain as the Sicilians and the Sardinians, the Calabrians and the Maltese, and Islam in Kabylia is like the Catholicism of the Calabrian mountains—a label and a banner covering old pagan place cults. On the north shore of the sea, the local deities have taken the names of Christian saints; in Kabylia, those of Mohammedan saints—the Marabouts.

Azazga is only about a hundred miles from the Aletti, but Churchill and I agreed that we might not find so comfortable a place to stay if we pushed on. "The feature of my military record of which I am proudest," Churchill said, "is that I have never, even in the most difficult circumstances, found myself compelled to sleep in a bed without two clean sheets." It was hard for me to control my admiration. I had always cherished the same objective, but in the part of Tunisia where I had lately campaigned I had been unable to find a bed, or even a cot. I had graded billets by the hardness or softness of the floors, and outdoor sleeping surfaces by the geological quality of the terrain. As for sheets, when Lieutenant-General Anderson, the commander of the British First

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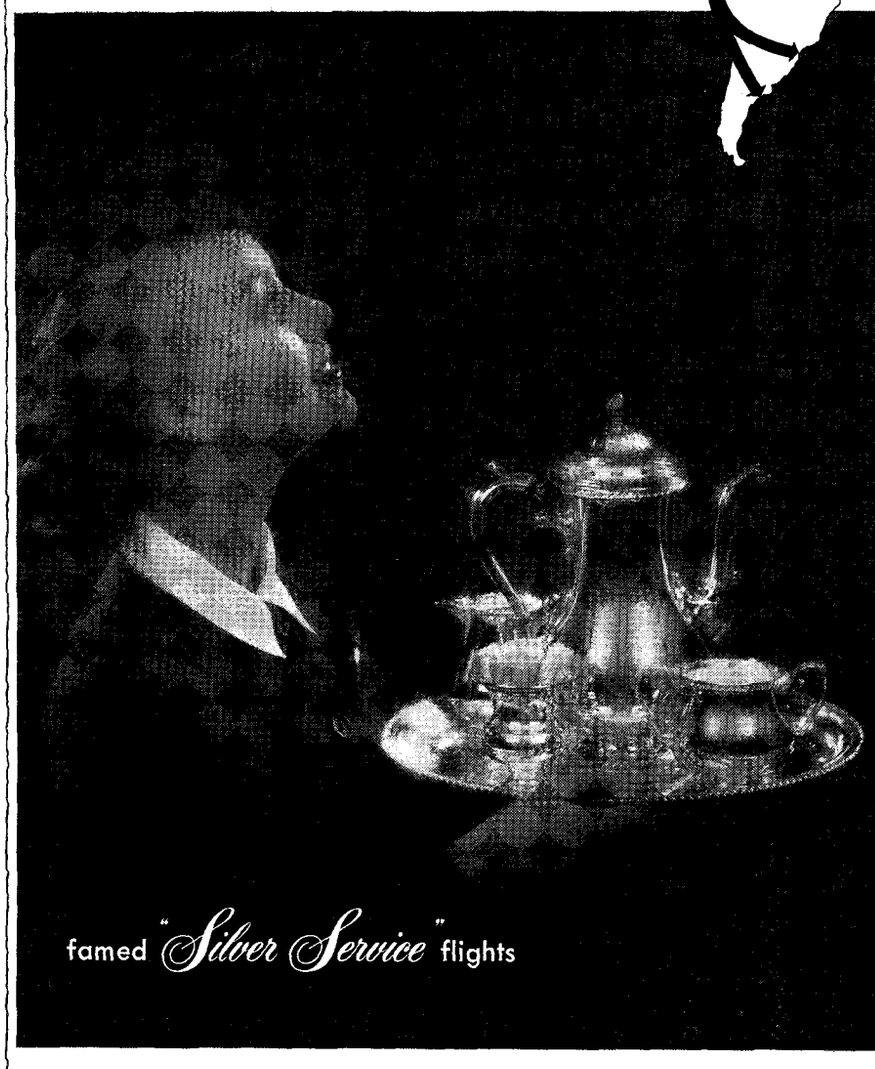

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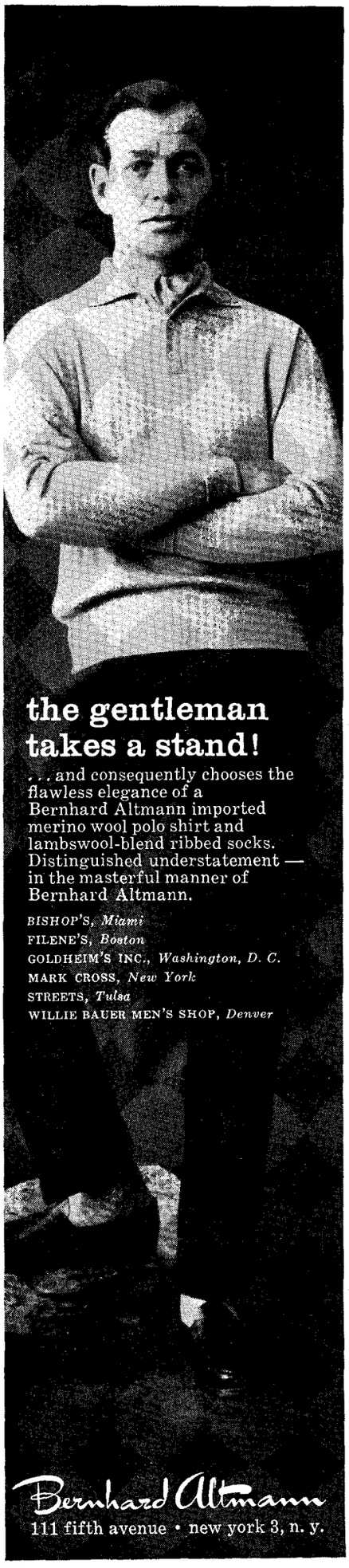

Army, visited Gafsa, the American battalion there had to borrow a pair from the local bordello to tuck the General in. When the Germans and Italians launched a brief delaying offensive and we abandoned Gafsa temporarily, the madame and her *pensionnaires* departed in a truck to escape the embraces of the invaders, for whose currency they saw no future in Africa.

The hotel at Azazga was comfortable and *familial*, although we didn't get a meal worth remembering. Philippeville was about two hundred and twenty miles away by road, and we made it by twilight the next day. The *domaine* of M. Flandin, Churchill explained en route, was on the other side of a rather large mountain just beyond Philippeville, and was accessible only by a tricky unpaved road that twisted all the way. If the lorry went into a ditch, we would be benighted on the mountain. He suggested that we stay over with some friends he had made in Philippeville—the family of Senator Paul Cuttoli, a statesman who had once represented the Department of Constantine in the Upper House of the French legislature. In the Department of Constantine, as in Mississippi, only a small percentage of the population voted. A few great families of proprietors, with a firm grip on agricultural credit, could bring the small European farmers to heel as they wished, and the only political competition was among the big fellows, some of whom even gave themselves the luxury of being left-of-center in Paris—on all save Algerian issues. Cuttoli, a Corsican, had been one of these prewar liberals, I think, but he had voted at Vichy for the abolition of the Republic, and had then retired to Algeria to cultivate his oranges and vines. The great man was not at home—he had business interests all over Algeria—but his family made us welcome to the palace. There were daughters, daughters-in-law, and assorted children, besides the Moslem servants, who, I did not need to be told, were devoted-because-they-were-understood. I had been over the same line of country in another hemisphere. "A question of race," one of the ladies said. "They are just like children." (St. Augustine was a Berber from Bône, the next port east along the coast.) Churchill and I dined with the family, and well. Later, in a redundant wing of the enormous house, we briefly visited the senior officers' mess of the Philippeville Base Section of the British First Army. Base Section messes in all armies are dull. By day, the officers composing them perform useful

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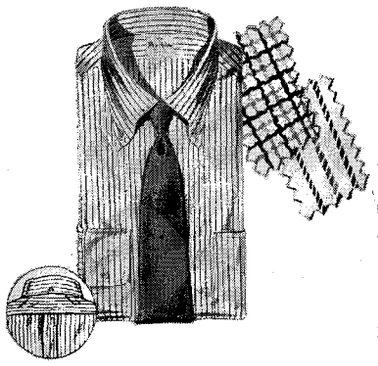

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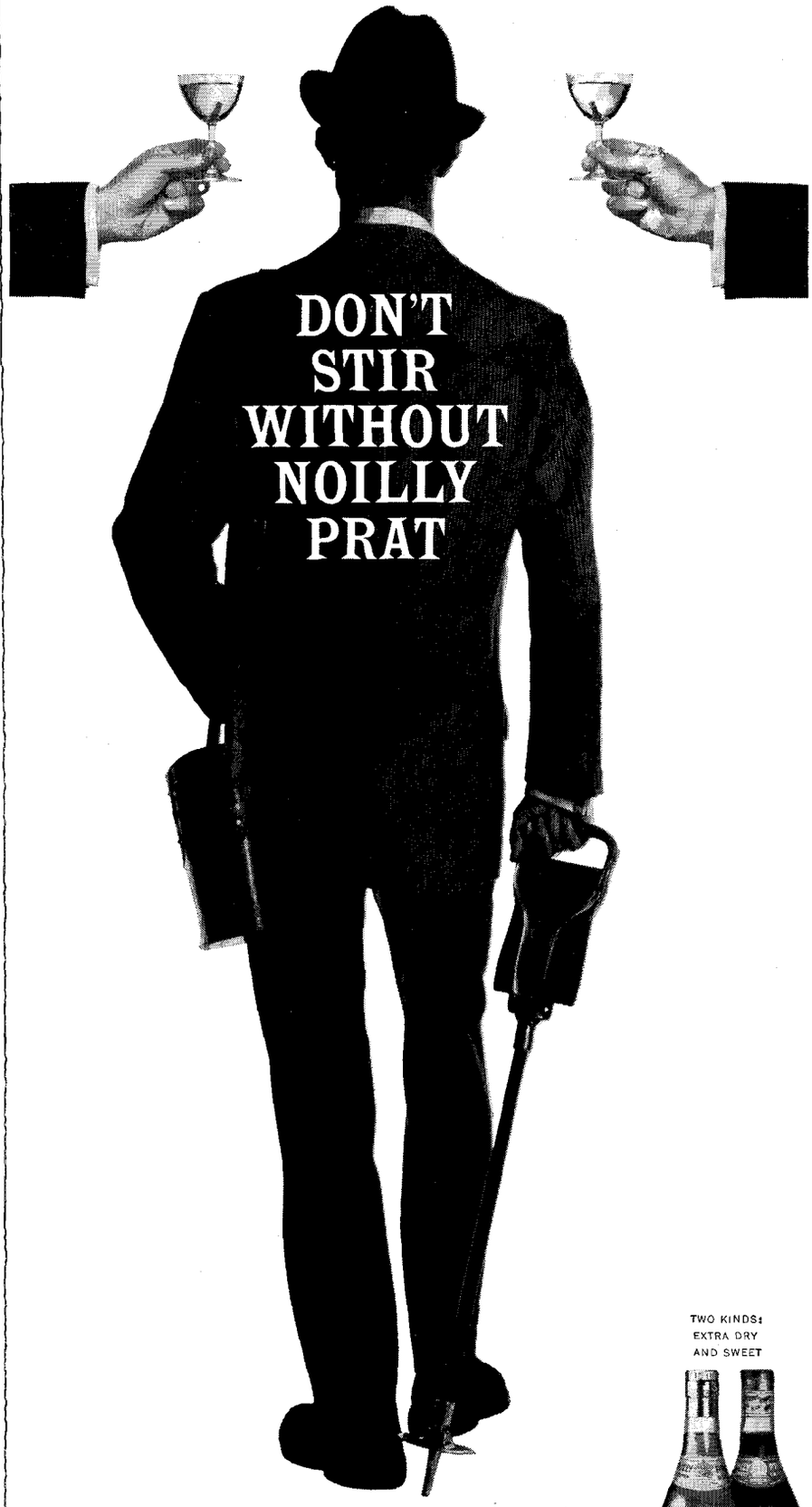
work, but, as nearly as can be arranged, it is what they have done in civilian life. Pier superintendents pier-superintend, railroaders railroad, bookkeepers bookkeep, and people in the amorphous category known simply as "executives" try desperately to conceal their inutility, exactly as they do in their offices at home. In the British Army, this last maneuver is executed behind a huge mustache. In the evening, all these uniformed but otherwise undisguised civilians meet and intermittently talk military slang, like schoolboys who have agreed to converse in pig Latin but lapse into normal speech when they get interested in what they are saying. Homesickness without the distraction of fear is the leitmotiv, and the perpetually imminent failure of the supply of strong liquor is the recurrent topic of conversation.

The mess at Philippeville was no exception. The city offered few diversions—not even subjects for photography. It was entirely modern—all built by the French during the past century—with checkerboard streets, and villas in the mainland suburban taste. There were sixty thousand inhabitants—Europeans transplanted for two or three generations, and the Kabyles who worked for them. Among the Europeans, those of Italian and Corsican descent were the most numerous. Corsica, like Kabylia, or Kerry, is a poor country. Its sons, like Kabyles and Kerrymen, migrate to find work. But whereas the Kabyle men, in peacetime, go to France as manual laborers and send their earnings home, the Corsican comes to North Africa as a *petit fonctionnaire*—a cop or a postman—and brings his family with him. In the nineteenth century, his scale of living was not inordinately superior to the Kabyle's before they changed places, but when he arrived in Africa he found himself with a tidy *situation*, as well as caste and authority. French government employees serving in Africa receive a supplement of one-third of their base pay—a combined inducement to leave home and compensation for the supposed additional expense of colonial life. (Actually, for a hundred years, living in Algeria or Tunisia has been cheaper than living in France, and the coastal climate is not greatly different from that of Ajaccio or Bastia.) The *fonctionnaires* developed a vested, hereditary interest in their jobs. A livelier, richer, and more important—and, in the end, even a more populous—Corsica grew up in North Africa, like the Magna Graecia that grew up in Italy. (When Corsica itself was taken over by



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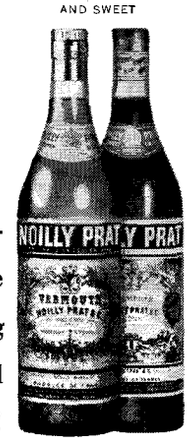
AND SWEET



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the Algerian Committee of Public Safety this spring, it was a reannexation of Little Old Corsica to Big New Corsica.) The *fonctionnaires*, as they retired on pension, took to farming. Their descendants, too numerous for government jobs, exploited the soil and branched out into sardine fishing, business, the professions. The *fonctionnaire* caste does not consist of Corsicans exclusively, although they are its symbols; Marshal Juin's father, for example, was a French-French gendarme at Bône. The caste's proprietary feeling about its jobs is so strong that in 1956, when Robert Lacoste, the French Governor-General, suggested that half of all government jobs be reserved, in principle, for Moslems, who constitute eight-ninths of the population, there were student riots in Algiers. The demonstrations, naturally, were encouraged by the demonstrators' cousins, the police, who had the jobs. Even in the midst of a national revolt, they couldn't visualize a time when they might have to share them with "*les indigènes*." The Cuttolis were a glorious example of Corsicans who had it made; the Senator's bedchamber, which I was permitted to view, was a replica of one of Napoleon's.

THE next day, Churchill and I went around the mountain. He put the lorry into the ditch only once, but we were fortunately within hailing distance of a road gang—a score or so of barefoot Kabyles. They got us onto the road again by taking hold of the wheels and heaving. Happily, we encountered no vehicle coming in our direction, and after an hour or less we descended into a pirate's cove, about a mile across, where a stream ran down into the sea between two mountains. There was a crescent beach cupped in the amphitheatre of curving mountain flanks. The valley, wide at the beach, where it was nearly level, narrowed as it climbed into the interior. It was the broadest expanse of terrain I had seen since leaving Algiers, and much of it, I noticed, was under neat vines. There was a low, wide-spreading white house on the west side of the cove, and out near the eastern headland there was a clump of tents—the Commando camp. "Splendid place for landing exercises," Churchill said. "Hidden. Pity the chaps haven't a boat." He had selected the site himself, he said, while visiting the Flandins, and then had had a bit of a time selling the idea to his superiors. I could see that the place offered advantages for small-scale amphibious maneuvers—not only

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concealment and a shelving beach but rocks to be scaled, which are a *sine qua non* of all Commando operations. ("If there are no cliffs to climb, move to another part of the coast and ruddy well find some" was, I believe, the first rule in the Commando tactical manual.)

We headed for the white house, and when we arrived, M. and Mme. Flandin were waiting for us on a trellised terrace in front of the door. The former Président du Conseil was extraordinarily tall—six feet five, according to one obit I read the other day, or six feet six, according to another. That would have made him an inch or two taller than General de Gaulle, whom the newspapers have agreed to call six feet four. Flandin didn't look as tall as de Gaulle, though, because he didn't hold himself—as de Gaulle's aides used to say of their boss—"as if he had swallowed his sabre." Nor was he exaggeratedly narrow, like the de Gaulle of those days; Flandin had already acquired the abdominal convexity that shows only in new photos of de Gaulle. His face was a mottled pink—amiable, slack, and reconciled to age, like that of a merchant of wines retired to the country. It was at once dignified, sly, and tired, though he could have been only in his mid-fifties. I found it hard to imagine him thrusting his way back onto the international stage, or even rolling in from the wings with both Churchills pushing from behind. He wore the loose garments, made of a material that approaches mattress ticking, that drape the old-fashioned Algerian planter at home. Mme. Flandin's head reached his shoulder; she was as tall for a woman as he was for a man. She was one of those massive, square-shouldered Frenchwomen who have style without chic, and charm without seduction. *Monsieur le Fils* had told me, en route, that she was of a ranking family of the office-holding bourgeoisie; her brother had been French Ambassador to Poland at the beginning of the war. M. Flandin was of the same caste; his father had been a lawyer, a deputy, a professor of law, a judge, and, as the climax of his career, Resident-General in Tunisia from 1918 to 1920.

The Flandins were delightful hosts. There was nothing to do but talk, except for a bit of drinking, and it was soon clear that M. Flandin had no political plans that he wanted to impart to me. He must have been completely puzzled by my intrusion into his oenological retreat. I decided within the first hour of my visit that Churchill

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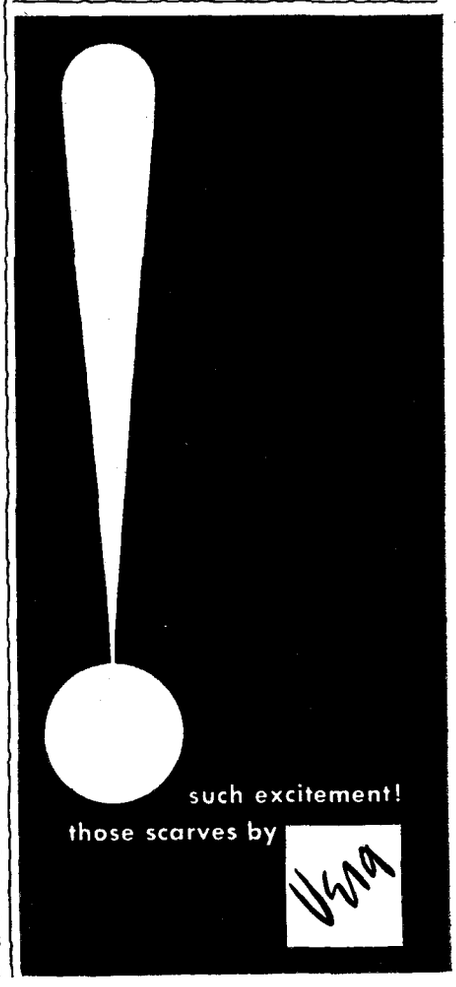
père had never heard of me and that his son had brought me along merely because he wanted company. M. Flandin must have set my presence down simply as a whim of the unpredictable *fils* of the *père* upon whose good will his safety depended—for Flandin clearly saw then, as could anybody with a tithe of his shrewdness, that the Allies would win the war. He himself had neither adhered to the Germans, like Laval, nor resisted, like Reynaud—to name two other prominent members of his own Alliance Démocratique (conservative). His status was equivocal, depending on the victors' interpretation of the position he had not taken. If decent Frenchmen had unanimously refused to participate in the Pétain regime when France collapsed in 1940, he said to me at lunch, trying to explain his course, the country would have been left entirely at the mercy of crooks and gangsters; it had therefore been the duty of Frenchmen who were neither to continue serving the state. This was a civil servant's point of view. Throughout, Flandin's career had been of a piece with his conduct in 1936, when the precocious blossoming of the cherry trees prevented him from saving Europe. He had thought clearly, and in large terms. He had expressed himself lucidly and convincingly, and then had failed to act. He had physical courage; during the First World War he flew a fighter plane when it required nerve even to get in one. He had the principles of the caste of high civil servants—personal honor, service to the state—but he could not compete with types like Laval in the ignoble catch-as-catch-can of French politics between wars, and he lacked the political conviction that enabled a Léon Blum occasionally to dominate such types. I have since read, in Robert Aron's excellent "Histoire de Vichy," that at the joint session of the National Assembly convoked by Pétain and Laval in July, 1940, to abolish the Constitution of the Third Republic, Flandin's defense of republican institutions was superb. He annihilated the crafty, horse-trading arguments of Laval, who had preceded him on the rostrum. But he finished by voting for the abolition of the Republic, on the ground that the Nazis would abolish it if the delegates didn't.

A few months before the Allies came to Africa, M. Flandin told me, the idea had occurred to him to move there, so he had traded an estate he had in Burgundy for the one near Philippeville, where he cultivated five hundred acres of vines. He was not the only French



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statesman to experience such an intimation; Darlan had arrived three days before the landing. For Flandin, no role in the provisional government of North Africa had yet been announced—and, as things turned out, none ever was to be. It is possible that Churchill *père* and Roosevelt planned a whole series of mild ameliorations of the alternative-to-de Gaulle regime, but the General forced their hand the next summer, and the moment for Flandin's entrance never came. He remained in the wings awaiting a cue that had been cut from the script.

AFTER a long midday meal—a *déjeuner dînatoire*, as the French used to say long ago—M. Flandin took a siesta, and I went walking on the hillside that overlooked the bay. It was covered with a scrub growth that was as yet merely lush; in April and May it would be a jungle, in July and August sere and brown. The goat paths were easy to follow. There were wild boar on the mountain, but I could not distinguish their trails from the others. Occasionally, I met men or women carrying bundles of brush for firewood; they were submerged peasant types, more like emaciated Calabrians than like the sometimes spectacular Bedouins I had met in the south, in Tunisia—the women in their red robes stalking along, distaff in hand and spinning as they walked, the hawk-visaged men riding their small, wiry horses up and down a line of burdened camels. Those spoke Arabic, and would sometimes fall upon a lone man on the steppe—a pilot who had bailed out, for instance. I felt no menace in these northern peasants, in a region settled by the French for nearly a hundred years. Yet there was no joy in them, either; they reminded me of Indians on small reservations in the Eastern states, who have lost their Indian qualities for a sub-Caucasian shabbiness.

I scrambled about for an hour and returned to the house, with a virtuous feeling of having exercised, to find the Flandins sitting down to tea—an English custom they had adopted early in life, Madame said. Churchill had gone off to report to his commanding officer in the Commando camp on the austerity side of the cove. This gave me an opportunity to listen to somebody else, and I asked M. Flandin if he would have time, after tea, to tell me what he thought were the causes of the French debacle—a subject that obsessed and puzzled me, because I had lived through it in Paris three years earlier, incred-

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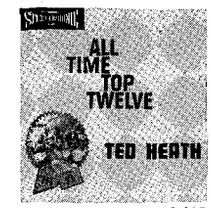

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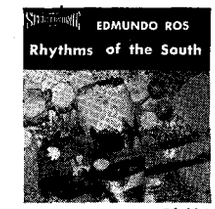

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ulously watching the collapse, without anything so dignified as a crash, of what I had thought was permanent. The debacle had descended suddenly and with a hint of fraud, as when a circus tent falls in on the audience because the management has used old, frayed guy ropes. At the time, overestimating the strength of the tent, I had overestimated the strength of the blast that blew it down—the Nazi attack. In the light of what I had learned in the intervening years, the collapse had become increasingly mysterious. I was more interested in that than I was in M. Flandin's future, if any; he had been close to the management. M. Flandin said graciously that he would be glad to explain, after we had had our tea, and when the Kabyle servant had removed the cups and Madame had excused herself, he said, "I can put it in the simplest terms this way: The great industrialists, the men of the cartels, made their last investment in democracy at the time of the general elections of 1932. André Tardieu was their man then—a brilliant fellow, but with a gift for making enemies. They did all they could for him—bought the press, bribed every deputy and every elector who could be bribed." (Flandin had served in the Tardieu government.) "When Tardieu was badly beaten in 1932, the big industrialists gave up on the electoral system. They said, 'What has the Republic come to when you can't even buy an election? Evidently, it is time to change the system of government.' Being French, they felt particularly bad because they had wasted so much money. So they began to back the French Fascist movements—Colonel Casimir de La Rocque, Doriot, all that, with Chiappe, of course, running the show." (Chiappe had been the arch-Corsican chief of the Paris police.) "They mounted the riots of February, 1934, expecting to take power by a coup d'état. The coup didn't come off. Then they gave up on accomplishing anything from inside France and decided to wait for the Germans. The French Hitlers were ersatz. But across the frontier they saw the real thing."

From Flandin, a conservative by birth and in politics, a statement so unqualified astonished me. I noted it down immediately; opinion has therefore had no opportunity to deform memory. I asked him if the accession of Léon Blum's Front Populaire government in 1936 (which Flandin had bitterly opposed) had decided the industrialists' course—"better Hitler than Blum"—

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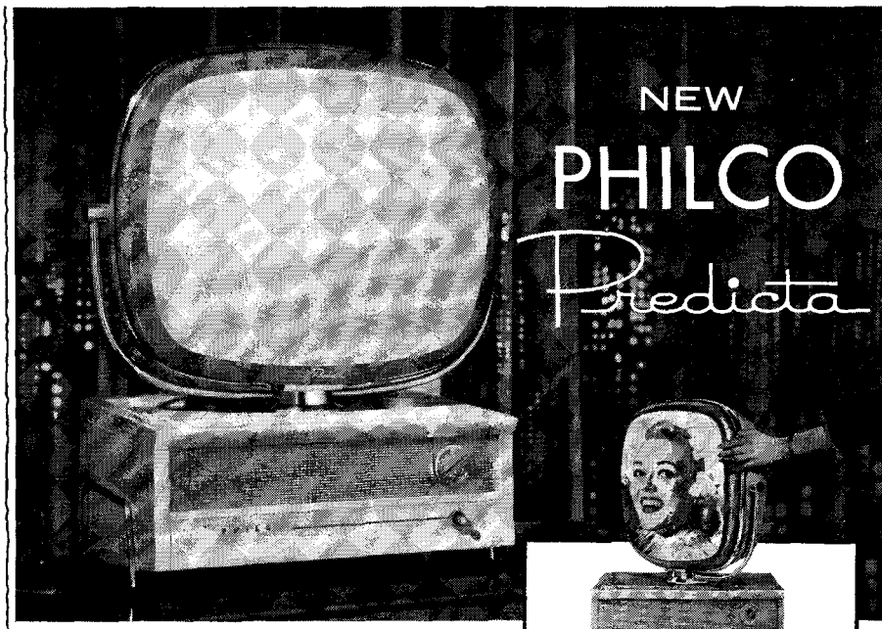
but he said that that had nothing to do with it; they had made up their minds two years earlier.

"In the nineteenth century," M. Flandin continued, "France changed its form of government twice under the impulsion of national defeat. Defeat ended the First Empire, and defeat ended the Second Empire. The men of the cartels told themselves that defeat was essential to overthrow the Third Republic." (It was a thought that recurred to me in the nineteen-fifties, when the French Right insisted on the policies that made defeat inevitable in Indo-China, in Egypt, and in North Africa.) M. Flandin was perhaps correct in saying that Blum and his social reforms had not alienated the Right, which had made its mind up. The good, comfortable bourgeois in the middle of the road, like him, were the ones Blum had alienated, so that they withdrew from the struggle. I did not need to ask him why he had been counted among the appeasers in the years after 1936. I knew he would have said that he wished to avoid war, for which France was unprepared, and the inevitable defeat, and the consequent rule of the defeatists. The colloquy could only have ended in a wrangle—and M. Flandin was a gracious host and down on his luck.

I turned the conversation to my stroll. M. Flandin said that though his scarecrow workmen looked miserable, they really weren't. It was an illusion. "The Arab wants nothing better," he said. He called all North Africans Arabs, although few in his region could understand a word of Arabic beyond the Koranic texts they had learned by rote. "If you give an Arab your old clothes, he will show up for work next day in his usual rags," he went on. "If you paid him better, he would work only one day a week. The rest of the week he would sit in a *café maure* talking." It would have occurred to M. Flandin, if he had been thinking with his French-French mind, that the "Arab" sold the clothes because he could not afford to retain anything salable, but in Africa the French of the mainland cease to reason; he was telling me what he had been told by chaps who "knew the country," like the ones in Algiers who were always ready to explain the power of the *chorfa*. In the region of Philippeville in August, 1955, there occurred a horrifying massacre of Europeans by these happy agricultural natives, and the mountains between Philippeville and the port of Collo, to the west, have never since been won back to French



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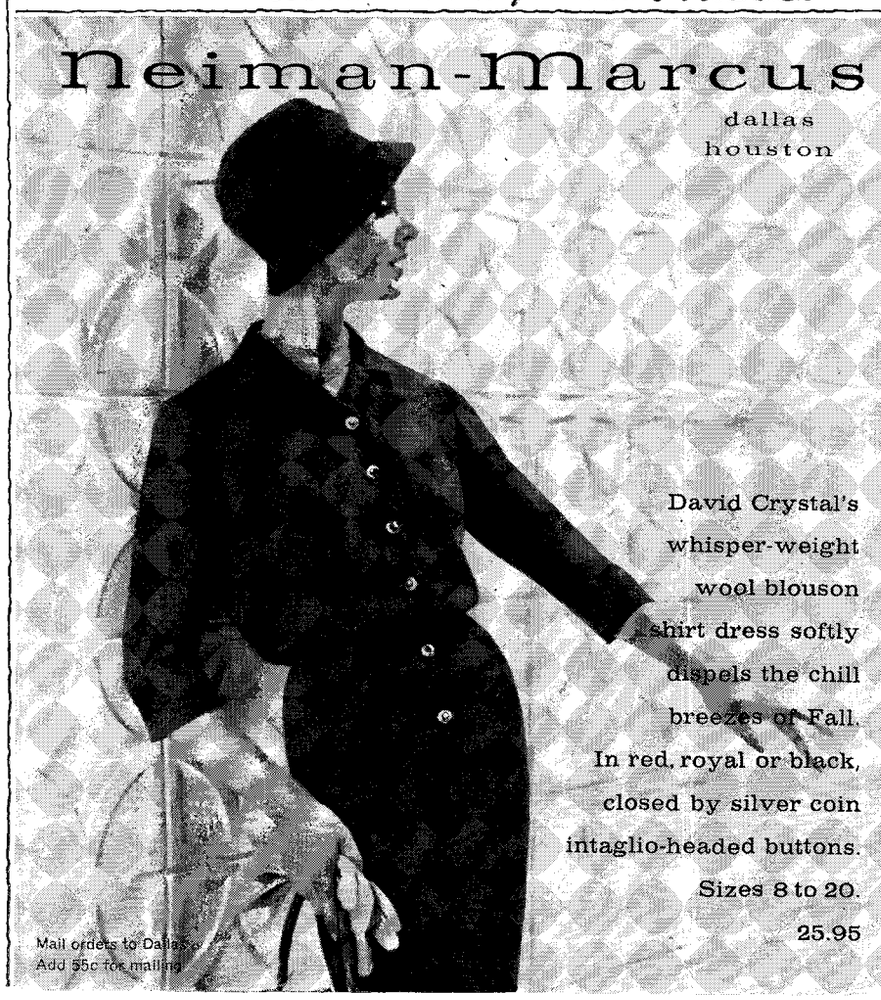

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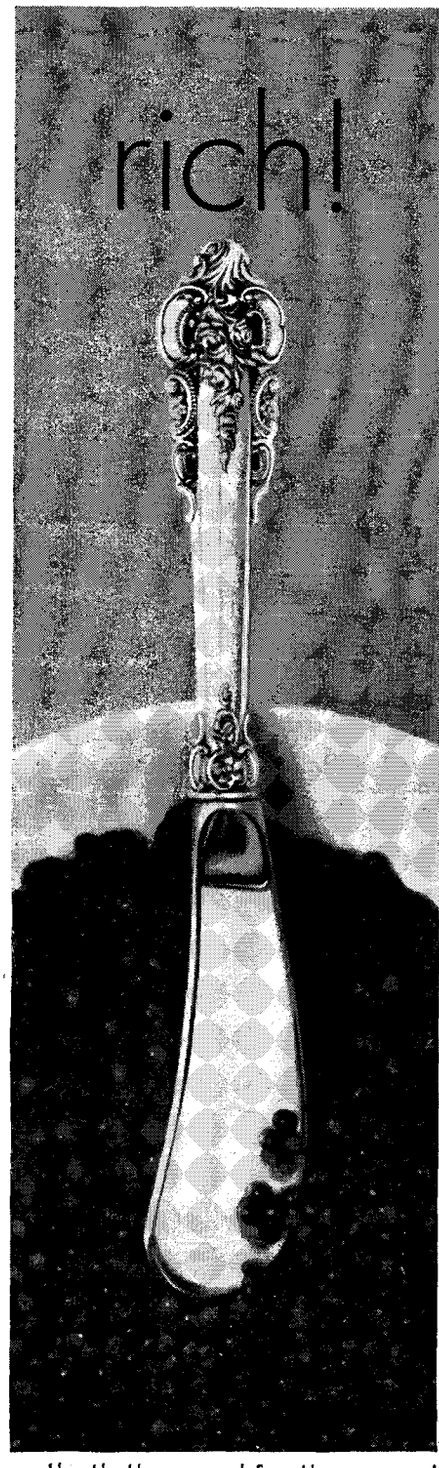

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control. It was a striking example of Numidian ingratitude. In the fourth century, when Romans were the European landowners in this same province of Africa, the region was ravaged by a rebellion of the Kabyle workmen, who were called *circumcelliones* (dwellers in Hoovervilles)—a term that had the same significance for Rome that the term *dissidents*, of the current French communiqués, has for Paris.

That evening, when Churchill had returned from his military service, we had a dinner liberally moistened with the produce of the vineyard, which was, as I remember it, barely promising. Neither the wines nor the vines themselves were old, the Flandins apologized, but there was a plenitude of cognac after the meal. One of the subjects that Churchill and I got onto was Sir Oswald Mosley, the leader of the prewar British Black Shirts, who, with other British Fascists, was being held prisoner by *Monsieur son Père* under a wartime security act known as 18-B. *Fils* was for turning him loose, because he no longer represented a threat to security, and holding him longer actually constituted punishment for his beliefs. I was for keeping him in, to show that we weren't condoning Fascism now that we had it licked. *Fils* then acted out a charade in which he impersonated the spirit of habeas corpus. "*Je suis l'esprit de habeas corpus*," he said, "*et cet homme-là est* in jail." He pointed to an imaginary presence in an empty chair. "*Moi, je* kick him bloody well out." And he kicked the chair. The Flandins maintained a polite fiction of interest and amusement.

NEXT morning, heavy with remorse for having imposed my presence on the Flandins, and also for having wasted four working days, I walked down to the Commando motor pool and looked up Corporal Williams, Churchill's driver. I told him that Captain Churchill had authorized him to drive me to Constantine in the Bedford, so that I could make a plane connection for our front. (I based this on what Churchill had said before we took off.) The Corporal was delighted. He said that he had to take the Bedford down to Constantine, where the Royal Army Service Corps had proper repair shops, in any case. "We can't put her right here," he said. "There's something gone vitally wrong. Bloody shame, too, when we need transport so. Might I inquire, sir, if anything out of the way occurred on your journey up here?"

"Nothing at all," I said. "I expect

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the inspection in the works is lax in wartime."

"I daresay, sir," the Corporal said, "but she do look as if she'd been knocked about frightful."

We had a pleasant and uneventful forty-five-mile drive to Constantine in second gear.

In the light of much that has happened since, the journey to the *domaine* of M. Flandin no longer seems wasted. I looked again at his newsprint face in the *Times* and recognized one of my instructors in contemporary history.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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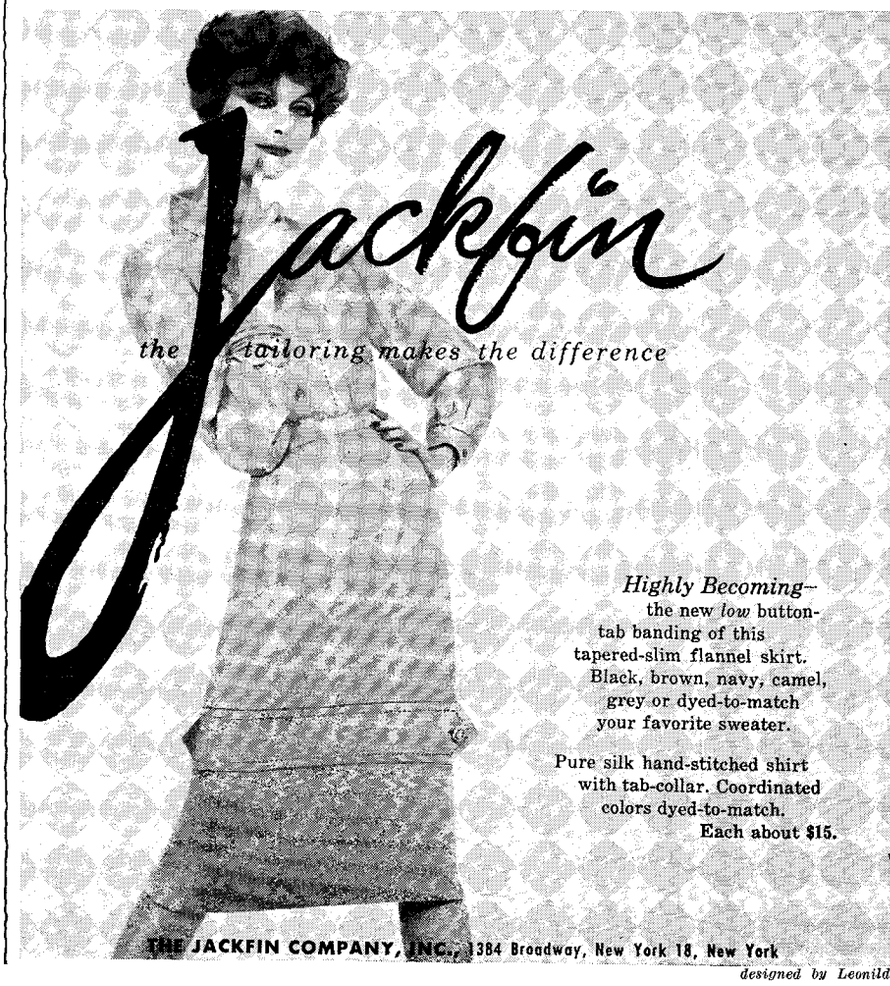

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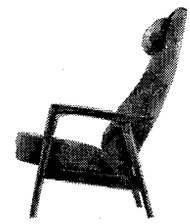

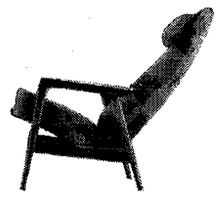

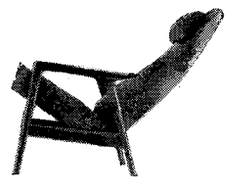

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THE EASY WAY

IN my teens, I acquired a secret conviction that the making of money was basically a frivolity—one of those harmless pastimes, like softball and parcheesi, that no grownup could possibly take seriously. It wasn't that I underrated the importance of having money (in fact, I had had a favorite childhood dream in which, costumed like Errol Flynn, I discovered Captain Kidd's treasure), but I felt that money in large amounts ought to be made quite casually, with the left hand, while one's time and energy were concentrated on the things one really cared about—books, music, girls, baseball. I'm not sure just why I was so susceptible to this easy-does-it philosophy but I suspect it may have been partly due to my father, who, when I went away to school, began to write me letters full of good advice. "So far as business is concerned," he said in one of them, "we know that only hard work will ever produce results." Every now and then, he would remind me ominously that at the age of twenty-one I'd be entirely on my own and that I'd better begin to think about a profession. This kind of advice depressed me, but I trusted my father, and it certainly didn't occur to me to doubt him. Then, when I was seventeen and home for a brief spring vacation, my cousin Billy arrived in New York and in one day undid all of my father's careful counselling.

I had never met Billy. He belonged to a distant branch of my father's family and lived in Beverly Hills. I knew he was well-to-do (his grandfather had made some sort of killing in the Virginia City silver rush), but my father had never told me much about him, and I gathered from his vaguely hostile attitude toward Billy that there was something distasteful about my cousin's way of life. The one time I had accompanied my father on a business trip to Los Angeles, we hadn't even telephoned him. It surprised me, therefore, to meet him in our living room when I came home for dinner on the second day of my vacation.

I took to him right away. He was a tall, ingratiating man in his middle forties, with bright, deep-set eyes, curly hair, and a soft, amiable smile. Gaudily attired in moccasins, sharply creased blue slacks, a pearl-colored vest with ascot to match, and a checked sports jacket, he typified for me the jaunty spirit of southern California. During cocktails and dinner, he told us cheerfully scandalous stories of his gay bachelor life among the celebrities in Hollywood. When my father showed signs of distress, Billy smoothly switched topics, and it soon became evident that he had attended almost every major boxing match since the Dempsey-Firpo fight. When I discovered that he also possessed a knowledge of baseball that was even larger than my own, and was an enthusiastic Dodger rooter, I was completely won by him.

On our way out of the dining room after dinner, Billy affectionately put his arm around my shoulders. "I'm sure glad we got a chance to talk at last," he said. "Don't know why your old man never brought you out to see me. We'd have had a ball in Hollywood."

"I'm glad to have met *you*," I said. "How long are you staying?"

"Oh, just a few days," he said. "The card at Belmont looked so good this week it gave me an excuse to get to New York."

"The card?" I asked, puzzled.

"Sure," Billy said. "Didn't your old man tell you? I follow the ponies."

"Billy means that he enjoys attending the race track," my father said, in a tight voice.

"The sport of kings," Billy said. "There's nothing like it, kid."

Billy talked about horses for the rest of the evening. I began to realize that he had been merely enthusiastic about boxing and baseball; horse racing was his life. He had attended meets at every major track in the country, and he could apparently remember the name of every horse in every race he had ever seen. He was full of long, detailed stories about great races on which he had won large sums of money, usually by the length of a nose or an outstretched lip. Billy relived each tense moment, often bounding to his feet at the climax of a story to imitate the way a certain jockey whipped his mount in the stretch or to show how a horse had cut inside the pack around the last turn. I was fascinated.

"You must have won an awful lot of money on all these races," I said at one point.

"Billy doesn't talk much about the races he loses," my father said quietly.

Billy laughed. "Your old man's right, kid," he said. "It's no fun when you lose."

"I've never seen a horse race," I said. "It sounds plenty exciting."

"I'm going out to Belmont tomor-

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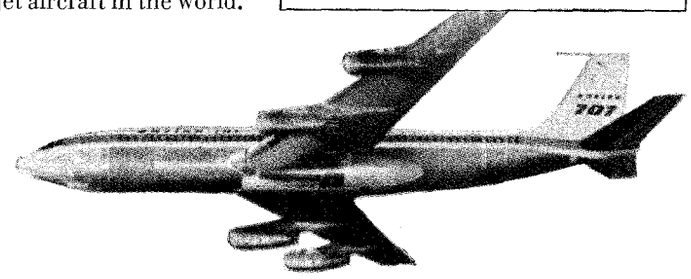

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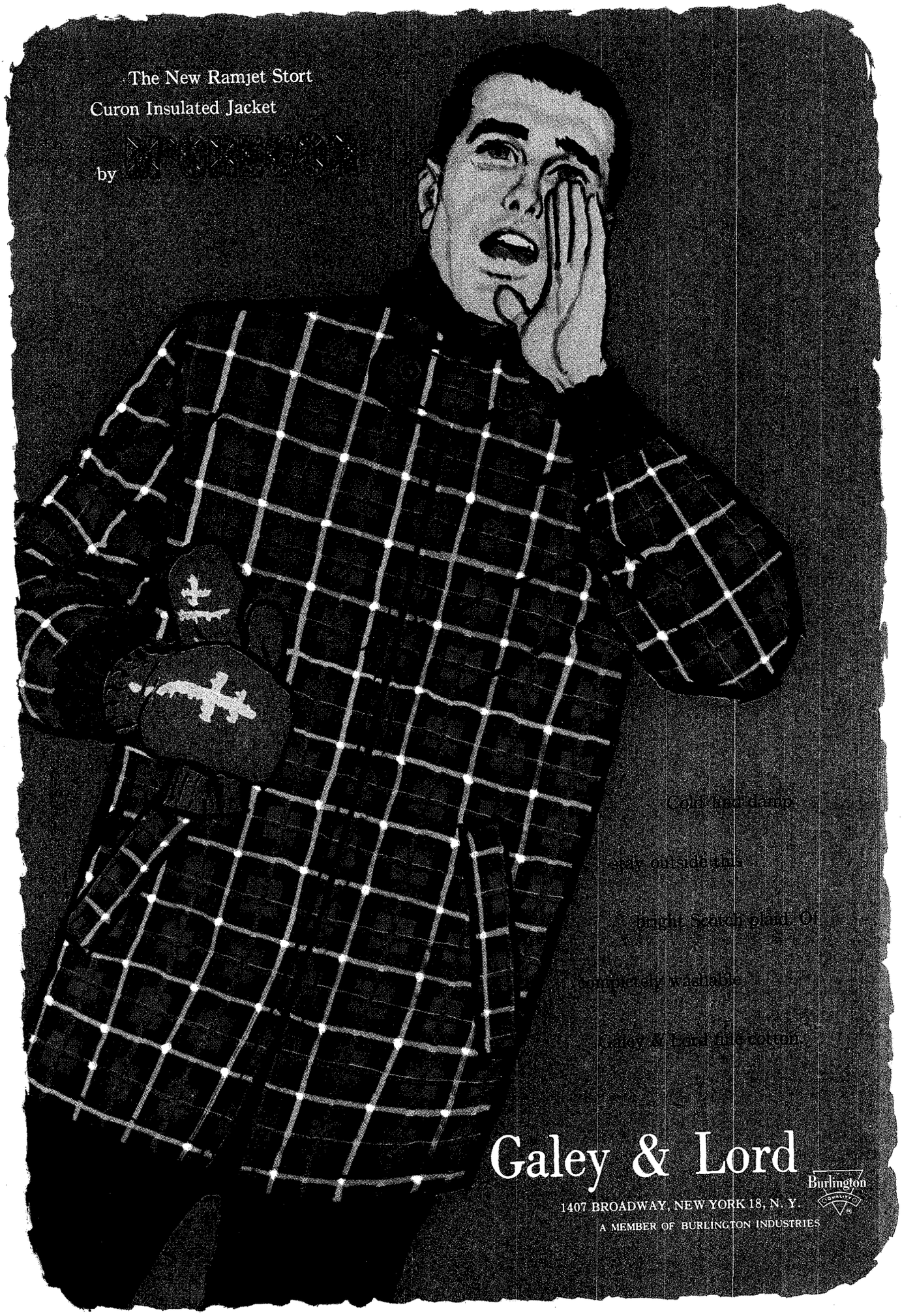

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row," Billy said. "Want to come along?"

I avoided looking at my father, though I could sense his immediate disapproval. "Yes," I said recklessly. "Yes, I do."

"Now, Cousin," my father said, "you know how I feel about that."

Billy looked at my father and smiled engagingly. "Sure I do, but I can't see any harm in his going once," he said.

"I just don't like it," my father said. "Besides, I don't want him throwing my money away on anything so foolish."

"I'll give him the money," Billy said. "After all, a few dollars spent in the open air is no great sin, is it?"

I looked hopefully at my father, not because his continued opposition could have discouraged me from going (by this time I was determined to be corrupted) but because I was afraid that he would flatly refuse to let Billy take me. To my surprise, however, he finally smiled and nodded. "If you have one of your usual days, it will be a good lesson for him," he said to Billy.

AT noon the next day, Billy and I met in a bar in the Long Island Station. Billy, who was sitting at a table reading a newspaper when I came in, looked even more dazzling than on the previous evening, having added a beret to his ensemble, but his entire demeanor had changed. Though he greeted me cordially enough and ordered me a tomato-juice cocktail, he was too engrossed in his newspaper to pay further attention to me. He stopped peering at the page he was reading just long enough to scribble some hasty notations in the margin. I sipped my tomato juice in silence. At last, after fifteen or twenty minutes of this, Billy glanced at the wall clock and stood up. "Come on," he said. "I don't care about the first race, but I've got to get something down on Iron Glove in the second." He tucked the newspaper under his arm, picked up a large black satchel from under the table, and swept us out into the station. We galloped down a flight of stairs and entered a waiting train just as the doors started to close on us.

The car we were in, a truly antiquated Long Island model, with cracked leather seats, seemed to be full of small, round men smoking cigars and reading newspapers. All the seats were taken, and standees were packed in a dense, sweating mass up the aisle. We remained on the car platform, and as the train began to move slowly out of the

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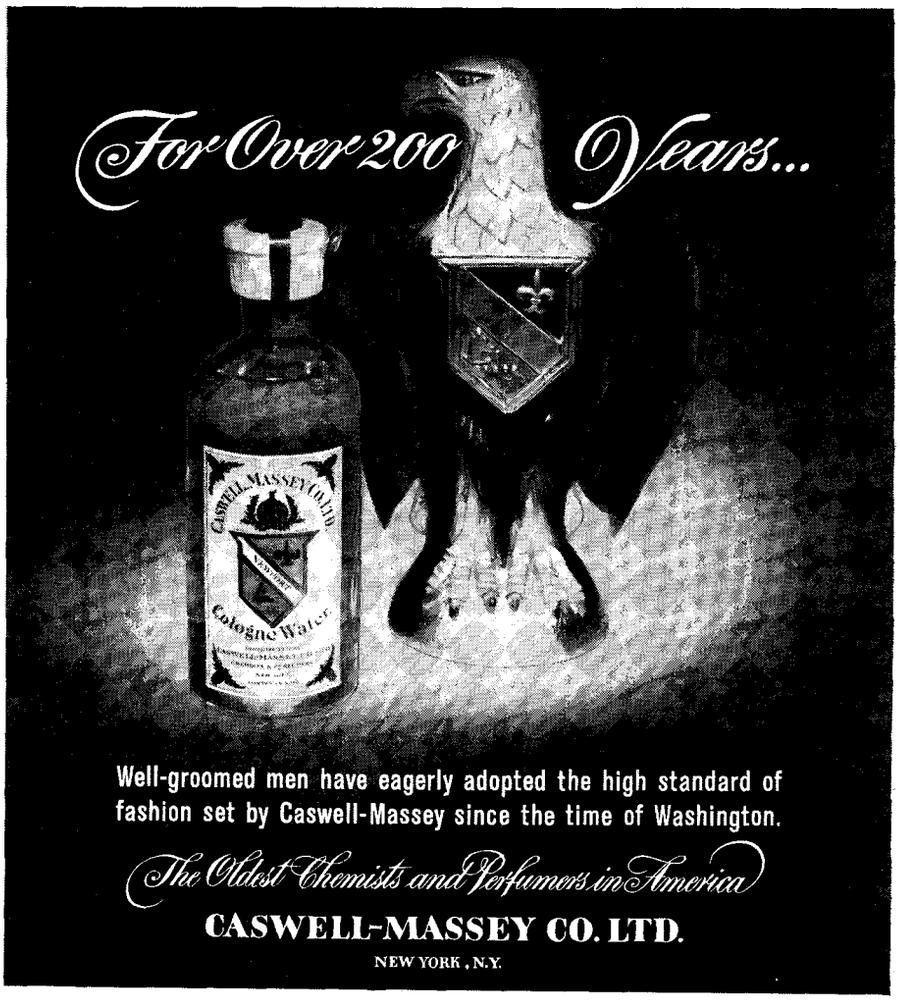

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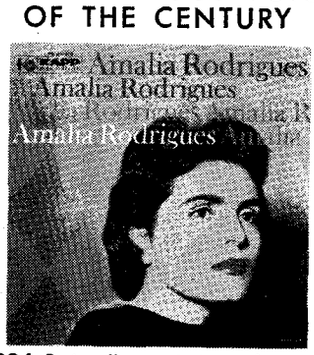

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station, Billy put the satchel down between his feet and resumed his intense scrutiny of his newspaper. It wasn't until we had passed Woodside that he again took notice of me. With a deep, contented sigh, he folded up the newspaper, stuffed it into his pocket, and lit a cigarette. "That gives me a pretty good start," he said, and glanced out the window. "We're almost there."

"Was that some kind of race-track paper you were reading?" I asked.

"Oh, I should have told you," he said. "That's the *Daily Racing Form*. It has all the past and present data on the horses running in each race at all the big tracks. You can't really handicap a race without it."

"Could I see it?"

"Sure," he said, and handed me the paper.

The first two or three pages were concerned with news stories about various sporting events, but most of the newspaper, I discovered, consisted of the names of horses, each one appearing over a large block of complex numbers, abbreviated names, and indecipherably coded words and phrases. None of it made any sense to me, but finally, in a section devoted to the doings at Belmont that afternoon, I came across the name Iron Glove. "Is this the one you're betting on?" I asked.

Billy nodded, and glanced nervously around at the other passengers. "Yes," he said, in a low voice. "He hasn't done much, and he ought to go off at six to one or better."

"If he hasn't done much, what makes you think he can win?"

Billy jabbed a forefinger at the meaningless block of information. "Look here," he said. "See that? He breaks fast. In every race he's ever run, he gets out in front."

"I gather he doesn't stay there," I said.

"That's just it," Billy said. "Those races were all at a mile or more, and he was packing weight. Today he's in with cheap nags at only six furlongs, and he's not giving any weight away. If he breaks on top, he could do it. And the price will be lovely."

"How do you know all that about him?" I asked. "Is it all in here?"

"Let me show you something," Billy said, with an air of kindly tolerance, spreading the paper out between us. "See these lines here?"

"Yes."

"That's what the horse has done all through each one of his recent races."

"You mean all you have to do to fig-

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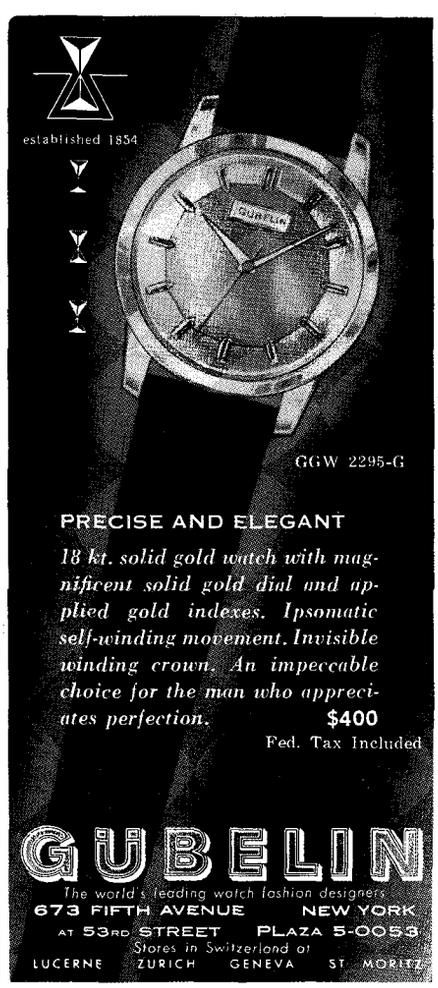

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ure out the winner is learn how to interpret this gibberish?" I asked.

Billy smiled. "Well, not quite," he said, with what I now realize was incredible patience. "There are unknown factors."

"What, for instance?"

"Sometimes," he said, with a touch of grimness, "a plug just won't run, no matter what the figures say."

I would have asked more questions, but the train slowed down and the passengers began to rise from their seats and crush toward the platforms. Billy put the *Racing Form* back in his pocket and picked up the black satchel. I noticed that he was sweating slightly and that his eyes had a strange, abstracted look. As the train came to a halt, he put a hand on my shoulder and turned me toward the exit. "We only have a few minutes before post time," he said tersely. "If we get separated, we'll meet at the bar on the main floor of the grandstand section."

AFTER Billy had bought our tickets, he thrust a ten-dollar bill into my hand and said, "Iron Glove is Number Four. Bet to win!" He hurried off toward the hundred-dollar windows, leaving me standing under a large electric board covered with rapidly changing numerals. A voice over a loudspeaker announced that the horses were nearing the starting gate. "Where do I make a bet?" I asked a man standing next to me, and was rewarded with a look of pure astonishment. Eventually, somebody came to my rescue, and I joined a long line of people shuffling slowly toward a barred window marked "$10—WIN." I had no sooner paid my money and received my ticket than a bell sounded and I heard a roar from outside. I joined a crowd running up a ramp, and fought my way out into the open just as a knot of horses flashed past below me. Three men directly in front of me began jumping up and down and pounding each other on the back. A huge colored man under a light-blue derby slowly tore his ticket into shreds and began to curse magnificently. "What happened?" I asked him.

"That there race was fixed, thas what happened!" he announced furiously, and walked away.

I went back under the grandstand and found Billy at the bar. His ascot had come undone, and he was sweating heavily. The *Racing Form*, now soiled and tattered, was sticking out of his pocket, the black satchel was tucked under his arm, and his expression was ecstatic, almost trancelike. "How about

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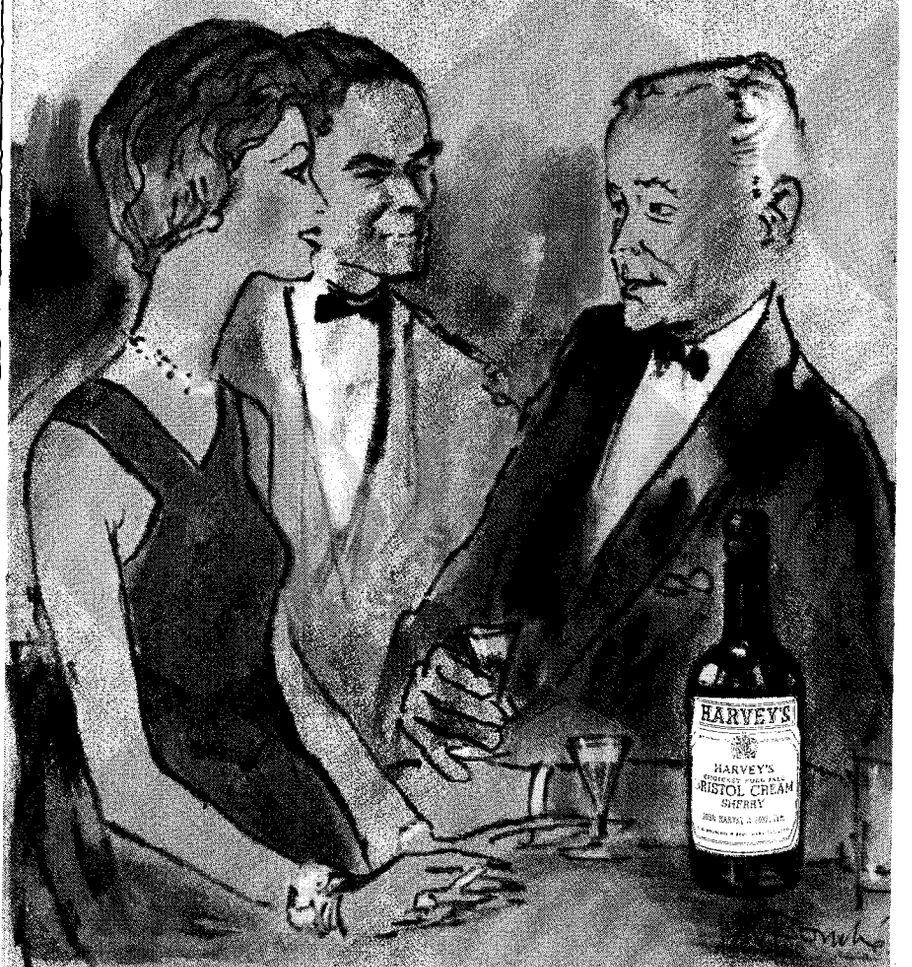

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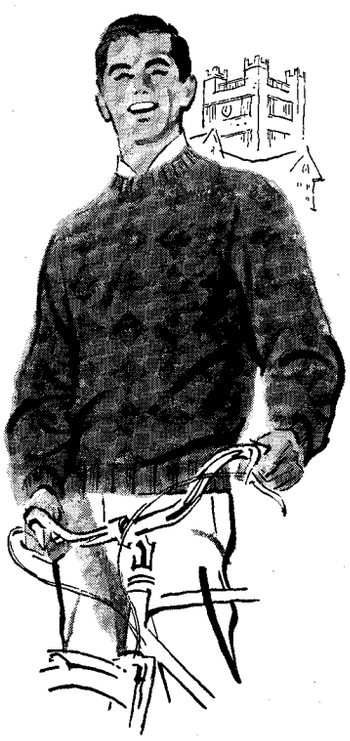

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that?" he shouted as soon as he saw me. "How about that? Nearly five to one! I'm two thousand ahead already!"

"You mean Iron Glove won the race?" I asked.

"My God, don't you know? He stayed in front all the way!"

That was only the beginning. Four of Billy's first five choices won, all of them at odds of 3–1 or better. We spent most of our time standing in line—Billy at the hundred-dollar windows, I at the ten-dollar windows—waiting either to collect our winnings or to bet on the next race. After each triumph, we would meet again at the bar to embrace each other and toast our success in ginger ale.

After a colt named Chieftain won the sixth race and Billy came back from his window holding great wads of money, a crowd of watchful admirers began to gather around us in the bar. Billy stuffed the money into his pants pockets and patted the black satchel. "I'm sure glad I brought this," he said to me.

"What's in there, anyway?" I asked.

Billy opened the satchel. It was three-quarters full of old pari-mutuel tickets, of all colors and denominations. I picked up a handful and saw that some were dated several months back. "They've got an internal-revenue man sitting by the big-money windows," he said. "When I went back this time, he asked for my name and address, and I just shoved the open bag under his face. I can prove I lost thirty thousand dollars last year alone."

"Say, Mister," one of our admirers said, "what do you like in the next race?"

Billy took out his form and glanced over the entries as the crowd of watchers pressed closer. He finally shook his head and handed me the paper. "Maiden fillies," he said. "There's no sense trying to handicap it." He winked at me. "You pick it, kid."

My hands began to shake. "Me? I don't know anything about it."

"We'll bet light," Billy said. "Just pick one, for the hell of it."

"All right," I said, and glanced down the list of names. "How about this one?"

We watched this race together, and my selection, a filly named The Sloth, won by a neck and paid off at 19–1. Billy kissed me elaborately on both cheeks. "I can't believe it!" he cried. "I can't *believe* it! Nineteen hundred clams!"

After we had collected, I began to count my own money. It amounted to three hundred and thirty dollars in bills and perhaps twenty more in change. I

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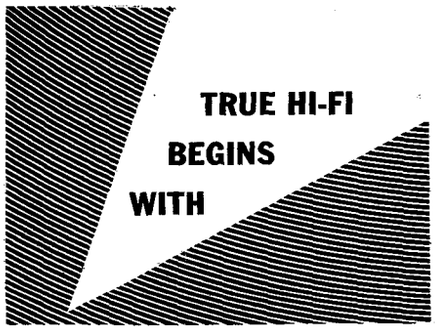

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was dazed. It seemed an immense fortune to me.

"Well, how do you feel, champ?" Billy asked as I finished folding my thick packet of bills.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Why doesn't everybody do this?"

"I'll explain that to you on the way back," Billy said.

We left the park, in a pink haze of glory, without betting on the last race, because, as Billy put it, we shouldn't insult our luck. Our departure caused dismay in the ranks of our admirers, several of whom followed us as far as the exit gate in an attempt to persuade Billy to sell them his next day's selections.

As we rode back to town in a rented limousine, Billy explained the facts of life to me. "Not every day can be like this one," he began. "Me, I'm a losing bettor. I've never finished a single year in the black. If you bet only to win, and bet on almost every race, the way I do, you can't help but lose. It doesn't matter to me, because I have money to throw away and I like the excitement. But I'll never get richer this way."

"You mean we were just lucky?" I asked. "There isn't any way to make sure of winning?"

Billy then told me about Denver Dan Mastrangelo, a gambler who had flourished for years in Chicago. According to Billy, Denver Dan had made a fortune betting on horses. His system was to wait for a race in which his selection was almost certain to finish third or better, and then to bet a large amount on his choice to show. "Betting to show usually pays less than even money," Billy said, "but it's safer. Of course, you have to wait for the right race—sometimes for days—and you have to have some capital to make the bet worth while." He sighed and leaned back in his seat. "I could never do that," he said. "It's too boring."

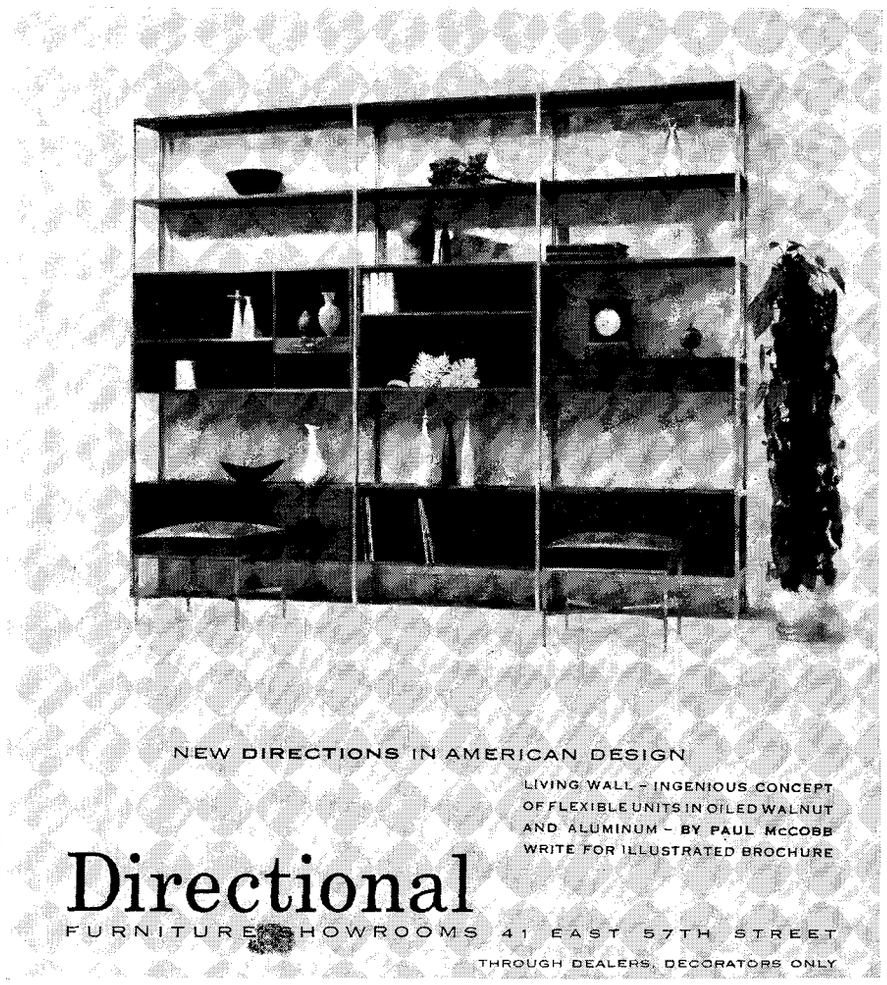
That night, Billy and I had dinner at "21," paid thirty dollars apiece for tickets to "Oklahoma!," and sat at a ringside table for the last show at the Copacabana. When I finally got home, I found my father propped up in bed reading a book.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Oh, Billy made about fourteen thousand dollars, and I took away a few hundred," I said casually.

My father shut his book with a decisive little slap. "Of course you know that Billy loses a lot more than he wins," he began in his "good advice" tone of voice.

I yawned. "That's because he doesn't



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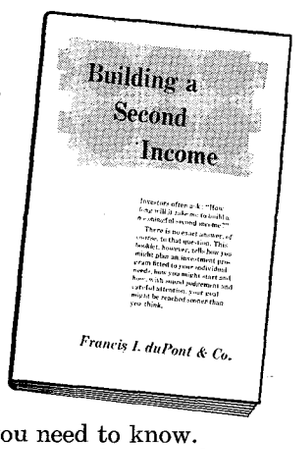

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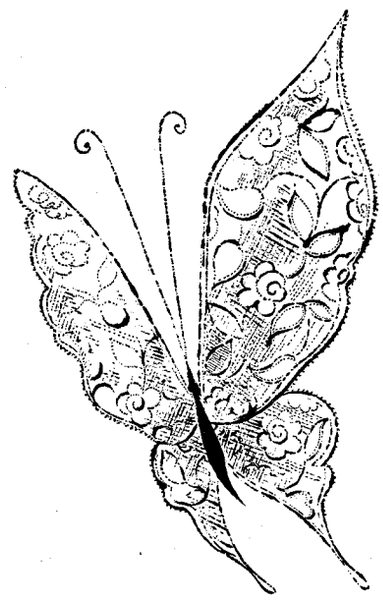

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care. Denver Dan Mastrangelo played safe and made millions."

My father stared at me. "Oh, my God!" he said softly.

TEN days later, I went back to school, and several years passed before I had a chance to test Denver Dan's infallible system. I was always away, first at school and then in the Army. However, it wouldn't have made any difference where I was, since I didn't have the required capital to give the system a fair tryout. While I was still at school, I contented myself with subscribing to one of the racing journals and making a careful study of its intricacies. I also read several books on racing and handicapping, and for months I kept a notebook in which I recorded the outcome of all my imaginary bets at New York and Florida race tracks. Once, when my father wrote me another of his Horatio Alger letters, I sent him back a complete account of my most recent hypothetical winnings, along with a brief note in which I informed him that no one in his right mind would work hard to make money if it could be made easily.

Finally, in the fall of 1946, I was discharged from the Army, and I found myself in New York with no prospects, no ambitions, and several hundred dollars in savings and separation pay in my pockets. My father had begun to line up interviews for me with various business acquaintances, but little came of them, mostly because I was so obviously bored with the idea of working. When I had been home for a week or so, I reminded my father about Denver Dan, and told him that I was going to try to earn my living at the track. My capital amounted to only about five hundred dollars, but I said that I intended to be conservative and content myself, at first, with a modest income. What Denver Dan had done with thousands, I would do with hundreds.

My father was outraged. "Don't tell me you haven't outgrown that imbecile idea!" he said.

"You like to do things the hard way," I answered haughtily. "*I* like to do them the easy way."

"I should have thrown Billy the hell out of here," my father said, and stalked into his room, slamming the door behind him.

The next day, I went out to the race track, waited all afternoon in the rain to make one cautious bet, and came home with a twelve-dollar profit. My father was unimpressed, but I was filled with quiet elation. I went out faithfully every day after that, continued to play

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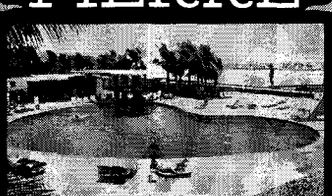

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Denver Dan's system, and almost invariably won. My earnings were small—never more than eighty dollars a week, and usually nearer fifty—but I consoled myself by thinking about my friends, all of whom were either back in college or trapped in mundane jobs. I was convinced that I had proved myself and that life's golden path was opening out before me.

I had been doing things the easy way for about two months when I came home one night and went to bed with a chill. The next morning, I was running a high fever, and my father sent for a doctor, who examined me and found nothing much to worry about. "A bad cold, that's all," he said. "And I think he's been working too hard."

My father's jaw dropped. "Working too hard? All he does is go to the race track," he said indignantly.

The doctor shrugged and began putting his instruments away. "Well, whatever he's been up to, it doesn't agree with him," he said. "He looks badly run down to me."

"The man's a quack," my father said after he had gone. But during the week it took me to recuperate, I had a lot of time to think over this curious diagnosis, and I began to wonder about Denver Dan and the life of ease. On a piece of paper, I drew up a schedule of one of my typical days among the loafers:

10 A.M.-11 A.M.	Get up, instant coffee, leave house.
11 A.M.-11:30 A.M.	Subway ride to Penn Station, scanning paper for late scratches.
11:30 A.M.-12:30 P.M.	Train ride to track, reading *Racing Form* and standing on crowded platform.
12:30 P.M.-1:00 P.M.	Enter track, check odds, eat lunch standing at crowded counter.
1:15 P.M.-5:45 P.M.	Watch races when not keeping track of odds, checking form, standing in ticket lines.
5:45 P.M.-6:45 P.M.	Train ride back to city, standing on crowded platform.
6:45 P.M.-7:15 P.M.	Subway ride home, often standing.
7:15 P.M.-10:30 P.M.	Dinner break.
10:30 P.M.-2:30 A.M.	Buy next day's *Form*, handicap all races, soak feet.

When I added up all my figures, I discovered that, for an average net profit (before taxes) of fifty-two dollars and thirty-seven cents, I had been

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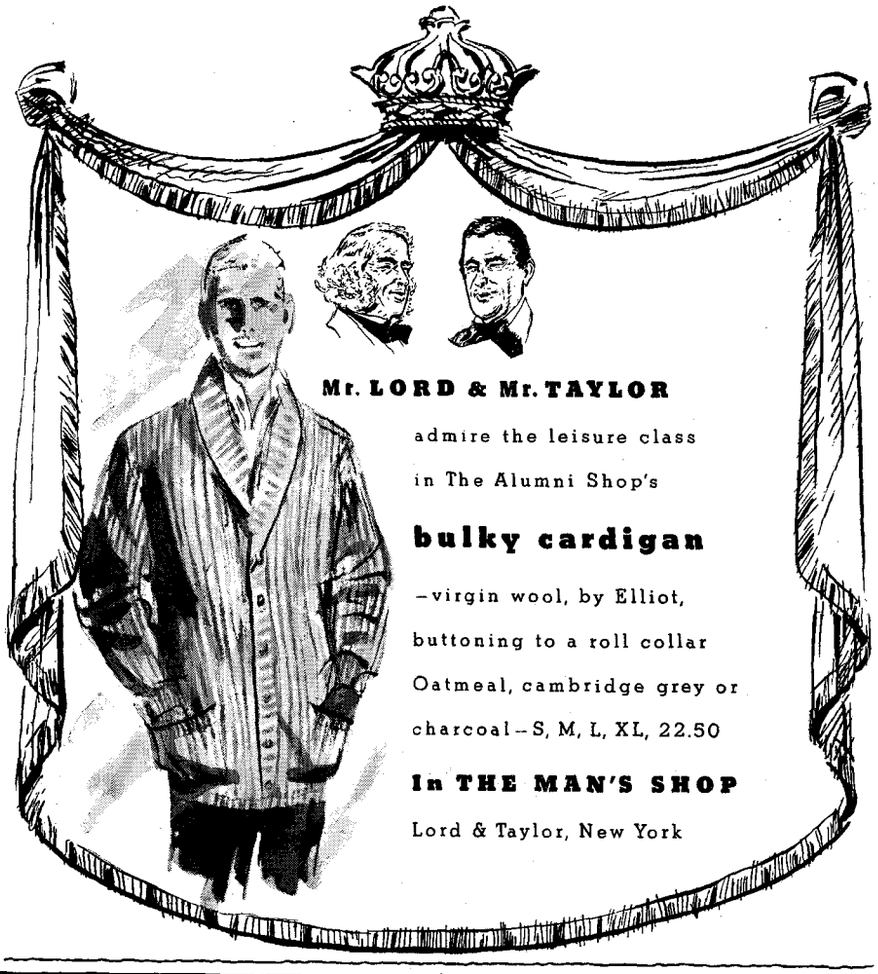

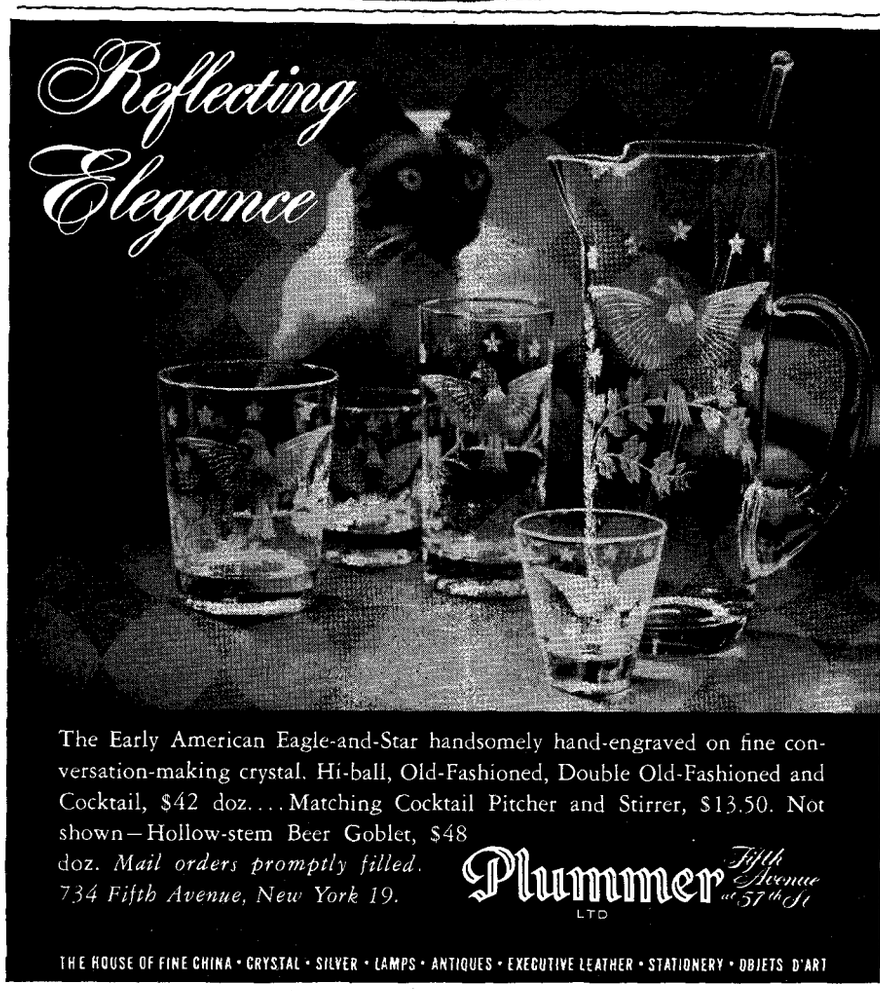

working a six-day, seventy-two-hour week. Furthermore, I realized, I was excluded from all normal secondary benefits, such as social security, pension plans, profit sharing, and health insurance. I lay in bed and stared into my future—a succession of bleak and hopeless days, an infinity of servitude and unrewarded toil. I came to the conclusion that Denver Dan Mastrangelo had had the constitution, courage, and steely determination of a frontiersman crossing the Great Divide in midwinter.

Of course, I couldn't admit my disillusionment to my father, even when, on my first day out of bed, he invited me to lunch near his office. We chatted pleasantly, if cautiously, through the meal, and over coffee he said, "I got a note from Billy today."

"Oh? How is he?" I asked.

"Fine, fine. Did you know he's working now?"

"No, I didn't."

"Yes," my father said. "He finally went broke. But I understand he's doing very well in the hotel business."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said. "Give him my best if you write to him."

The next day, without saying anything to anyone, I went out and began looking for a job.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

•

Thanks to Fraulein Jacobi, my formal education got off to a good start. We were taught English and German simultaneously, and I can still write a spidery but legible German script. I learned to read, write, and spell, and add, substract, and multiply, accomplishments that even in these days of progressive education still retain a measure of usefulness. . . . We learned to spell by rote, standing rigidly with our hands clasped behind our backs as we recited the assigned words in a flat, singsong voice. It is a practice frowned upon today, but I did learn to spell. I developed a proofreader's eye, and ever since a misspelled word jumps violently out at me from the printed page and hits me between the eyes.—*From "My Double Life," by Newman Levy.*

Get up off the floor, Levy; you're not hurt bad.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The women flipped so well that young Fitzgerald, redubbed Rock (after Gibraltar) Hudson (after the river—a casual Willson inspiration), has been named by the movie-theater owners as the most popular male star of 1957.—*Interview with actors' agent Henry Willson in Look.*

"I named Rock after the Rock of Gibraltar and the Hudson automobile I was then thinking of buying."—*Interview with actors' agent Henry Willson in Parade.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

NOT since the days of Marie Antoinette have heads looked as expensive, extravagant, and confusing as they do at the moment. (*Après ça, la guillotine*, perhaps?) Let's cite examples. The tumbled, across-the-pillow locks of Mlle. Bardot turn out to be sheer wiggery (executed by Carita, whose New York base is at Bendel). Dyed real hair, attached to the heads of bleached sun-worshippers, looks as artificial as a Harpo Marx aureole. Mr. Kenneth, of Lilly Daché's hairdressing salon, is adding hair pieces to her customers' own tresses, the result of which is, fortunately, orderly and consistent hair-dos. M. Michel, of Helena Rubinstein's hairdressing salon, makes your hair so spectacular that you'd think tulle, feathers, and other chicanery were involved. And the custom milliners, suffering a deep, honest hatred of all hairdressing (they'll crown your glory yet, is their resolution), are making hats that look like coiffures. (Only one thing is sure—all this foolery is costly.)

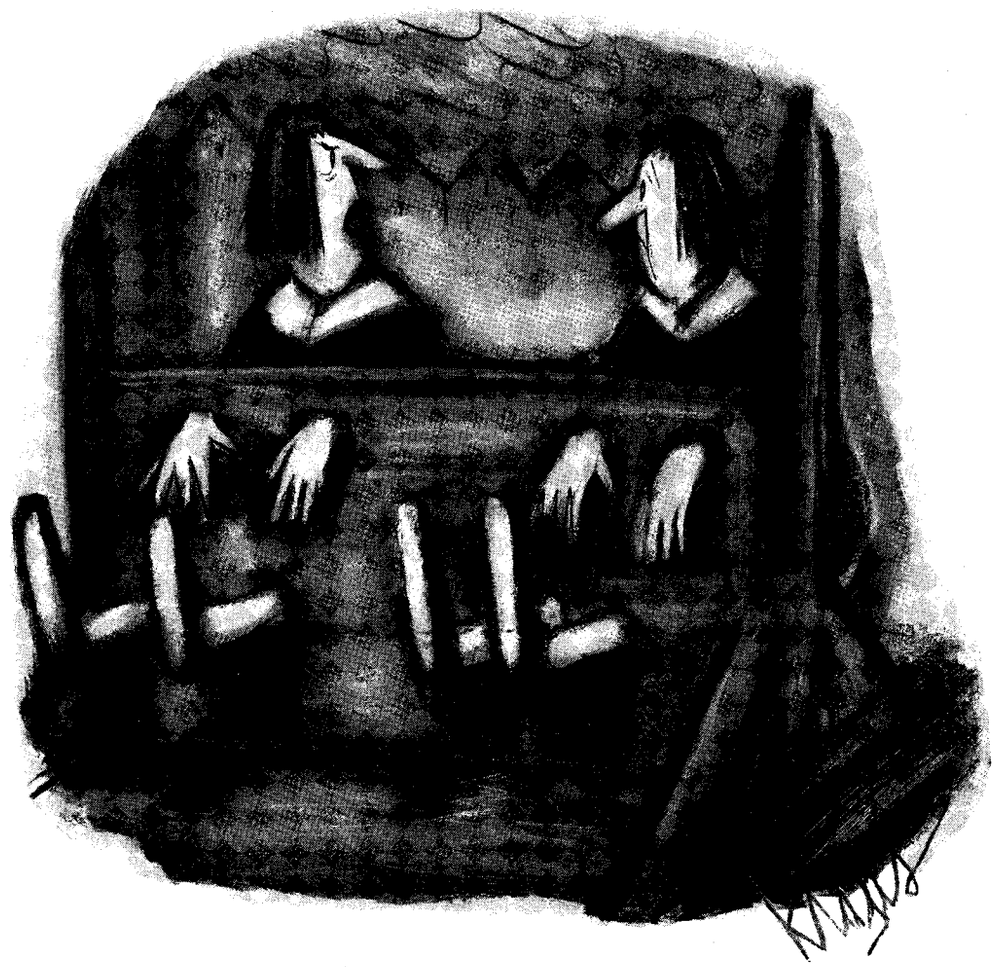
Mr. John, noting that women like to change the color of their hair and sympathetic to their dislike of sitting for hours under dryers, has done a perfect wig—of albino lynx (this suggests a patchy, dyed-hair job), of red or Norwegian blue fox, of possum, or of other furs. This wig is a deep, hair-hiding cap that can either burgeon around your face or be restrained into fairly smooth and neat shapes with a hair net, to enhance the fakery of the whole idea.

Mr. John is in a soufflé mood throughout, especially with his deep-pile felts, which he calls Maltese or sable. For tailored clothes, he has done hats of these felts with high and wide dome crowns. These are likely to have small brims curled up all around. As a matter of fact, he does them, too, in albino lynx or other furs or, when he's in a smooth mood, in black antelope suède. The furry felts also go into the making of deep cloche shapes, the crown tall and the brim pulled far down on the forehead.

Speaking of furs, Mr. John has assembled some out-of-the-way ones, like badger (creamy yellow in the depths and black-and-white spiky hairs on the surface), albino raccoon, and wanderoo monkey, an off-white, straggly fur from India that spills over a big-brimmed hat and veils the entire face. Not to mention pony fur, from Vienna, with a surface as silky as soleil. Mr. John doesn't believe in tormenting luxurious furs. He translates white mink into a deep cap that just covers the hairline and rises in a dome; he translates ranch mink into hats with medium brims undulating deeply around the face and descending in back, sports style. He likes matching crescent-moon collars with all his fur hats—crossed in front, and the points fastened on the shoulders. There are muffs as well, and stoles so narrow they can be called boas.

More felt makes Mr. John's enchanting Empire bonnets, one with a puffy envelope crown slanting back and a long, narrow brim of the upward visor type. Black-and-white printed velvet becomes, in his practical paws, oversized bowlers with wide crowns and deep, turned-up brims, and black faille becomes a huge padre hat, narrow front to back and curling up sharply at the sides. When evening approaches, he is ready with draped caps pulled down to one side and constructed of ribbon—many of alternately plain and flowered strips, or of picot-edged taffeta in two or more colors. For nighttime formality, what of his bird-cage veils covering the head and face and, atop these, perhaps a jewelled butterfly tiara or nonsensical back-of-the-head velvet doodads? The most dazzling evening hats are deep caps, just above the hairline in front, of big, faceted stones on matching panne—amethyst, topaz, tourmaline, or you name it—and the face veil that is part of this picture has a sprinkling of the stones across the forehead and, sometimes, pendant stones like earrings at the sides.

THE heir apparent, the rising star, of millinery at the moment is a daring young man named William J., who is now making the hats that older experts are merely hinting at. His inventions *really* come down on the fore-



"Why I had to defend your right to say it, I'll never know."

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"I'd rather be Petite,"

says Andie Arkin

Because this Directoire sheath was shaped with a Petite in mind. And that means perfectly! Silk faille with hand-run Alençon lace top; lined jacket makes it a theatre suit. Petite sizes 10 to 20. Duet, about $70.

At the best store you know, or write **Andrew Arkin,** 530 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

head, often covering the brows as well, to emphasize those cavernous eyes of yours. He has taken one piece of felt and draped it, exactly as though it were a wet cloth, deep on the head, with casual folds blowing forward into an irregular rippling brim that dips like limp blinders at the sides and sometimes lazily ascends to a sort of narrow peak in front. Other manipulations of felt involve deep crowns with the alleged brims cut into strips, a half inch wide, like heavy fringe. These strips are knotted, or arrayed in formal, Grecian curls over the eyes, or else they drop, sometimes to the nostrils, which makes it difficult to peer through them. (It is a good thing that pedestrians now have some rights.) Then, William J. does round turbans that are complete Scheherazade; one black velvet ball is a good eight inches high and is worn scowling down on the brows. There is narrowness in this collection, too, in tall guardsman hats of all types, with a chin strap (absolutely necessary) for anchorage. Such as green velvet with coq feathers spilling down the front to the nose; such as a rounder version, of beige barnyard feathers, with a cockade of the feathers straight up from the top, plus a small visor of black velvet and that chin strap. Like many another, William J. is involved in a vast variety of fur busbies and fur accessories. I loved his pillow shoulder cape, stuffed with down like the real article, that comes up under the chin to cover what's left of the face after one of his hats has had its way. In chinchilla, this cape goes with a round fur hat mounted on a gray satin band. There are round boas of fox, so long (sixteen of the beasts are concerned) that the ends dangle below a day-length hem, if you let them dangle, but you're not supposed to do that. It's best, by the way, to phone for an appointment (Circle 5-8956).

Duke University should study the E.S.P. of French and American milliners, for the Paris hats indicate a complete rapport with what our people are doing. The beret is always a French specialty, but the new Paris examples of it often suggest a chef's hat ballooning above a snug headband and worn to show the hair over the forehead and conceal it entirely in back. Many, especially Dior's, have a definite potentate look that puts them well above the barbecue-pit level, but they remain berets in essence. Bergdorf Goodman's Miss Jessica has picked some beauties, among them Cardin's white felt, with deep tucks above the headband, and Dior's Oriental ball of red feathers. Beatrice

origins

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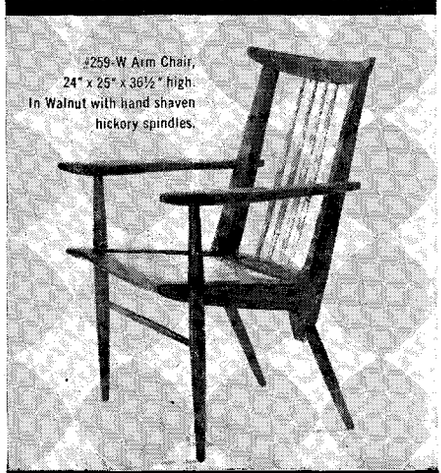

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Lillie may not be what everyone would consider a fashion leader, but her type of fez pillbox, worn way back, is all the rage—or the go, or something—in Paris, it seems. Dior uses prints and brocades that match cocktail and evening dresses to produce his versions, which are draped and look ready to fall over backward; Givenchy gives his deep pillbox of pink satin some pink feathers behind to aid this falling-off-in-back illusion. This is not all that Miss Jessica brought home. For evening eccentricity, I loved Balmain's turban, ten and a half inches high and slanting toward the rear, of crushed taupe tulle veiled in sheer black lace, very Nefertiti, as well as Givenchy's Turkish turban, which is a fat roll of black veiling going straight around just over the eyebrows and a fez of cerise velvet ascending above it. Skimpy, naked little street-length black evening dresses should, they think in Paris, be topped by tiny hats with heavy mesh veiling descending, occasionally, to the hem of your dress. Cardin's treatment of the theme has a black rose towering like a tiara in front, and the veiling is voluminous indeed; Paulette's tiara is of blush-pink roses sitting on a plaque of green leaves, and green tulle comes down to cloud the shoulders. For full evening, Bergdorf's French stuff includes many odd circlets, and tendrils of the hair are supposed to be pulled over and around them. Frequently, deep cage veils cover all.

Hattie Carnegie's French hats also run heavily to circlets, mainly by Dior. Item: a tiny tiara of black rhinestones and mirrored sequins. Item: a ludicrously small circle of white satin, an inch wide and only three and a third inches across, that could probably double as a collar for a miniature poodle. It sits right on top of the head, and a tailored rhinestone buckle glitters in front. Carnegie offers a number of daytime Paulette turbans, to be worn far to the rear and down on the ears. These have sort of wind-sock tops that can be draped. One, of moire, gets a black velvet cuff around the edge to moor it; a reversible one is composed of gray moire and blue velvet. Tailored suits should go well with a stunning Dior—a tall, straight topper of gray tweed to match your Carnegie suit, with a small rolled edge and a straight bow across the front at the base.

WE now come to Laddie Northridge. For sports, he is using wool jersey, some of it in reseda green or sapphire, with raised black pebbly dots. This makes high and narrow fedoras or

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deep cloches, all of them faced with stitched jersey in the color of the background. Other fedoras are of flat feathers; one of Plymouth Rock has a red felt band and facing. He has thought up many, many Directoire bonnets. A special favorite of mine is of a sleek black soleil with brown chiffon piping. There are three inverted tucks above the brown headband to give the crown the requisite fat, puffy look. Then, Mr. N. uses quantities of pale, pearly-gray mallard feather pads for hats of every conceivable shape. One is a little cap (dotted with peacock eyes, for inconsistency's sake) that suggests a tilted beret. Northridge has habitually dabbled in ostrich, and even now, when others are hot for the stuff, he remains a master of it. A Directoire turban, all folds of blue satin next to the face, has a tall, narrow top of ostrich, and ostrich pads curl over the small brims of hats with velvet fez tops. A super-tiara that Josephine would have loved if she had lived in Dallas sports one big plume of pink ostrich and one of turquoise bobbing over a tiny, unobtrusive blue velvet cap. As for fur, there's a notable instance of the Northridge Empire bonnet, done in black Russian broadtail, with red velvet facing the deep, arched brim and making a bow in back; I also admired his deep chéchia pillbox of mink with three upward horizontal folds.

Toby Coppock always shows front hair and a lot of it, and little women are his specialty. As usual, he employs unusual fabrics, such as a printed fine corduroy I haven't seen elsewhere, in a tobacco-and-black tapestry pattern, in a rose print, and in other arrangements. This is likely to be draped round and round the head, and it winds up in a swirled point toward the back. Some of his hats shadow the forehead; one of these, a felt cap, has an overlay coming from high in back into a sort of scuttle-bonnet brim in front. Toby makes bulb hats, too, with a Keystone Cop look—they are round, fairly tall, and down on the nape. A hardy Toby perennial is the hat that nestles into the hairdo and sits there and *does* something for you. The big hit at the moment is a one-inch band of chiffon, satin, velvet, or whatever that curlicues to end in a sassy point like the lemon peel in a Horse's Neck. This can go around chignons, or it can simply perch.

At Robert Dudley, black-and-white combinations, very Sans-Gêne, are rife. One, in black-and-white striped ribbon and all diagonal folds, is a cloche

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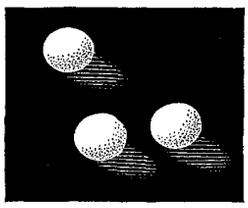

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with a sloping brim and a black velvet bow on the downside. Another is all fan pleats from the side-back forward, and the pleats curl under near the face in beret fashion; this is of black and white ribbon. Women who crave more color can get the hat in faille shading, say, from greens through amethysts to fuchsias. The most fascinating of Dudley's bonnets are felt ones that are all one piece, manipulated in twists to create deep draped crowns and sharply peaked brims in front. One is of green velours with sandpiper birds at rest in the front folds; another, a medium bonnet-cloche in turquoise, has brown shot-taffeta ribbon draped over the brim and winding up in a big butterfly bow forward.

THE tiny circlets and tiaras that appear everywhere for evening present a hairdressing problem, but where there's a wig there's a way. Wigs, the trade says solemnly, are practical. A busy woman can leave her hair at a salon to be set and pick it up at nightfall. Dreamers can become blondes or redheads the instant they want to. The full wigs feel like snug, lightweight turbans—comfortable and secure. Joseph Fleischer, a veteran at fooling the public into thinking false hair is one's very own, is happy the day has dawned when separate hair pieces are acceptable to American womankind. He turns them out for hair stylists all over town, but he has a retail outlet of his own, at 12 West Twenty-seventh Street. Some of his openly synthetic wigs appear in pale blues and mauves and pinks, exactly like spun sugar, but the majority are of real European hair. Besides full wigs, there are plenty of smaller pieces to pile on top of your own. What Fleischer calls Changelings are hair pieces, mounted on velvet bicycle clips, that can simulate bangs, poufs on top of the head, or the like. Fleischer will make these to order, and show you exactly how to put them up in pin curls or to arrange them in as many as twenty different ways.

If you can't lick the hairdressers, you join them. Lilly Daché and Walter Florell, milliners at heart, are therefore doing schizophrenic battle with themselves by running hairdressing salons. Florell's salon, a brand-new one at 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, does everything—facials, pedicures, waxing, hair coloring (another advantage of hair pieces is that you can try them on before deciding on the color of your own hair), and so forth. The hairdressing is handled by Tony Migliaro, the establish-

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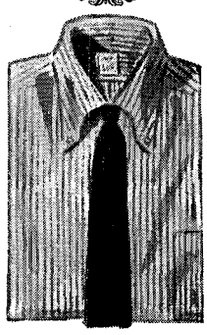

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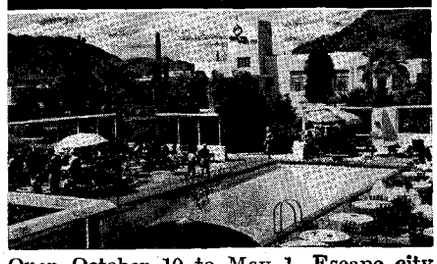

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ment's ruling Figaro, who wants women to look like swans, I guess, for his basic shape arches up at both sides in front, comes down and curves forward along the cheeks, then curves further down and backward to the nape, then flips out. (Well, it looks swanlike to *me*.) Migliaro has designed small demi-wigs (of hair), too, to be set on top of the coiffure and simulate swan feathers, just like Pavlova's swan caps. Topknots can be wide at the sides and fold downward like wings. There are cosmetics, too, among them cream makeup bases in pale blues and mauves for evening—very subtle and ethereal—and face powder mixed to order to suit most any mood from robust to fragile.

Mr. Kenneth, of Lilly Daché's salon, is still in favor of short hair. He cuts it to a point on the nape and keeps it snug there (hairdressers, it is plain, *are* considering those low-down hats), and is fond of swirling, filmy bangs low across the forehead, like drapery. He likes the hair at the sides to be smoother than it used to be, and curving forward over the ears, sort of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and he adds matching hair pieces to make chignons, puffs on top of the head, and all that. (All hair pieces are versatile these days.) His salon and his boutique teem with frivolous hair ornaments that should be donned before your hair is finally combed, so that it can spill over them. A simple one is a tortoise-shell, Alice-in-Wonderland bandeau that separates in the center so that locks of hair can be pulled through and tumbled around it.

Michel, of Helena Rubinstein, is all for rather heavy bangs, swirling across the forehead or dipping nearly to the eyebrows. Well up on the head, where the bangs cease, the hair goes backward in a plump pompadour fashion that he has labelled Sugar Loaf; the side hair is long and sleek and comes forward in points low on the cheeks. If it weren't for the height above, this would suggest the Clara Bow baby vamps of the twenties.

As for the face that peers at life from under the hats, plenty of conflicting nonsense has been presented. In one breath, we are told that lipsticks are to be very mauve and that we are also to wear clothes in vivid colors—which would wash out a pale lipstick and leave you with no face at all. Besides, nothing makes a fading tan look more sallow than lipstick in mauve or blue tints. So keep those lips vibrant for daytime, and let your ethereal moods occur only by artificial light. Among the many splendid fall colors, there is Estée Lauder's

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—LOIS LONG

•

BARR KEEPS 750 LAUGHING AT BOOK LUNCHEON

Teachers' salaries, especially those of college professors, admirably reflect the public's attitude toward education.

The teachers' demands for more money are not caused by a desire for more self-respect, but "to elude the clutches of their creditors."

These were some of the observations that kept 750 persons laughing as they listened to Stringfellow Barr at the season's second Book and Author Luncheon in Hotel Carter yesterday afternoon.

—*Cleveland Press.*

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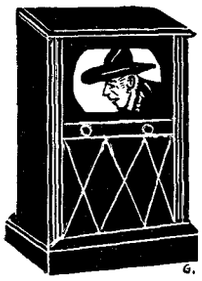
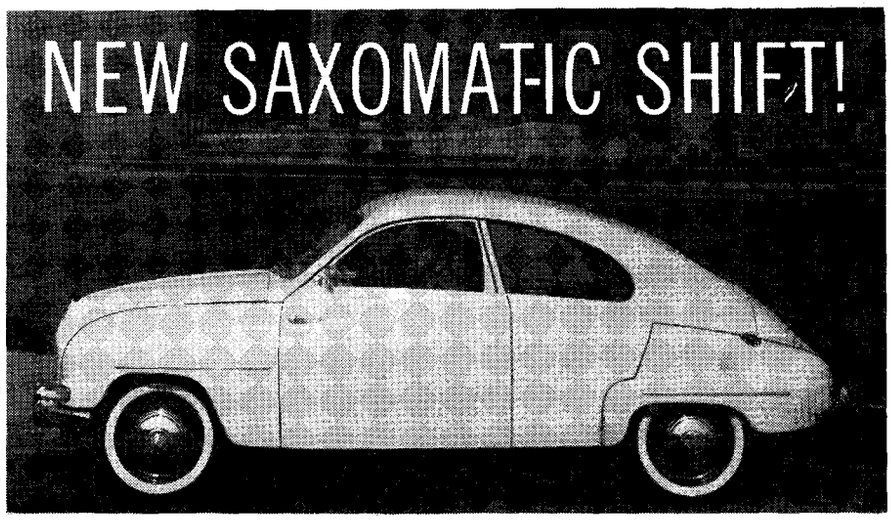
THE AIR

Science in the World of Soap



IT has now been some weeks since Dr. Joyce Brothers, registered psychologist, pitched her platform in the heart of that dark ground of human trial and error that is television from noon to movietime, five days a week. The Doctor discusses (on Channel 4, from 1 to 1:30 P.M., Mondays through Fridays) problems of "love, marriage, sex, and bringing up children." And well she might. The neighborhood teems with the raw material of her subject. Between noon and four o'clock, she is surrounded by serial programs called "Love of Life," "Search for Tomorrow," "The Guiding Light," "Today Is Ours," "As the World Turns," and "From These Roots"—each, in spite of its sonorous title, a swamp of problems of love, marriage, sex, and child-raising. If the characters in these programs were to follow the advice that Dr. Brothers dispenses daily, it's possible that soap opera would be wiped out by Christmas. But they don't. She goes her way and they go theirs. To date, Dr. Brothers has offered cures for gambling by husbands, attention-seeking (in the form of breath-holding) by babies, adultery by wives, over-possessiveness, non-social drinking, toilet training, chronic boredom, shyness, escape from reality, chronic enemy-making, and pregnancy among high-school girls. Her neighbors on the air have gone right on putting these aberrations, or most of them, into practice. I have an idea that this state of affairs is satisfactory to all concerned. Thanks to the new dualism, afternoon television has suddenly become a truer mirror of the full life that both parties, the Doctor and the apostles of soap, are always speaking so well of—a life that is big enough to include cure and disease, warning and example, fact and fiction. Also, it may well be that programs like "Love of Life" and "Today Is Ours" are useful to Dr. Brothers in a practical sense. I've begun to suspect that many of the advice-seekers who keep her brain busy with their letters draw their inspiration straight from the plots of soap operas to the right and left of her own program.

It's not easy to summarize those plots in a few words. Still—give or



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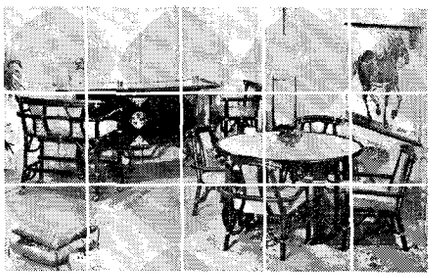

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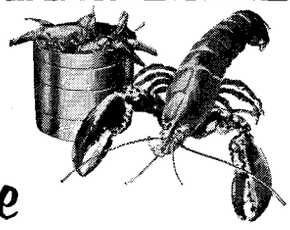

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take a divorce here and a blackmailer there—I think that the gist of "Love of Life," "Search for Tomorrow," "The Guiding Light," "Today Is Ours," "As the World Turns," and "From These Roots" may be stated as follows:

Lovely MEG HARPER ANDREWS, who has come to New York from a small town with her sister, VANESSA DALE RAVEN, is trying to end her marriage to JACK ANDREWS, a heel disliked by BEANIE, her son by a previous mating. Unknown to SALLY CARTRIGHT, whom he is courting, ANDREWS contests MEG's divorce action and tries to get something on TOM CRAYTHORN, kindhearted lawyer, who knows that MEG is bearing JACK's baby and who will be MEG's next husband if BEANIE, a glutton for punishment, has his way. In spite of his unhappiness, based on confusion, BEANIE is no relation to ARTHUR and JOAN HOPKINS, who have just adopted a difficult teen-ager, BUD. BUD goes out riding with ALISON, psychopathic girl liar, and when he resists her advances, she complains to her mother, AUNT CORNELIA, who married REX TWINING on the rebound. AUNT CORNELIA decides to make trouble for ARTHUR and BUD at the juvenile court in Chicago, where duty as well as inclination compels her to ignore

NADA, who was once married to JOE, ROBIN's grandfather, a much older man. ROBIN's strange fear of water means nothing to LAURA MANNING, lovely assistant principal at the high school, whose former husband, KARL MANNING, has since married LESLIE—"that pussycat of a woman," as BETTY, NICKY's aunt, calls her. Child of a broken home, NICKY is helpless when CHESTER CROWLEY, car salesman and compulsive enemy-maker, undermines LAURA with ADAM HOLT, the principal, by offering to take three hundred dollars off the price of a new car. Instead, LAURA makes a date with GLENN, an undefeated and untied architect, who represents the kind of affection she is starved for. Stunned by this development, GLENN goes into the next room. Meanwhile, TIM has reached the bedside of

JUDGE LOWELL, HELEN's grandfather, who knows he has a wife in Cincinnati. "Do you love her?" asks the old jurist. "Let's say I'm fond of her," TIM replies. "She put me through medical school." This is not good enough for HELEN, or for BRUCE CRAWFORD, brilliant young magazine editor, who wants to marry LIZ before

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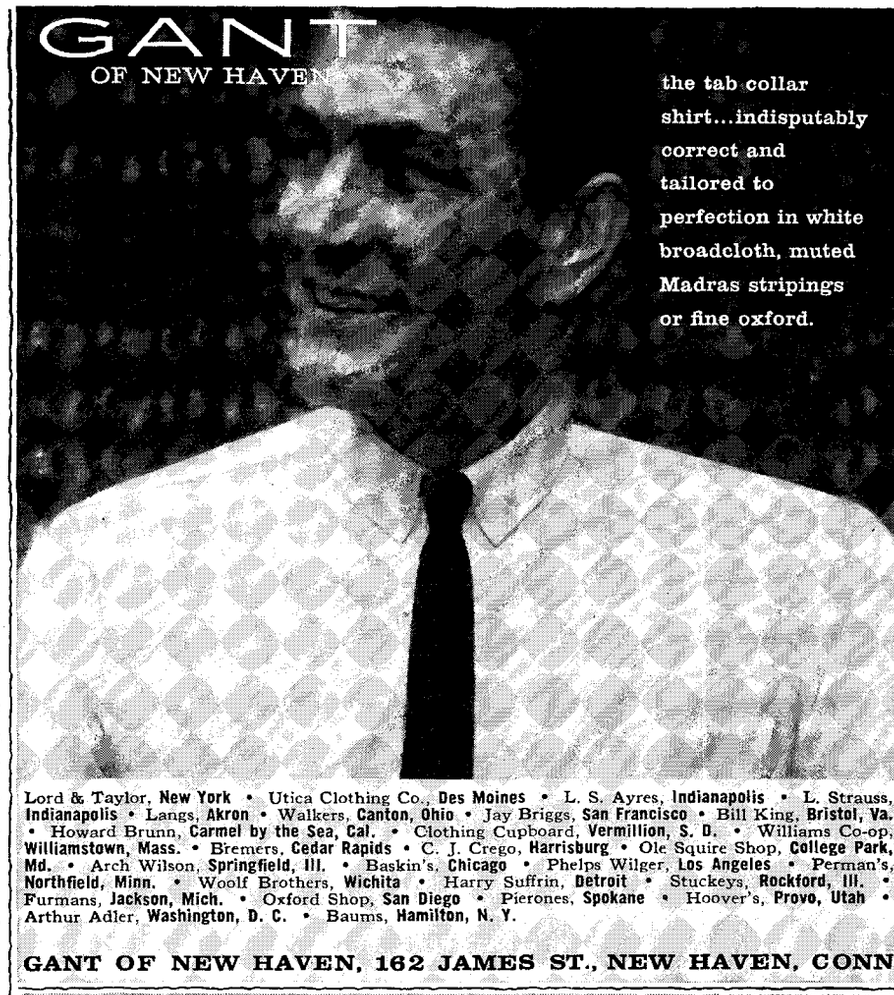
her father can get back on his feet. BRUCE's new magazine is backed by ENID CHAMBERS, a rich afternoon drinker, who would like to break up the match between BRUCE and LIZ and "acquire" BRUCE for herself. Her schemes are known to her worthless brother, DAVID CHAMBERS. Inflamed by LIZ's fresh beauty, and coughing slightly from a previous engagement, DAVID decides to challenge his mother's will, which disinherited him for compulsive horseplaying. "That will soil the family name," ENID tells him. "I'll say it will," says DAVID—and old DR. MCANDREW falls into the trap.

WITHOUT in any way disturbing the flow of all this psychic misery, Dr. Brothers has brought order and balance to weekday-afternoon television. The soap operas, in their groping fashion, state the problems. The Doctor, coolly and reasonably, supplies the answers. "I don't want to talk about him!" cries young Nicky Manning, in "Today Is Ours," about his divorced father. "I hate him! I hate him!" "I just want to take care of Ben for the rest of his life," says Mildred, Ben's married sister, in "From These Roots." "I can't get along with my mother," complains Daisy, a stenographer in "Love of Life." "Where's Chet? Up in his room reading comic books?" asks Chester Crowley, the enemy-making car salesman in "Today Is Ours." "What else can he do since you cut his allowance?" says Mrs. Crowley. "You're full of bitterness, Chester. You've piled it up like money." Dr. Brothers would probably say to Chester Crowley—if she recognized his existence, which she never has—what she said to a businessman who wrote to her a couple of weeks ago about his faculty for antagonizing people. "What can I do to correct it?" the writer said. "Take an interest in people," Dr. Brothers told him. "Smile—you'll feel good inside. Don't get bored with people's talk. Remember people's names. My recent book, 'Ten Days to a Successful Memory,' shows how to remember people's names and faces." In a case like Nicky's, Dr. Brothers might run off a short film about a disturbed boy named Mike, or Herbert. To someone like Mildred, the smothering sister, or like Daisy, the mother-fighting stenographer, the Doctor might deliver a short, sensible analysis of the problem, topping it off with a quotation from Disraeli or Dale Carnegie. She is strong on quotations, and also



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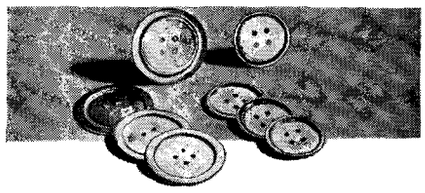

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on figures of speech. "The search for an easy solution," I've heard her say, "is as pointless as a broken pencil." And "Understanding life is as essential to maturity as curdling milk is to making cheese." And "You cannot keep your child in a Mason jar like a pickled peach."

There's a housewifely quality about those similes, as you see, which suits the time of day and the Doctor's audience. For that matter, Dr. Brothers looks very much like a young housewife—slim, personable, serious, and wholesome. It's hard to believe that if David Chambers, the roué and gambler in "From These Roots," were to ask her why he gambles, she could tell him like a flash that he does so for one of two reasons: (1) because he is trying to regain the sense of power he felt as a child, or (2) he is an accident-prone type who wants, unconsciously, to punish himself by losing. It's a matter of record that Dr. Brothers knows such things because she studied the jungle of the human mind in college. It's also a matter of record that she herself is a gambler (of the non-accident-prone type) and a real-life soap-opera heroine. In all civility, I think it can be said that a girl who achieved fame and a network program of her own by memorizing the history of boxing is the stuff of which soap-opera plots are made, and that anyone who can plan a stroke like that is a bolder, if healthier, gambler than Chambers, the unfilial horseplayer. I suspect that Dr. Brothers' adventurous past has contributed a good deal to her understanding of soap-opera life and of life in general.

As you may know, the Doctor began to make her presence felt in the fight game several years ago, and was soon earning more money from boxing than Ted Kid Lewis did in twenty bouts with Jack Britton. She couldn't knock your hat off, as they say in the trade, but she could tell you who refereed the first Gans-Nelson fight, and how long it took Mendoza to stop Humphries at Doncaster. Till then, this kind of information had been useful to no one but Pierce Egan and Nat Fleischer, who collected it and sold it in print for cake-and-coffee money. When the word got about that a young woman was collecting thousands of dollars weekly at C.B.S.-TV for remembering what Mr. Fleischer had printed, boxing leaders came to see their industry in a new light. To me, one of the high points in the annals of the sport occurred a year or so ago, when seven living ring immortals attempted to muscle in on Dr. Brothers

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and redistribute her wealth. At the $64,000 level, she knocked them out in a body. The Doctor was then able to retire from boxing and take up her true position in the world. These days, when you hear her say, "Monday, we'll talk about toilet training and in-law interference," you are listening to a scientist who has reached her goal the hard way.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

RAIN IN THE SOUTHWEST

It's raining again in the Southwest—wet
On the flat roofs, dripping from the vigas—
On the cities and the pueblos.
Even now, the rain is soaking into the brown walls
At San Felipe and Santo Domingo, close
Against the place where Little Buffalo
Is learning to draw pictures
Of forgotten animals—rain, rain, rain,
Over the high mesa, gathering in metallic brooks,
And down the lush valleys,
Shining on the hides of squashes.
The chief gives thanks.
The farmer grins.
The caballeros dance their mamacitas
Round the dust of their adobes
High in the lost and lonely hills,
Where centuries of hawks have quit
The dripping sky and centuries of weeds
Lie soaked against the rounded earth—
Rain on the pink crags, dulled to red,
Rain on the yellow slopes, dulled to ochre.
And on the highways, tightrope-walking
Their glistening way from death to daring,
The turtle wonders, the snake hides.
Great Albuquerque, a monstrous squat bird,
Nests like a phoenix on the Rio Grande,
Waiting the moment of the huge sun
To renew itself in fire—
Rain, rain,
On the high pines, in the low junipers,
On the sweet, husklike, but anxious desert.
The cotton bows, the chili gleams,
The lumber towns lie dank as warping boards
As, over all this up-and-down
Of canyon grand and mountain lost,
The rain pours down, remembering
Its promises to all its plants
And all its animals that their grotesqueness
Need not be increased
By a more desperate adaptation.

—REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

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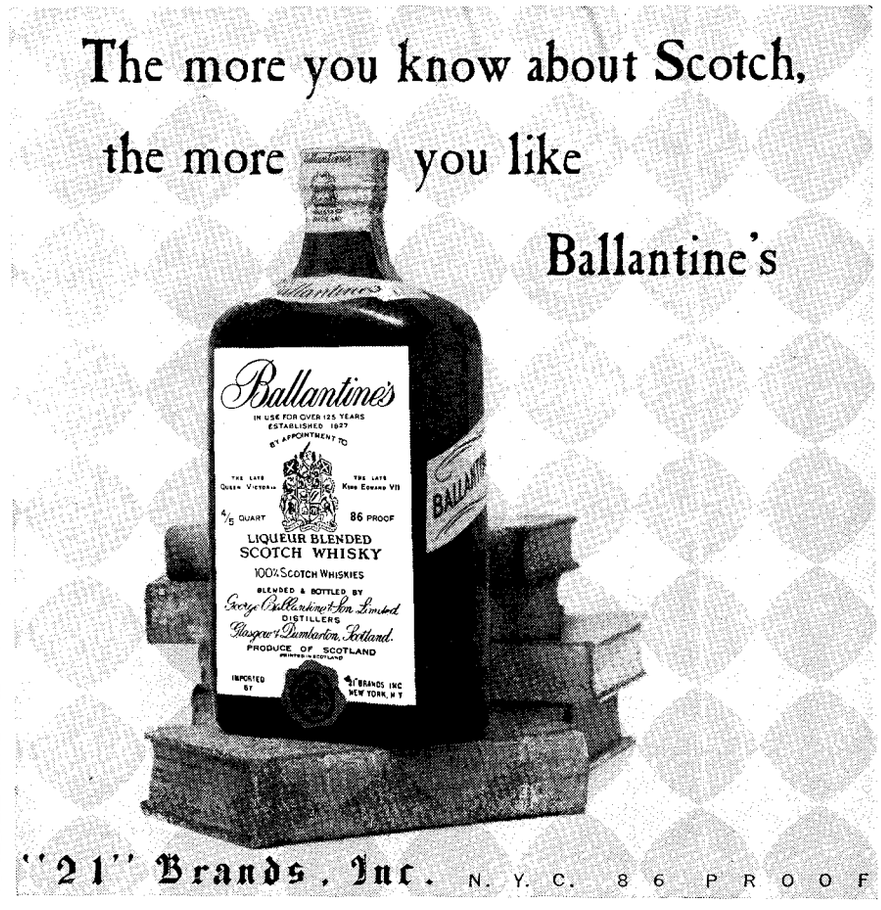

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THE RACE TRACK

Millionaire

I MAY be wrong, but there didn't seem to be quite as much fuss over the defeat of Gallant Man in the Sysonby at Belmont last weekend as there has been over the downfall of other recent favorites. When Bold Ruler was beaten in the Brooklyn at Jamaica in July, horseplayers did everything except toll iron bells. I suppose one reason they took this new blow in their stride was that Gallant Man hadn't caught their eye and fancy as Bold Ruler had. Another was that he'd run only twice at Belmont this year—for the Carter, in which he finished third, and for the Metropolitan, which he won. If you go in for coincidences, the Greentree Stable's Cohoes, who beat Gallant Man and five others in winning the Sysonby, was also the horse who broke Bold Ruler's winning streak in the Brooklyn. The Sysonby was a good show, what with Reneged (he was second in the race last year), Cohoes, and Mister Jive going off at a breakneck pace and keeping it up long after watchers thought they'd crack. At the end, Cohoes was a head in front of Mister Jive, and Reneged was third. The time for the mile was 1:35—a fifth of a second off the track record. This was the fourth time Greentree has won the fixture; Tom Fool took it in 1952 and 1953, and Capot in 1949.

Curious, isn't it, that when a top horse loses, he makes a thorough job of it? Gallant Man finished fifth, the farthest he's been out of the money since 1956. He was such a picture at saddling time that even Johnny Nerud, his trainer, who is usually reserved, seemed pleased. "He looks like a million five hundred dollars," Nerud remarked to a bystander. In the race, however, Gallant Man took only a minor part. He was a bad last going down the backstretch, and while he made up some ground on the turn for home, he didn't have that burst of speed that has marked his efforts in the past. I don't think it was the hundred and thirty-four pounds he carried that slowed him down (though you may be sure there will be protests to the handicapper); it was just one of those off days. Even the best

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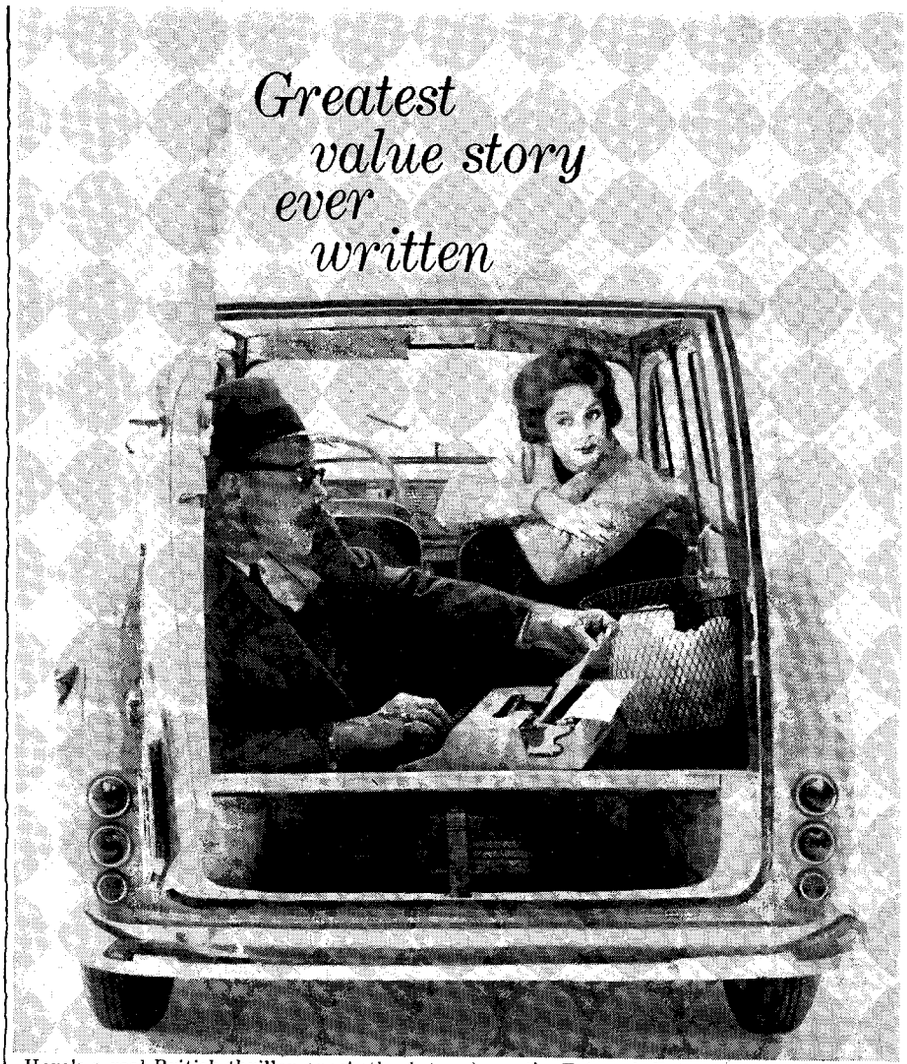
horses sometimes turn in performances too dull to explain.

Gallant Man gave the Sysonby a grand buildup, and vice versa. Earlier in the week, it was announced that Ralph Lowe, the Texas oil and cattle man who owns the colt, had sold a three-quarter interest in him for a million dollars to a syndicate of racing men and women headed by Leslie Combs II, a Kentucky horse breeder. (Mr. Combs, by the way, is the busiest syndicate-former in the business. As you probably remember, he got together the group that put up $1,251,200 for Nashua in 1955.) It was pie for Mr. Lowe, who bought Gallant Man from the late Aga Khan for a price whispered to have been $200,000, and who has seen him earn $510,355 in purses. The announcement went on to say that though Gallant Man would continue to run in Mr. Lowe's name and colors, Mr. Combs and John W. Hanes, who is president of the New York Racing Association and a member of the syndicate, would help direct his racing career. Well, on the morning of the Sysonby the officials suddenly realized that the Gallant Man deal was knocking some rules of racing galley-west. Also, Cohoes would obviously have to be coupled as an entry with Gallant Man, because Greentree was in the syndicate, and so would Ambergris, who is owned by George D. Widener, another member. There were said to be at least sixteen members, so actually Gallant Man couldn't run at all; he had too many owners. There's no limit to the number of persons who can share in the ownership of a stallion in the stud, but a racing partnership is limited to no more than four people. The rule was passed by the Jockey Club many years ago, after George Graham Rice, a Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford at the turn of the century, hit on the gay little game of selling shares in his stable to help along his highflying touting operations. Of course, in the nick of time it was discovered that the sale of Gallant Man hadn't been finalized, as they say in Washington, and it won't be till he is retired. Now, if there's nothing wrong with him, he'll run for Mr. Lowe in the Woodward Stakes at Belmont a week from next Saturday. He'll carry only a hundred and twenty-six pounds—and he'll be hard to beat.

AFTER Saratoga, there is nearly always a dull period, but this year the racing has been unusually good ever since Belmont reopened, a fortnight



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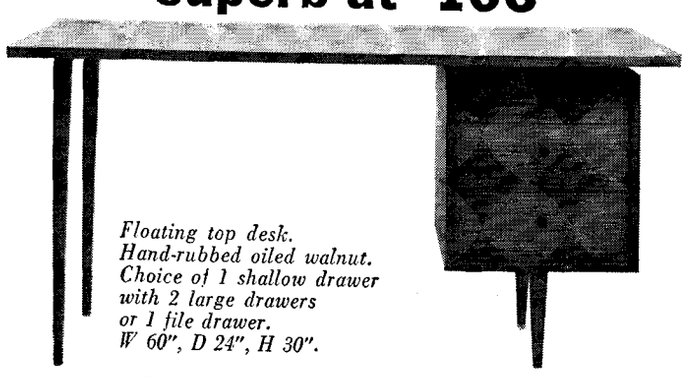

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ago. The starters in the Fall Highweight Handicap on the opening day lacked the quality I've seen in some years, but Bull Strength, who took the forty-fifth running, did so in fine style. Outer Space brought off an almost incredible stretch run in the Vagrancy that weekend to beat Mlle. Dianne, Alanesian, and nine others, and, for the record, Warhead won the famous old Jerome Handicap on Labor Day. And the races over the turf course were first-class. In one, Adare II, Anxious Moment, Pop Corn, and Dotted Line came in noses apart (I imagine this gallop got Dotted Line set for her winning effort in the Miss America Turf Handicap at Atlantic City last Saturday), and in another, five runners finished almost as closely. You can't beat that.

OF all the races in the past couple of weeks that I'd like to have seen and didn't, I would put the Washington Park Handicap at Arlington Park on Labor Day at the top of the list. As you know, Clem won it from Round Table, with Nadir third, and such good ones as Swoon's Son, Bardstown, and Hoop Band behind them. Clem, who set most of the pace, ran the mile in 1:34, a new track record, and ended as disheartening a series of setbacks as I can remember. He'd been second to Round Table in the Laurance Armour Memorial and the Arlington Handicap in Chicago; second to Bold Ruler in the Toboggan and the Suburban at Belmont; and third to Gallant Man and Bold Ruler in the Metropolitan, also at Belmont. Some say Round Table stumbled at the start of the Washington Park; others say he didn't. In any event, he'll have a big following for the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City this weekend.

Restless Wind added the Washington Park Futurity to his collection of stakes, and while this was what almost everyone expected, nobody dreamed he'd have such a hard time doing it. In fact, he barely beat Winsome Winner, a long shot who produced an astonishing turn of speed. Restless Wind isn't in the Futurity at Belmont a week from Saturday, but no doubt he'll have a go at the Champagne Stakes later in the meeting. My guess is that it will be a large order for him, since the distance is at a mile. A race I'd vote for would be one at six furlongs between Restless Wind and Tomy Lee, who won the six-furlong Del Mar Futurity in California the other afternoon in 1:09⅕.

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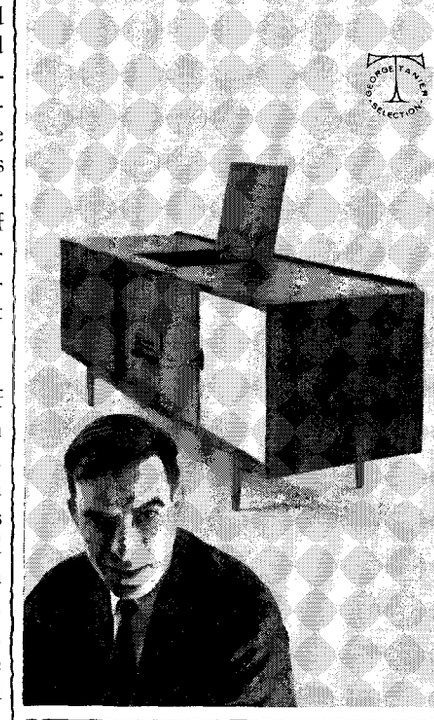

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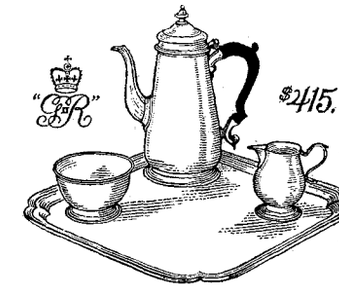

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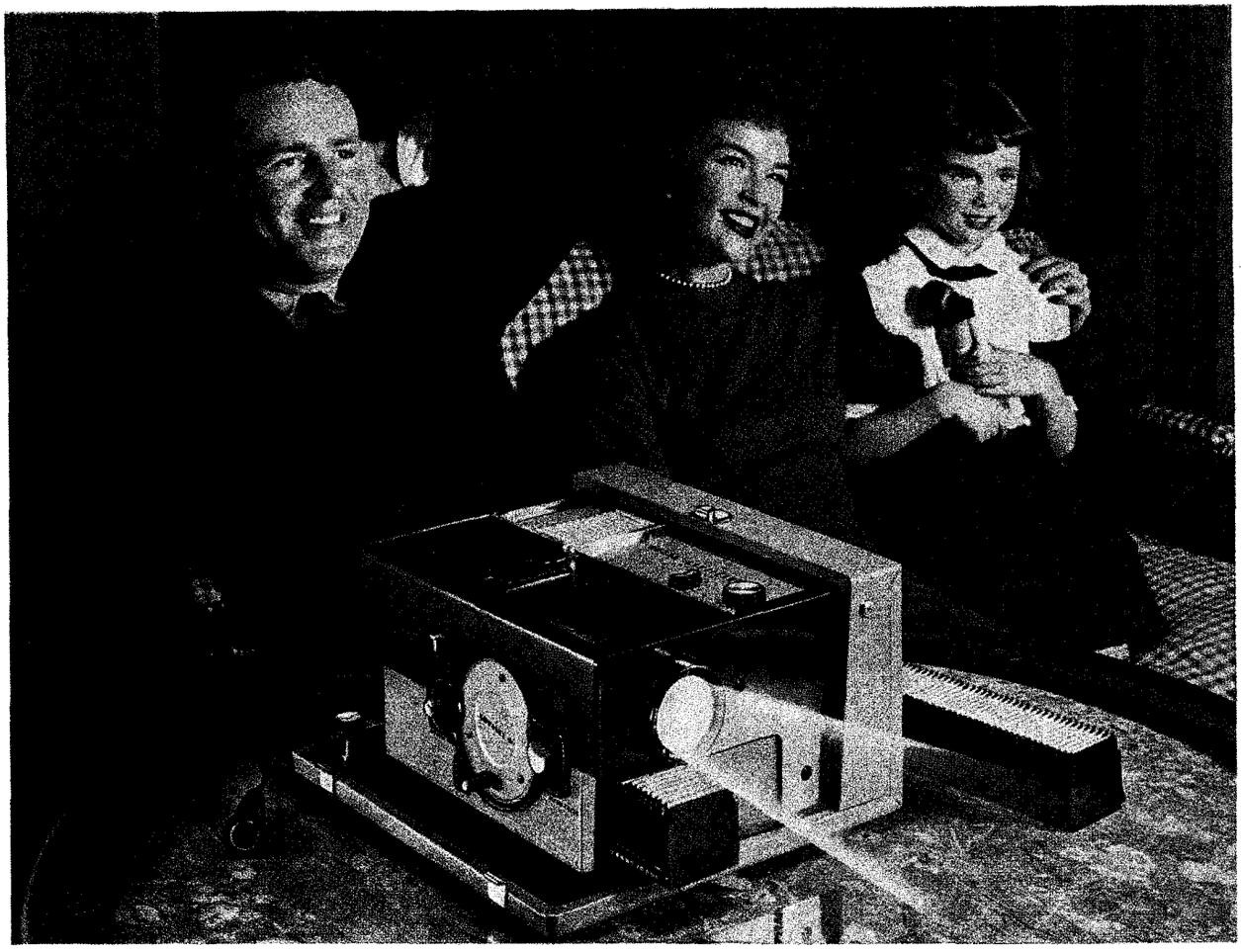

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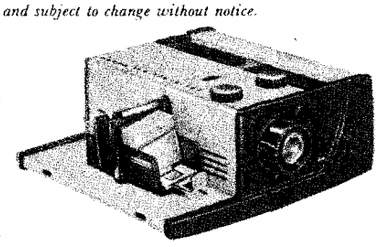

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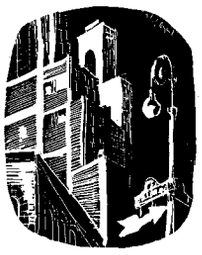

THERE is a quick but accurate way of describing the new skyscraper office building at 375 Park Avenue. It is everything that most of the office buildings that have been going up in the midtown area in the last few years are not. That the new work gains by this contrast is, happily, the least that can be said in its favor. Almost any piece of sober craftsmanship, however humble its pretensions, would gain by such contrasting, and Seagram's new building, far from being humble, is perhaps the most quietly ostentatious one in the city. But to appreciate the virtues of this building, sheathed in bronze and topaz-tinted glass, one should make a summary canvass of its contemporaries—one can hardly call them its rivals. Among them are greedy buildings, hogging every cubic foot of space the law allows; flashy buildings, with murals in the lobby whose winking leer at art has something less than honorable intentions; gaudy buildings, whose unpleasant colors resemble Detroit's recent favorite hues and in a few years will look similarly old-fashioned; buildings slickly covered with sheets of pressed metal, which are cheaper than stone or brick and which, despite all the decorative embossments, look just that—magnificently cheap; and corner-cutting buildings, often with ceilings so low that their claims to being adequately air-conditioned must be considered brazen effrontery, as their inmates have doubtless been discovering.

Out of this stalled, rush-hour clutter of new structures, brightly sordid, meretriciously up-to-date, the Seagram building has emerged like a Rolls-Royce accompanied by a motorcycle escort that gives it space and speed. To an even greater degree than its elegant neighbor, Lever House, 375 has *ambiance*. From three sides, it is wholly visible to the eye and approachable by foot; instead of using up space, it creates space. This act of detachment from the surrounding buildings was the most daring of all the innovations its chief architectural designer, Mies van der Rohe, made; by a heavy sacrifice of profitable floor area he achieved for this single structure an effect that usually is created only when a group of buildings are

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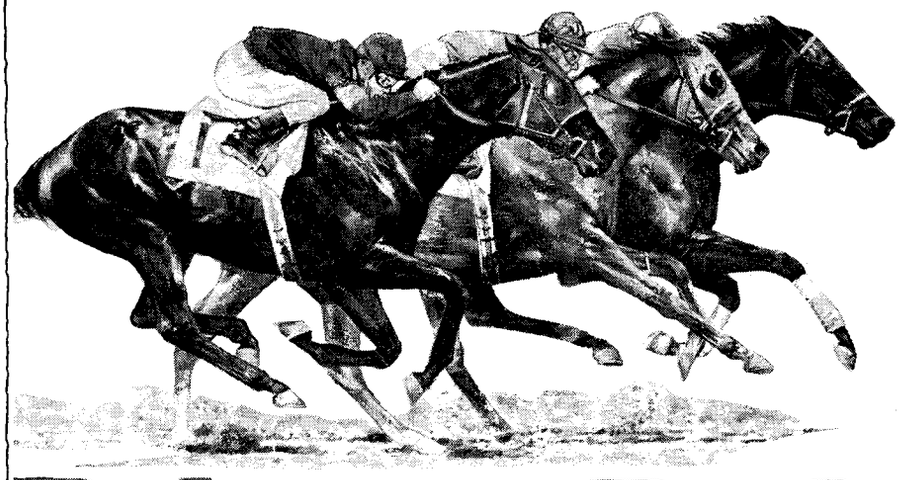

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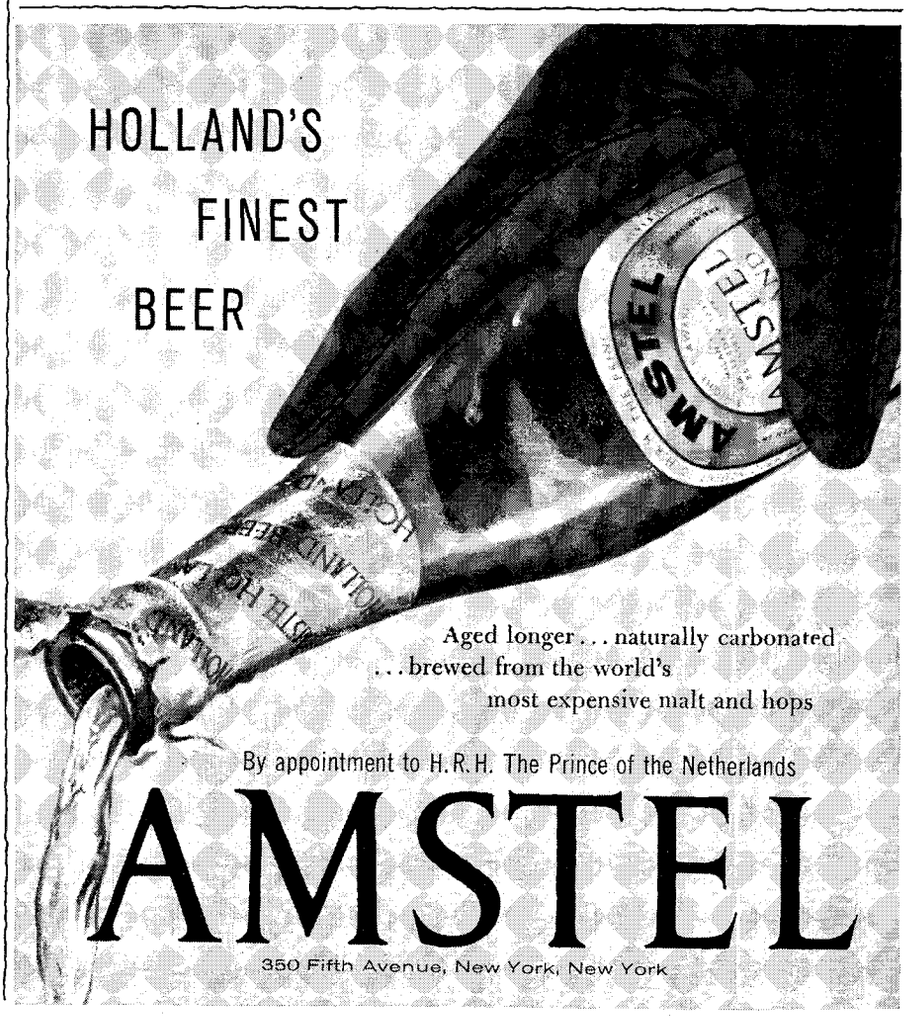

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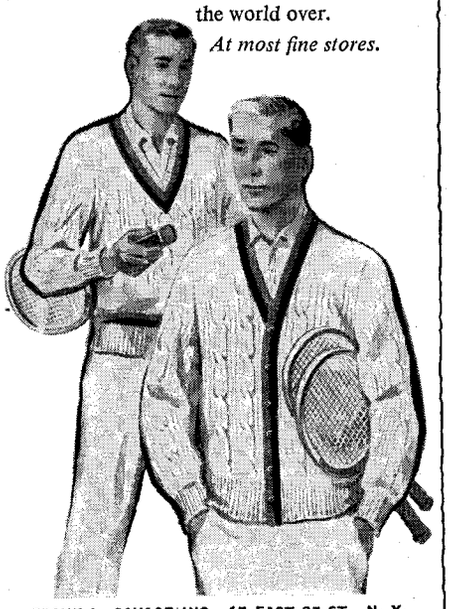

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placed together on a plat even larger than a city block, as in Rockefeller Center. Some of that openness will disappear when the vacant block to the north is occupied, but some of it will remain, as in the case of its modest traditional neighbor, St. Bartholomew's Church, a block below on Park Avenue.

In accounting for the qualities that distinguish this edifice, one is safe in assuming that they derive, directly or indirectly, from the Master himself. To acknowledge this is not to diminish the contribution made by his associate, Philip Johnson, an avowed if by now an independent disciple, nor does it minimize the necessary donation of practical architectural experience made by those veterans in office-building design, Kahn & Jacobs. The spirit that pervades the building as a whole, the spirit that makes it a whole, is that of Mies van der Rohe; it has the aesthetic impact that only a unified work of art carried through without paltry compromises can have. In their willingness to accept van der Rohe's judgment, rather than that of their realty experts, the Seagram executives deserve, in the cause of art, a special salute.

The Seagram building—which, landscaping and all, occupies an entire blockfront on Park Avenue and half the land between that street and Lexington Avenue—presents itself, first of all, as a single shaft of bronze and glass, thirty-eight stories high (set well back from both Park Avenue and the side streets), roughly a hundred and fifty feet wide and less than ninety feet deep, with five-story wings at either side, and, in the rear, a narrower ten-story wing, which is not visible from the Park Avenue front. Now, when other contemporary architects are still, thirty years later, imitating Mendelsohn's innovation of unbroken horizontal bands of wall and window or van der Rohe's all-glass façade boxed by steel, van der Rohe himself has gone back to Louis Sullivan's concept of the skyscraper as a "proud and soaring thing" and has designed one with unqualified emphasis on the vertical. The prototype of this building was van der Rohe's own project, nearly forty years old, for a glass skyscraper, but, apart from that, this tower is such a divergence from the mode of his Farnsworth house, his Illinois Institute of Technology, and his Lake Shore apartment houses that it must give all the little micelike Mieses who have been coming forth from the architectural schools a touch of panic, for this is not the particular academic cliché they have so sedulously identified

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with modern architecture. To make the departure even more unmodish, van der Rohe has also rejected the now standard thin, slab-shaped building, with its long sides acting as a wall that blocks off the vision of the beholder, and with its shallow layout offering a suggestion of openness that becomes insincere once sealed windows, air-conditioning, and day-long indoor lighting have been installed. In the development of van der Rohe, the Seagram building is almost as much of a departure for him as the chapel at Ronchamp was for Le Corbusier, but, unlike Ronchamp, the new building reveals no sloppy abandonment of discipline.

The upward movement of the unbroken central prism is accentuated by the use of narrow, vertical bronze fins, or mullions, not only to separate all the windows, which run from floor to ceiling, but to multiply the vertical lines that rise above the glass-walled ground floor right to the roof; even the bronze plates of the great columns that frame the Park Avenue entrance are incised with vertical lines. This sheathing is in direct contrast to the underlying structure, whose powerful frame, when bare, gave more visual weight to the horizontal beams than to the vertical columns. The windows are set in bays almost thirty feet wide between heavy columns, six windows to a bay, and the faces of the building, instead of being an expression of the structure, are frankly and boldly a mask, designed to give pleasure to the eye and to complement, rather than to reveal, the coarser structural form behind it. This is, after all, a logical treatment of the curtain wall, for the very nature of a curtain is to be detached from the structure, not to support it; if anyone should doubt this detachment, the barely visible segmentation of those vertical fins, to allow for the expansion and contraction of the metal they are made of, should settle the matter.

The original renderings of the building showed the floors, which the large windows make completely visible from without, lighter in tone than the metal panels between the banks of windows, and this suggested a contrast between the vertical and the horizontal elements of the structure, but that contrast is, fortunately, almost nonexistent in the finished product. Even the fluorescent-lighting fixtures in the ceilings, which might break the upward movement, are only dimly apparent; the glass, thanks to the happy choice of color—presenting a much pleasanter interior view than the usual blue-green glass

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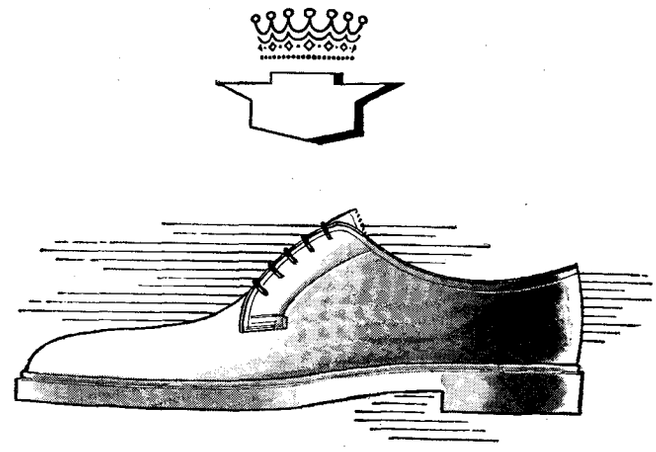

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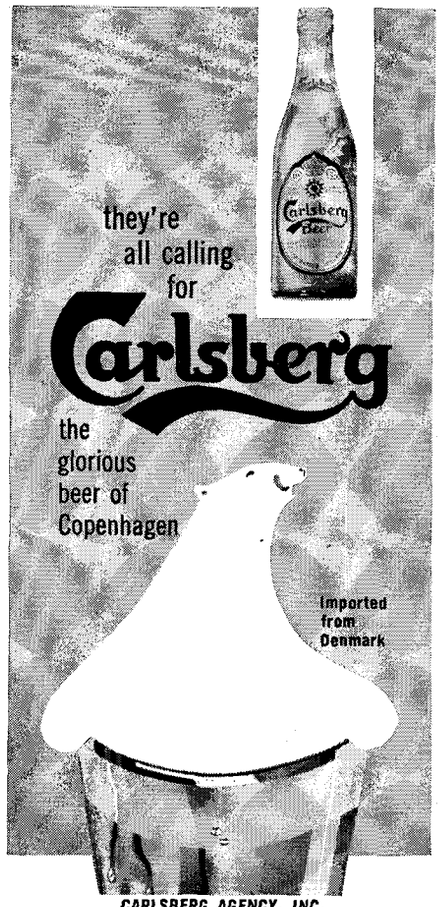

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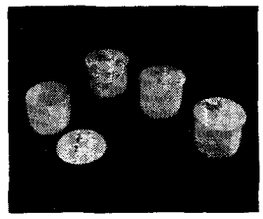

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would—carries through the sombre bronze note that unifies the whole façade. I shall come back to the color in a moment. But first let me note that no small part of the aesthetic impact of this façade derives from its undeviating austerity both in idea and in execution. There are only two departures from bronze and glass: the use of dull-green stone plaques in the vertical column of blank panels (in lieu of windows) that run all the way up the northeast and southeast corners of the tower—panels that conceal an elaborate complex of windbracing—and the use of unbroken dark bronze sheathing as the facing for the windowless top stories, where the mechanical equipment is housed. The central structure is a shaft and nothing but a shaft, straightforward in concept, solemn in color, sober in execution, a building whose absolute simplicity and consistency has only one rival I can call to mind—John Root's Monadnock Building (1889-91), in Chicago, the last of the great masonry skyscrapers, and one that is equally free from a meretricious use of color or ornament. Until 375 was finished, I had doubts about the use of dark bronze for sheathing; if any considerable area of the city were to blossom forth in this material, the total effect would be a bit depressing. But if one accepts the fact that this is not just another business building but a singular monument, that its aloof, aristocratic qualities are not likely to be often repeated in a city where—to resort to that classic confession of the realty financier—"money does not look ahead more than five years," this choice of dark bronze, meant to deepen in tone but not change, even under our heavy sootfall, is justified. Here is the effect that Raymond Hood aimed at, but did not quite achieve, in his design for the American Radiator Building, built of black brick, which faces Bryant Park. Van der Rohe's tower was designed to flout the fashions and to weather indifferently all changes, including changes in the weather. That choice, like the form itself, was one of the many lessons of the Master. The relief is almost as welcome as a serious and thoughtful face in a news photograph. (Whether the architect's intention will eventually be betrayed by the particular bronze alloy used for the facing is another matter, still, alas, in doubt.)

As one crosses the open plaza that intervenes between Park Avenue and the building, in a few steps one is lifted out of the street so completely that one has almost the illusion of having

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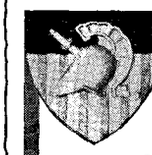
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climbed a long flight of stairs. One faces a vast, continuous wall of plate glass, two stories high, behind the columns that mark the entrance. This glass curtain encloses the ground floor but reveals the travertine-covered inner walls and the elevator shafts, all of which emphasize the transparency of the outer wall. The columns—six of them, square, covered in bronze, and striated by vertical lines a few inches apart—define the entrance with a becoming massiveness and dignity, which also increase the diaphanous air of the outer wall. A canopy above the entrance juts forward, with rectangular severity, to indicate the function of the opening and to bathe the space below, at night, with its inset lights. The pavement of the plaza, of granite divided into large, unemphatic squares, continues right into the building—no attempt here at a change of texture, at color, at irrelevant decoration; outside and inside are simply the same. The noble scale of the entrance is not just an outside pretense but an inside reality; again the clients showed themselves ready to sacrifice rentable space to achieve an aesthetic effect that does more to set this building apart than the most lavish murals or the most exuberant horticultural display. The serene effect of pure space itself, now vanished from the great railroad stations of New York, and even from the New York Public Library, has once again been recaptured; the design itself wars against the "noisy crowding up of things," which in the days of Rome's decadence sent men into the monastery to find visible peace and order. Even the black bands of the cove lighting in the lobby ceiling, which is of multi-toned gray mosaic, serve to point up, by their sharp contrast, the firm, undeviating integrity—and masculinity—of this design. Such purity and dignity are completely lacking in most contemporary metropolitan architecture, with its endeavor to humanize what is inhuman and to refine what remains so patently vulgar. One must almost go back to Palladio's San Giorgio Maggiore, in Venice, for anything like the same quality of mind and expression. Only at a single point is the purity of this design betrayed, and then by the very rigor of its execution. Since the side streets slope toward Lexington Avenue, the entrances from them are by way of a flight of steps covered with a glass canopy, of transparent glass and perilously elegant, and leading to revolving doors. But a transparent glass roof in New York is a drawing-board dream; even a daily hosing down of the canopy would not guar-

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antee a transparent surface a few hours later—and what looks dirtier than even slightly soiled glass? The lobby terminates in a glass wall, behind which a restaurant is destined to open. Of that spacious approach and that setting one can utter only this sentiment: May the food and the service be worthy of it!

SINCE this building was designed, first of all, to meet the needs of the corporation, producer of many whiskeys, that built it, one is tempted to appraise the quality of the corporation's own quarters, done directly under the eyes of the architects, and I turn aside from that beguiling path with reluctance, all the more because there is a certain warmth and fantasy in the decoration, of a sort that is usually absent from van der Rohe's almost surgically aseptic designs. However pure this building is, it is not a pure Mies building, and I am not sure that it is the worse for this. Purity, the perfection of a single aesthetic idea to the neglect of all the other human requirements that enter into a many-dimensioned work of architecture, has gradually developed into a grave weakness in van der Rohe's work—so grave, in fact, that it very nearly undermines his claim to being still a practitioner of architecture. (This vice is usually even more conspicuous in the work of his disciples, who come forth with waxen imitations of the Master's sterile white flowers.) Van der Rohe's famous motto, "Less is more," comes to mean, in the end, "Nothing is even better," so that he reaches in his later buildings the final terminus, where architecture dissolves into constructive sculpture and sculpture itself deliberately disappears into a geometric void. (At this point, it remains for Hans Andersen's little boy to remark that the Emperor wears no clothes.) The virtue of the flawless treatment of the structure of 375 lies precisely in the discipline it imposes upon those who must minister to other than formal aesthetic needs. I think none the worse of the decorators because they have covered one wall of the main Seagram reception office with glass cases in which a variety of liquor bottles form a repeating pattern (this is both an honest symbol and a handsome one), nor, on another floor, would I look down my nose at the abstract mural that turns out to be a chart of production flow in a Seagram plant, though I can well imagine that both these embellishments might cause van der Rohe exquisite pain. But it is the Miesian background that makes these and similar modifications so grateful to the eye—the textured woven-

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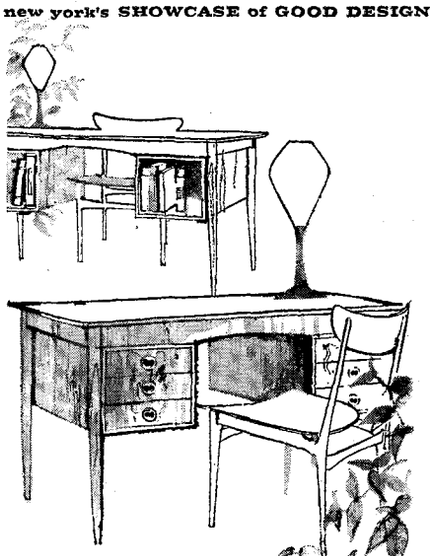

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bronze-wire and stainless-steel sheathing of the elevator interiors, the wood panelling of the conference rooms, the excellent lettering and numbering (at once small and bold), and even some of the abstract paintings. After a fast, the simplest meal has the effect of a feast. I have not yet had the opportunity to see how far his chaste example has influenced the people who designed other offices of the building.

It is at ground level, in the public spaces, that van der Rohe's sense of architectural order remains unqualified and supreme, and here again his lesson is a salutary one. The fact that 375 is set back from Park Avenue some ninety feet not merely makes it visible but makes it approachable, and the open plaza in front, plus the arbored green rectangles at the sides, gives the same satisfaction that the building itself does. This plaza is open without being formidable; the absence of any kind of ornament, except the tall bronze flagpole, seventy-five feet high, slightly to the right of the main entrance, and the fountains and rectangular, step-rimmed pools of water on either side, only emphasizes the quality of the space itself. In spite of the towering shaft, the plaza, thanks partly to the treatment of the ground floor, maintains the human scale, and its emptiness is a part of its serenity, while the impending tower itself disappears from the observer's field of vision. It needs no ornamental fixtures other than those it has in order to increase this human quality; all it needs—and it already has these, both by day and by night—is people capable of enjoying the primal aesthetic pleasures: ordered space, air, the spray of the fountains on one's face, and sunlight or the regal mixture of black and gold that greets one from the lighted building at night. Small plazas like this, if repeated often enough about the city, would accomplish more for recreation than thousands of distant wild acres hardly worth the effort of a crawling Sunday journey.

This post-Whistler nocturne, by public consensus, is perhaps the highest aesthetic achievement of the building, more than justifying its daytime reserve by its unexpected nighttime splendor. The nocturnal brilliance is enhanced by the amber window glass, which takes the curse of coldness off the fluorescent lights, and it gives one a hint of what such integral illumination, divorced from advertising, might do to enliven the townscape at night.

Unfortunately, the least error in such a simple design hurts like a splinter un-

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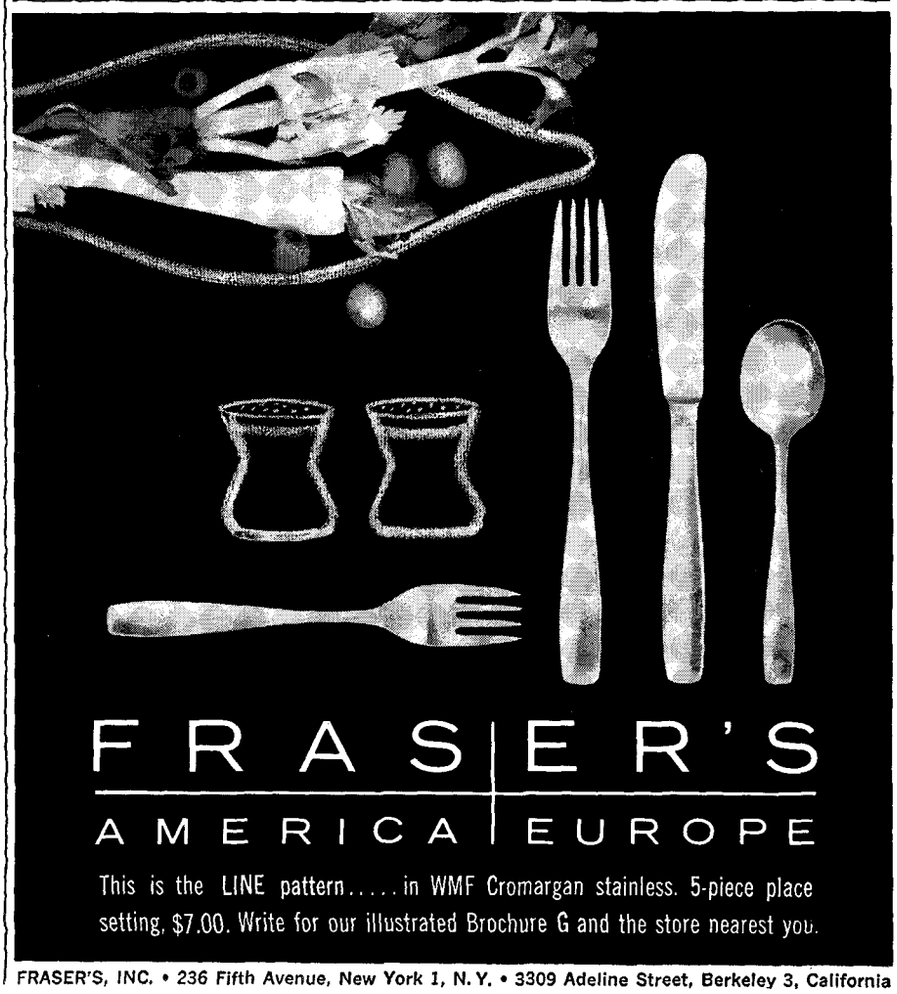

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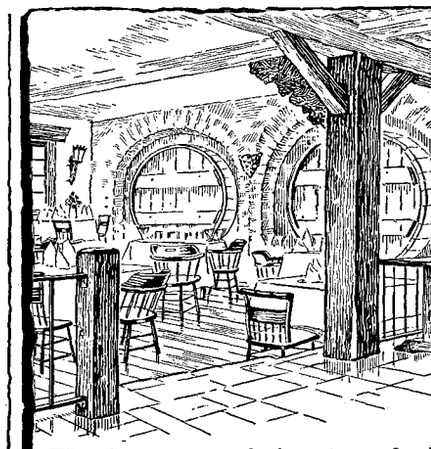
der one's fingernail, and there are two or three lapses that call for correction. One is a purely aesthetic error: the use of weeping beeches for ornamental greenery at either side of the building—beeches whose writhing forms (already, such is the New York climate, apparently in the agonies of death) seem closer to the spirit of Salvador Dali than to that of Mies van der Rohe. This is fashionable claptrap, which defiles the whole spirit of the design. Another error is a practical one. In creating this plaza, the architects beckoned the passerby to loaf and invite his soul, but they absurdly failed to provide any benches, which they no doubt thought might mar its spatial purity. Though the pools and the ivy-covered rectangular beds are edged by long marble walls, parallel to the side streets, the designers seemingly never imagined that they were thus providing a natural seat for those who would enjoy the play of water and air and green branches; as a result, one can find a seat only by stepping hazardously along the narrow stone rim of the pool. Grievous as this oversight is, it could be overcome merely by lowering the water in the pools until the next level in the step-rimmed basin emerges. This brings me to the final error, a strangely gross defect in a design as refined and costly as this one: the materials and execution of the pool and its fountains. The pools, composed of large, square granite slabs, are shallow, and it is obvious that some of the blocks have been defectively laid, for there are smudges of cement filling the cracks; even worse, the pipes that feed the jets are just so much raw plumbing. The fact that the workmanship, here so exposed, is not as impeccable as in the rest of the building, and that the pipes themselves are not concealed, seems almost beyond explanation. Where close contemplation demands perfect craftsmanship, such a failure becomes an aesthetic enormity.

IN appraising this design, I have confined myself to its manifest aesthetic qualities. I have not considered the practical and functional demands that must be integrated in any complete work of architecture, nor have I asked at what cost or sacrifice these aesthetic qualities were achieved. Like so much architecture of today, 375 falls into the category of the Pyramid—a building that exhausts every resource of art and engineering to create an imposing visible effect out of all proportion to its human significance. This error is not



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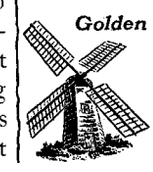

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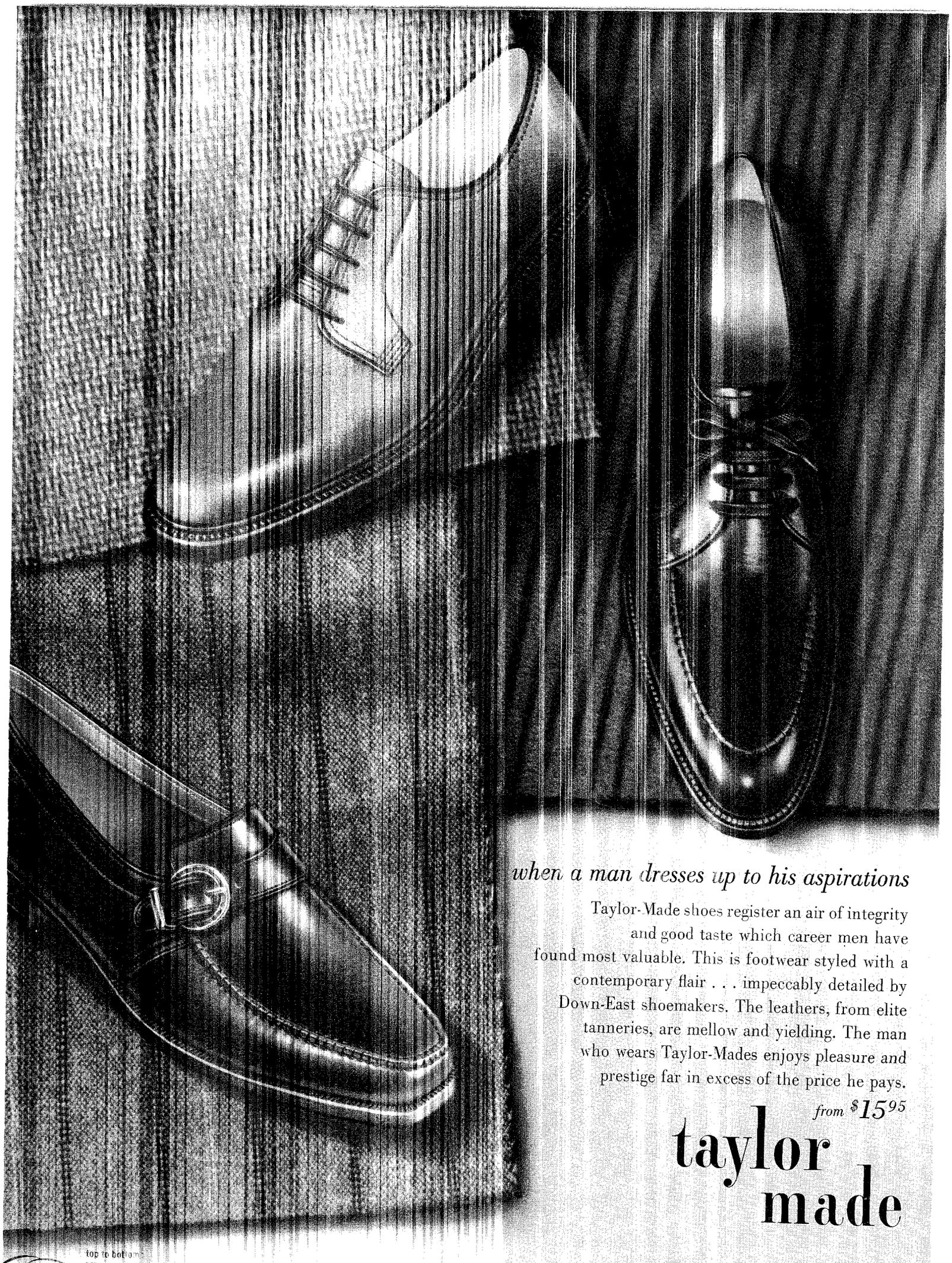

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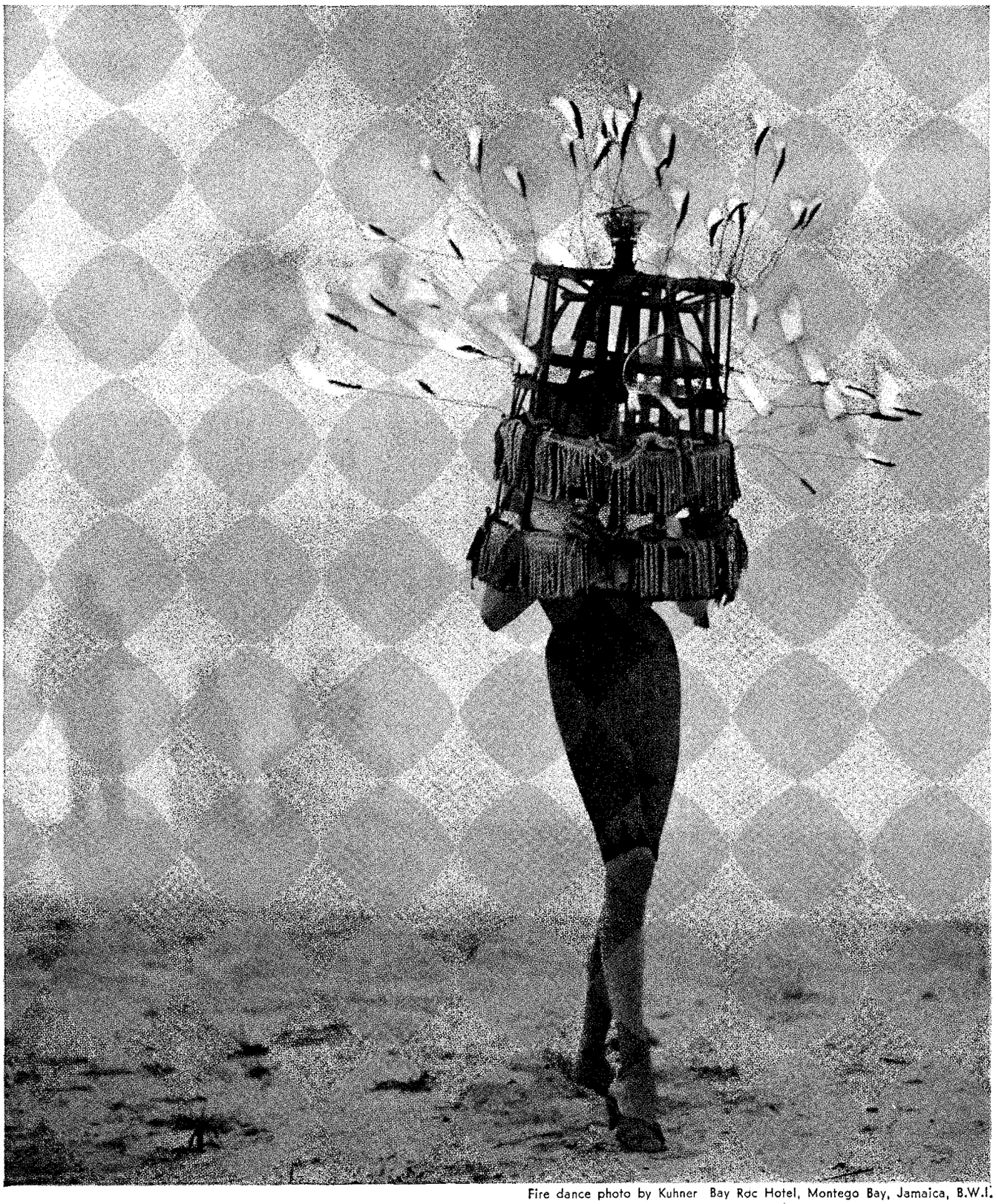

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the architects'; it characterizes our whole civilization, which now sacrifices on the altar of the bureaucratic functions and engineering services what it once gave, in awe and exaltation, only to divinities. What Mies van der Rohe has demonstrated in this building is how to do, with superb aesthetic aplomb and with all but unerring taste, what his colleagues do coarsely and clumsily, in a spirit of tepid compromise with forces to which they have surrendered all too complaisantly in advance. For once, an outstanding human personality got the better of a system that places a premium upon self-effacing conformity and impersonality. And the result is a building that will not be cheapened by imitation—as Lever House was so quickly, if unsubtly, caricatured by the building directly north of it on Fifty-fourth Street. Nevertheless, the thirty-eight-story Seagram tower, for all its prodigal disinclination to occupy every square inch of its site, has a few urban drawbacks. Its municipally sanctioned congestion of occupancy, its lack of visual outlook for all but the occupants of outside offices, its wasteful disproportion of elevator shafts to usable floor space, and its inevitable over-mechanization make it not a desirable model for the city of the future. Yet its positive qualities demonstrate what such a city might be, once whole blocks and quarters, themselves limited in height, were characterized by occasional towers that have the same cavalier attitude toward quick returns and high profits from the investment. Taken with all its inherent limitations, this seems to me the best skyscraper New York has seen since Hood's Daily News Building; in classic execution it towers above the doubled height of the Empire State Building, while its nearest later rival, Lever House, more package than Pyramid, looks curiously transitory and ephemeral when one turns from one to the other. Sombre, unsmiling, yet not grim, 375 is a muted masterpiece—but a masterpiece.

DURING the last few years, there has been a plethora of books explaining the ideas, beliefs, and principles of Frank Lloyd Wright and illustrating the exuberant products of his later years. Most of these books, for both good and ill, have come from Wright himself, and, except for his own highly subjective autobiography, there has been no exhaustive study of his life and work taken together. Either of these subjects would be a plenitude, but I am happy to report that they have at last been put together in a monumental study, whose

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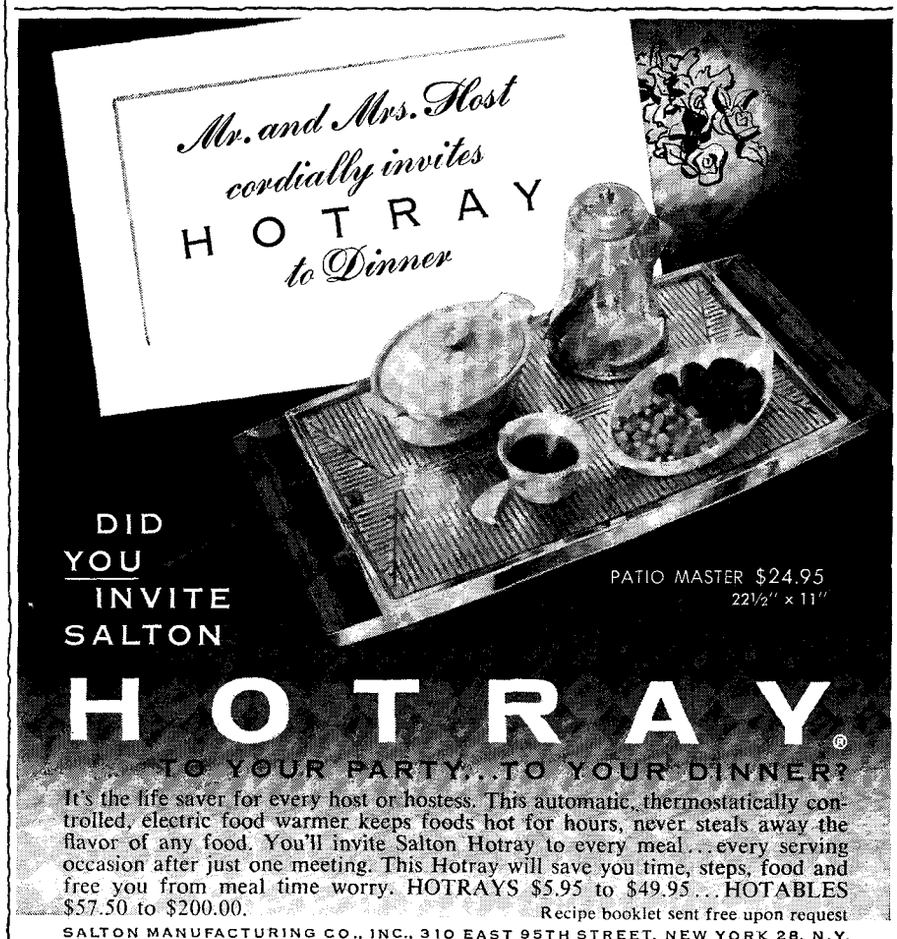

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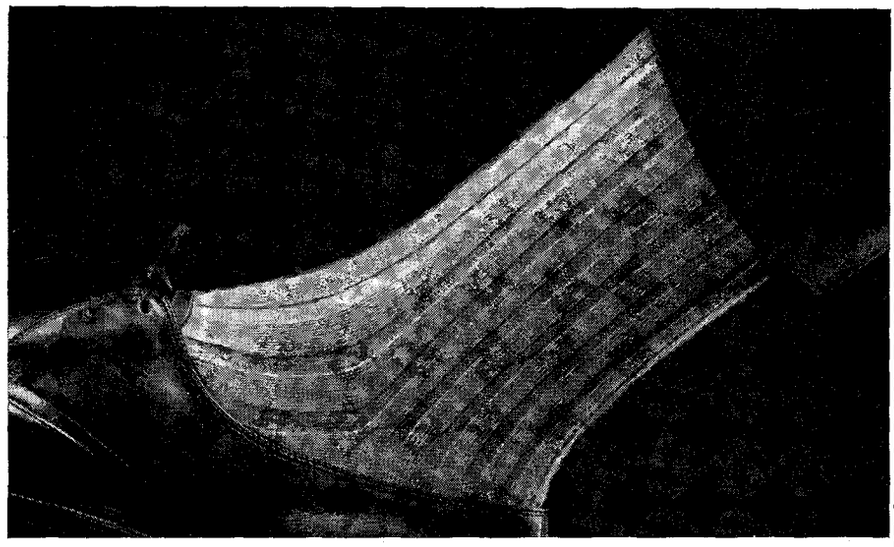

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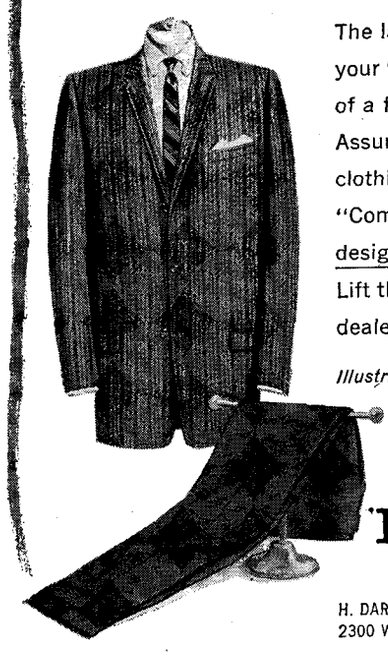

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first volume recently appeared—"Frank Lloyd Wright to 1910" (Reinhold), the first section of a projected three-volume work by Grant C. Manson. As both a painstaking historian and biographer and a discerning critic, Professor Manson has solidly documented not only Wright's buildings but Wright's life—an achievement that places everyone who is interested either in Wright or in the development of American architecture in his debt. Do not be daunted by the somewhat parsimonious format of this book, compared with Wright's own productions; the value is in the thought, and when the second and third volumes appear, this will turn out, I expect, to be the classic assize of this audacious and inexhaustible genius, more copiously creative at eighty-nine than his many contemporaries who at half that age have reached the snowline of their ascent.

—Lewis Mumford

•

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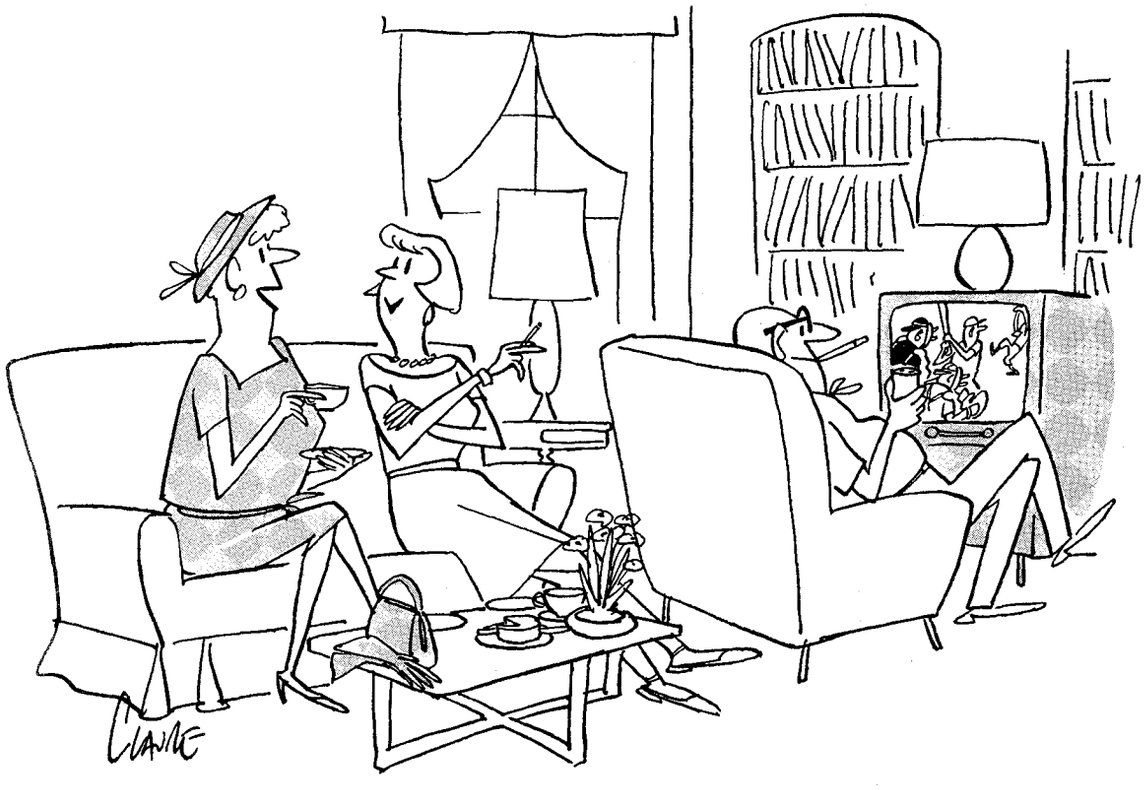
BOOKS

The Bitter Truth

"THE SECRET OF LUCA" (Harper) is a strong and beautiful novel by Ignazio Silone, the author of "Fontamara" and of that brilliant analysis of both the European and the American forms of Fascism called "The School for Dictators." "Fontamara," it will be recalled, was the terse tragicomedy of the exploitation of the brutal necessities weighing on an Italian village by careerist politicians, who promised the *contadini* a new world and ended by stealing even their water supply for the benefit of a neighboring landowner. It was a materialist fable, which represented that the character of village life is shaped and controlled by hunger and need—hunger for food and for land to grow it on and for water to irrigate the land, need for shelter and for fuel. The implication was that if the landowner were to let the people of Fontamara have their fair share of this land and the water that went with it, and if the politicians were to become sincere and to offer less and accomplish more, the village would be a changed place, inhabited by a gentle and kindly people. "The School for Dictators" had a similar theme, or at least a similar underlying belief in human reasonableness. It took the form of a series of conversations between an American politician who had come to Europe to learn the secrets of bringing a Fascist party into power, his adviser, and a European student of their techniques. Silone described the sort of lies with which the Fascists had succeeded in Italy and Germany, and the sort that had failed them elsewhere. The recipe for success, he pointed out, was the detection of the areas of unreason in the mass mind in which prejudice and shibboleth would produce automatic responses, and a constant and clamorous harping on certain ideas after those areas were found. At the end of the conversations, the conclusion was reached that anyone who proposed himself to the American people as a Fascist would have no chance of success; he would have to come forward as a defender of democracy. The book, written in the thirties, made an astonishingly accurate forecast of the pattern of the attack during the last decade on the liberals, and on the Bill of Rights, conducted in the name of Americanism by the McCarthyites and by more powerful and more enduring groups. But beneath the brilliant study of Fascist technique there was an insecure foundation—the belief that if people were given a fair share of the world's goods, leisure, and security, they would become immune to the blandishments of propagandists with corrupt motives.

This illusion appears to have been the product of Silone's close engagement in the struggle, which must have appeared an almost impossible one, against Mussolini's regime. The chances of victory, in the years of Fascist success, were so remote that it was perhaps necessary to nourish extravagant hopes in order to make it possible to continue the fight. Be that as it may, all was not sweetness and light after the regime collapsed; when the debris of Fascism was removed from the scene, it was obvious that very little had changed. All the primitive fears and greeds that enslave men in their brutishness operated as powerfully as ever, and the struggle for a world ruled by gentleness and kindliness seemed as hopeless as ever. The liberated were less eager to enjoy their regained liberties than to pay off old scores, and it became apparent that these old scores related to deeper enmities and rivalries than those that could be generated by politics. Could it be that Fascism was not a force that generated cruelty and injustice, and that perverted men, but was merely a device for capturing the wild horses in the human heart and harnessing them to a political machine? Behind that question lay sleeping the larger ones that are the issue between Romanticism and Classicism. Is man a naturally good being, dwarfed and deformed by social injustice, who needs only freedom to show himself at his best? Or is he an inherently vile one, who can be coerced into the paths of virtue and decency only by organizations powerful enough to combat his instinctive preference for disorder and confusion?

Silone, a Romantic at the outset, was shaken by the collapse of the Fascist straw tiger; it brought him—or the ideal man of good will in his imagination—up against the profound hostility of ordi-



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nary people free to behave as they liked. They did not wish to be called into the company of the saints and asked to live beyond their moral means; they did not want to be hustled off to the immense task of making a better world. They wanted to be let alone, so that they could acquire for themselves and their families the best of the world with which they were familiar. If that best could be acquired only at someone else's expense, that was too bad, but what is in the nature of things cannot be helped. In a mood of acute disillusionment, Silone wrote a group of novels—among them "The Seed Beneath the Snow" and "A Handful of Blackberries"—beautiful, distinguished, and almost unbearably sad books that express the defeat of idealism by something obdurate and unyielding in Italian village life. In each of them, an outsider perishes of the rejection of his good will by those who are dedicated to harshness because it seems to them that any weakening of their grasp on what little they have must be fatal. They hold on to their misery as if it were life itself, because *la miseria* is the only life they know. They are cruel and unjust because cruelty and injustice seem to be the terms of their survival. Above all, they cannot believe in their freedom to be anything but what they are. They destroy Silone's idealist heroes by their stubborn refusal to leave their familiar world of animal necessity for the world of spirit and courage, in which they might become even lonelier men.

"The Secret of Luca," which follows this group of novels, all of them indicating the disillusionment of a political writer who had hoped for quick triumphs and measurable results, is the first novel to indicate a further change in Silone's attitude. It chooses a rational position between the absolutes of the Romantic and Classical concepts. Man is an animal, with an animal's egotism, but he can, by an unending struggle with himself, achieve nobility. Andrea Cipriani, the hero of this new novel, has left his native village of Cisterna dei Marsi and gone out into the world, where he has made a success of politics and has acquired the desire for neat labels and precise definitions that marks the abstract thinker. He is obsessed by the case of Luca Sabatini, another inhabitant of Cisterna, who, years before, was sentenced to life imprisonment for a murder he didn't commit. There is some mystery in it; Luca refused to testify in his own defense, and though the villagers knew that he was innocent, none of them came forward to speak for him. It is clear to Andrea

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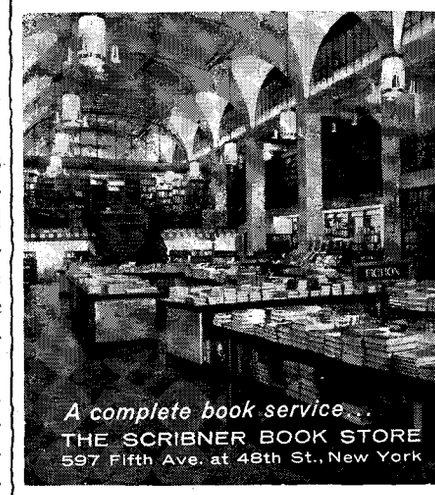

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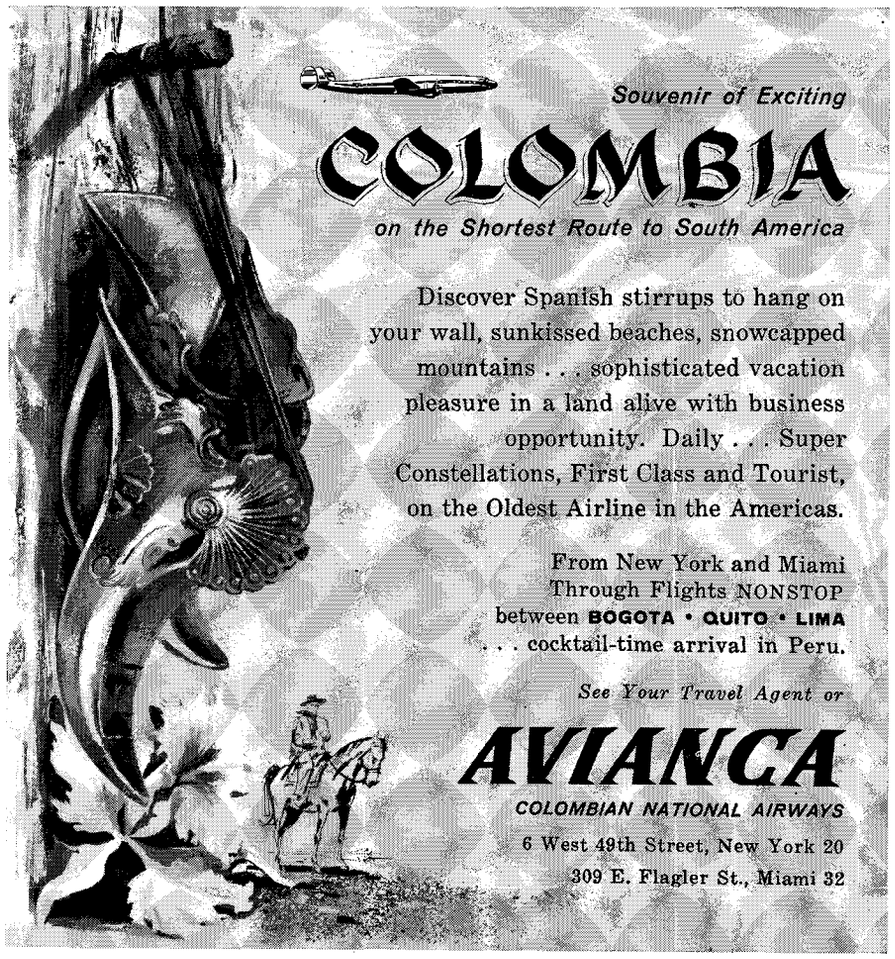
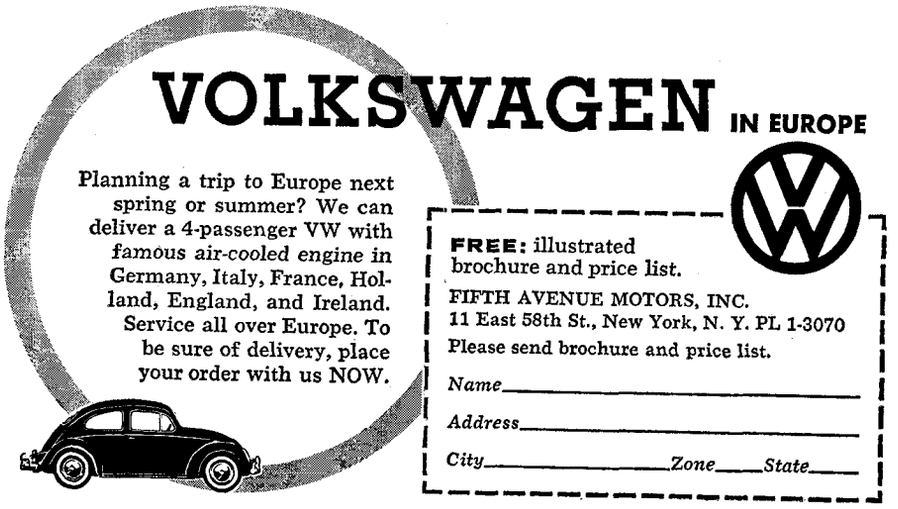
that injustice has been done. He returns to Cisterna when Luca, finally released from prison, also returns. Luca's arrival is an embarrassment to everybody. Since a recognition of his innocence was the cause of his release, he is a reminder to all the local officials of the fallibility of the whole apparatus for upholding and enforcing the law, while the villagers are afraid of him as people are afraid of those they have wronged. The district is solidly against Andrea when he starts to question Luca and everybody else concerned, in order to find out what really happened, to assign blame, and to organize some public atonement. The scene is set for the familiar Silone story of the defeat of the man of good will. But this time it is different. Andrea is not defeated; he is educated by Luca. He learns that the machinery of justice has mangled Luca's life because its basis is an abstract idealism as arbitrary and as unrelated to the reality of human nature as Andrea's own; it has treated Luca no better than has the village, which, with its prejudices and its conventions, is simply another piece of social machinery dedicated to the service of a common good at the expense of the individual. Luca's real crime was against the collective life of the village—a breach of custom that his integrity forced him to commit. He could have defended himself in the law courts only by the impermissible brutality of offering up the secrets of the inner lives of his dearest friends as a sacrifice for his own benefit. Luca's secret is that he has manufactured his own fate, that there is no one to blame for it but himself, and that the inevitable price of a devotion to virtue and integrity is isolation. Social machines, from villages on up to national judicial systems, are for compromises and forgetting; they are served by group men and by the numberless flock that want comfort and an easy time, and no amount of persuasion will make them moral instruments for saving men's souls. A man's soul is his own business, with which no society or organization can give him any help; only his will to be better than the fear- and greed-driven members of the human herd can make him so. Andrea learns, too, that it is the greatest of crimes to inflict the pattern of one's private salvation upon other people, and that his desire to punish the village for what has been done to Luca is essentially corrupt. In trying to understand Luca and the motives of the villagers who remained silent, he is on the right path; in trying to assign blame and in talking of atonement, he is on the path that has, in this case, made the machinery of justice a blind instru-





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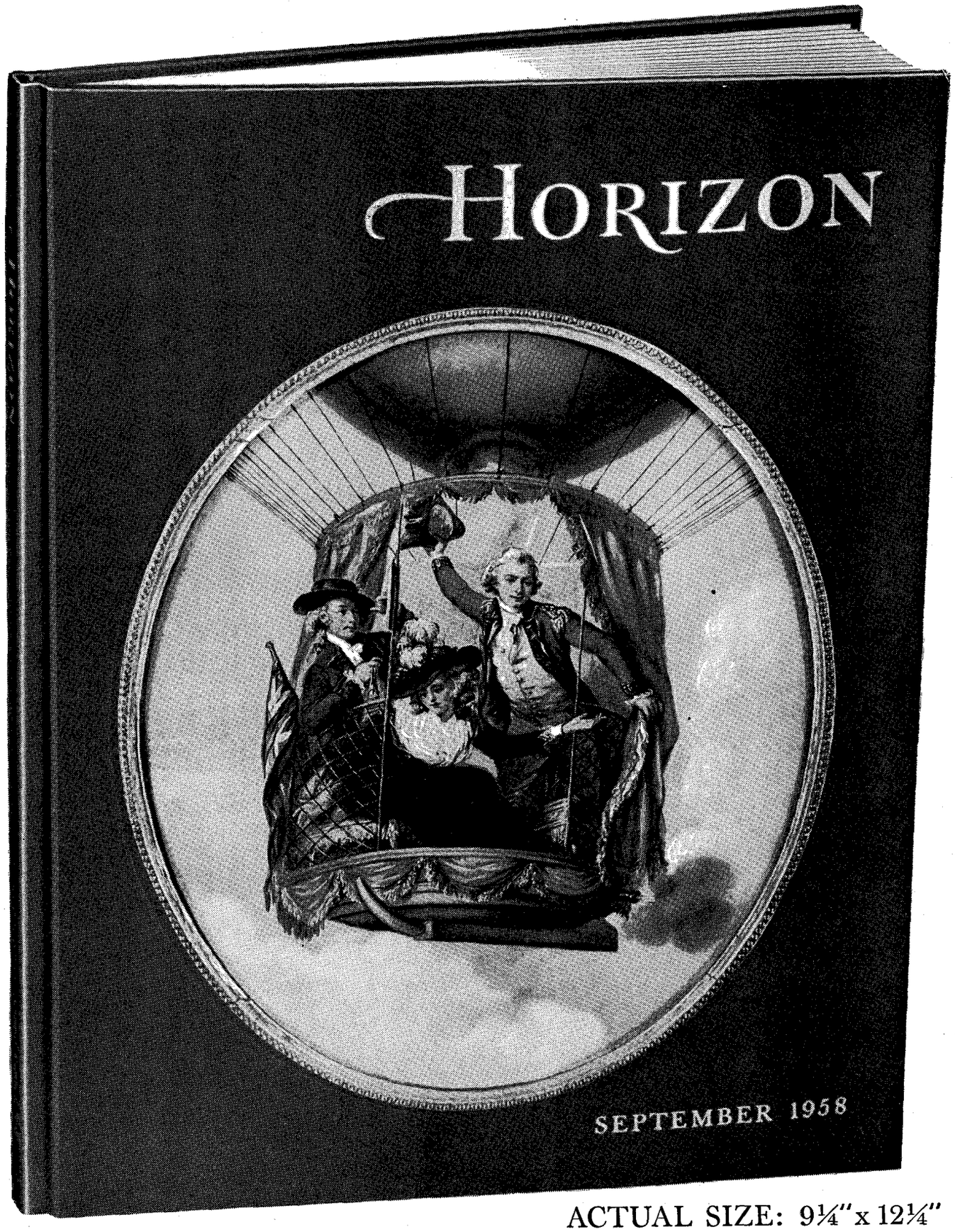

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ment of tyranny. He recognizes that his desire to impose his own standards of morality upon Cisterna dei Marsi derives from his fear of the place and its people, and that his morality is the image of his fears. He leaves, having accomplished nothing for Luca Sabatini, but having at least reached the point of being capable of an act of disinterested kindness and of realizing that this is more important for himself and the village, and for a full justification of Luca's existence. He has done some good in the only way a man can do it, by being true to himself and offering an example.

THE translator of Carlo Levi's Sicilian sketchbook "Words Are Stones" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) has ably captured in English the metallic flash and glitter of first-rate Italian journalism. Levi's series of descriptive pieces, which deal with such things as Mayor Impellitteri's visit to his Sicilian birthplace of Isnello, an industrial dispute, and a Maffia murder of a peasant leader, are reporting of the highest quality. American reporters invest heavily in the nature of the event, and its drama, as the explanation of the event itself; the Italian correspondent builds, from the background, a picture of the continuum in which the event has its logical place. Thus, the Mayor hardly ever appears in the account of his visit; what is described is the impact of the idea of the visit on the normal life of Isnello. And in the case of the Maffia assassination the actual killing is much less important than the presentation of the harsh terms of the conflict involving the great landlords, their Maffia hirelings, and the peasants, which has continued through centuries. With words like razor blades, Levi creates the actuality of a struggle in which men are left, with disfigured faces, lying in pools of their own blood, as warnings to one set of men that they must endure hunger, want, and disease so that others may live graciously and comfortably. It is a stirring and instructive book, which should raise some doubts in the minds of those attracted by the beguiling dilettante literature that presents the island of Sicily as a species of sun-drenched refuge of a happy paganism.

—ANTHONY WEST

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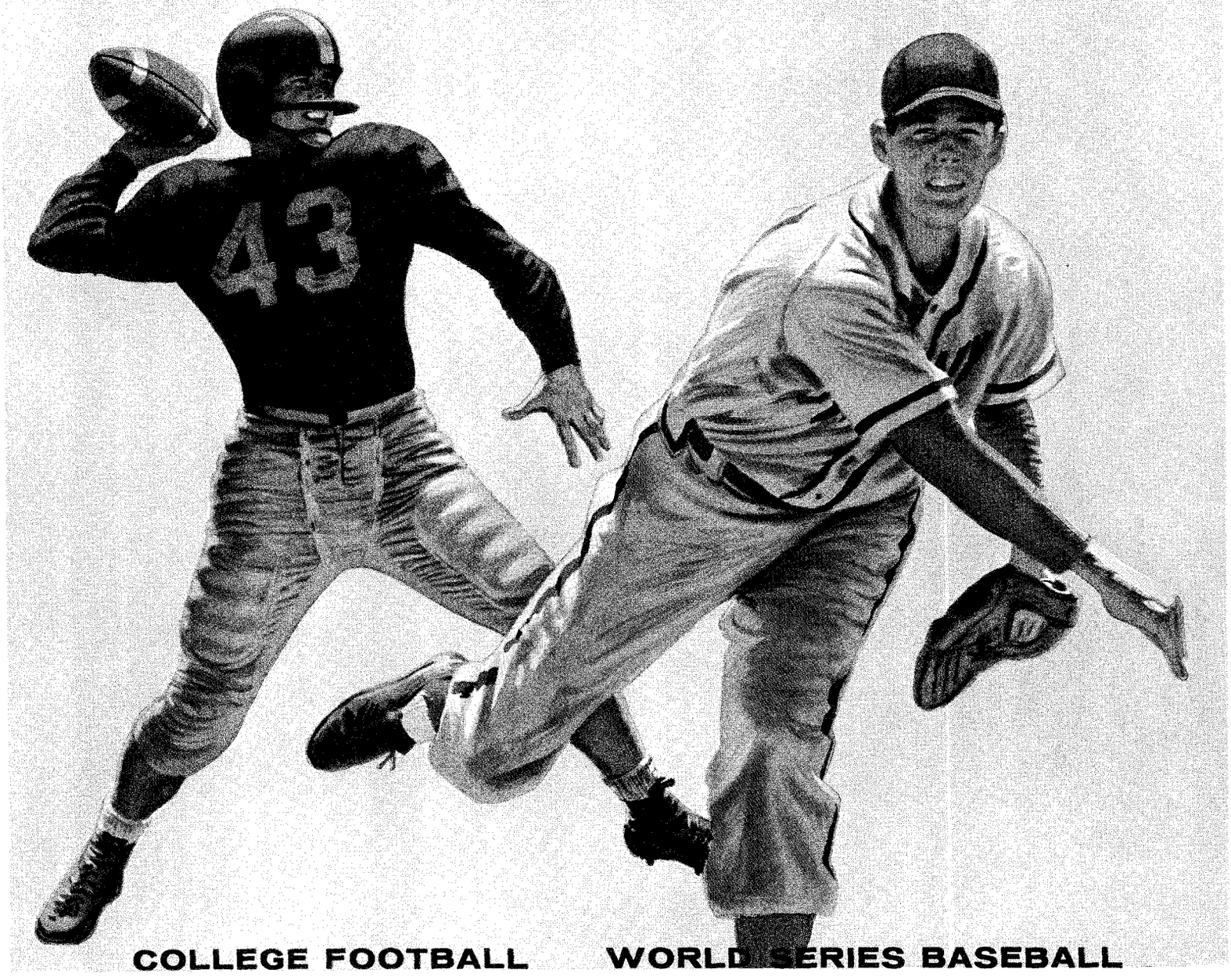

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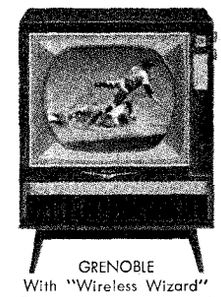

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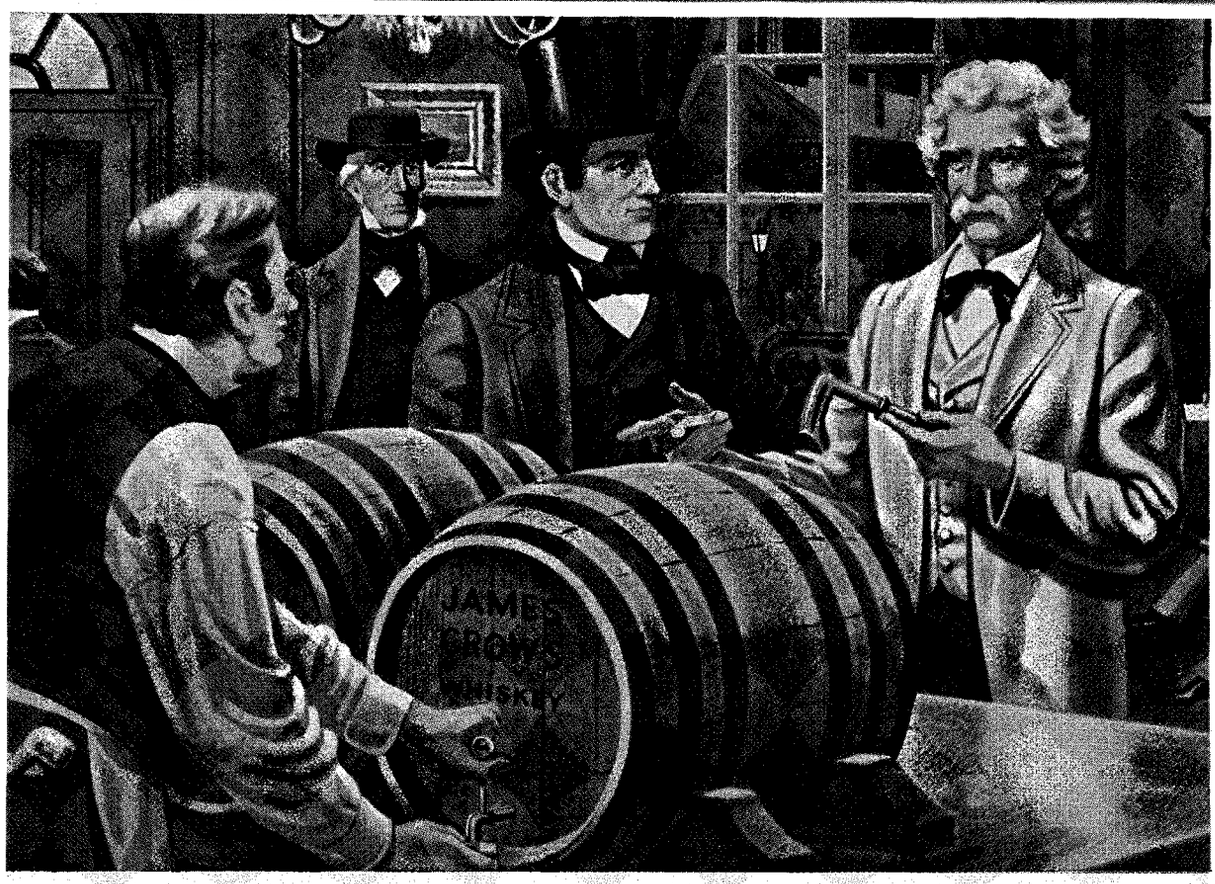

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tered publication alone. A recent pamphlet, "Poetry To-day," written by Geoffrey Moore for the British Council and the National Book League (Longmans, Green), is therefore particularly interesting and valuable at the moment, because it gives an admirably concise account of the poetic scene in England between 1950 and 1957. Mr. Moore, surveying the situation broadly, has come to the conclusion that poetry in Britain is at present in full new bud, if not in flower. Shifts in social and cultural conditions have brought about changes in the poet's material and point of view. And the youngest generation (at least the poets belonging to what has come to be known as the Movement) have taken to heart Sir Herbert Read's requirement for poetry written in the fifties of this century: "It should not raise its voice."

The Movement started out with three members—John Wain, Kingsley Amis (a conjunction with the Angry Young Men group occurs here), and Philip Larkin. Other names were soon added, since it rapidly became apparent that a certain like-mindedness existed among the young in the university-intellectual world. The influence of two older poets, Robert Graves and William Empson, and of the late George Orwell was soon evident. Stress was put on intellectual virtues—upon detachment, irony, and common sense; upon honesty and integrity. They distrust, Moore goes on to say, all large systems of thought; they state what they know and feel personally, however much the statements stand against the traditional, respectable grain. But, he adds, they often fail to satisfy, owing to an inability to accept genuine ideals and emotions, because they are nauseated by false ones.

These limitations show up to rather a marked degree in John Wain's "A Word Carved on a Sill" (the title comes from Graves), recently published here by St. Martin's Press. Wain writes with the utmost neatness and restraint; he is fond almost to addiction of crisp *terza rima* and the artful villanelle. Romantic subject matter is bypassed with care, and although human feeling of a mild kind and various items of the natural world are not absent, they are present in the most incidental way. Kingsley Amis's "A Case of Samples: Poems 1946-1956" (Harcourt, Brace) is a collection edged with a penetrating cynicism that is broken into only rarely by something approaching tenderness and more often by a wild humor. Amis is technically less stiff than Wain, and

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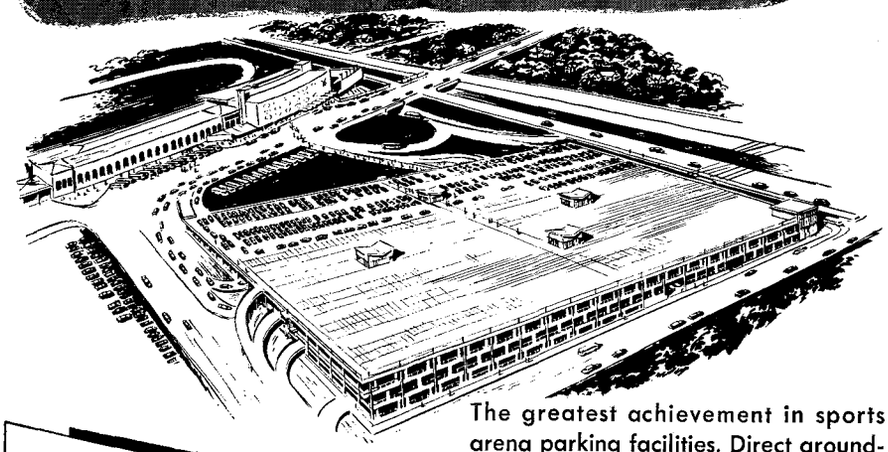

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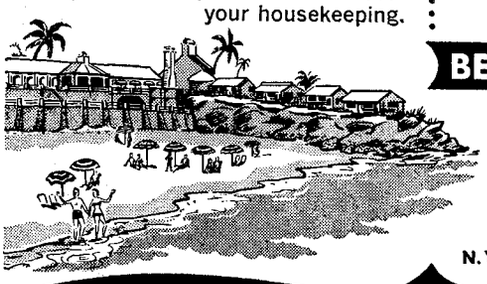

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he is able to use the severe forms of light verse to express a far from light content. He, too, is bitterly unromantic and takes a tough attitude toward love, and his dislike of what he considers base types sometimes goes over the line dividing spleen from venom. Philip Larkin, whose "The Less Deceived" (St. Martin's Press), a volume of poems written since 1945, was published in America this spring, has for some time been considered the most gifted poet of his generation. Larkin is a true dramatic lyricist, of the kind that modern poetry, with its emphasis on dramatic presentation, has fostered. His manner has been compared to Hardy's, and it is true that he walks straight into his chosen situations and works them through step by step with Hardian bluntness. Such an approach makes for an order that at times seems merely logical, and Larkin's poetry has been criticized for being "non-evocative." This criticism does not take into account the rightness of his epithets, which are always at the center of the matter; they have been aimed, and they hit their mark. He has completely escaped the dry and flippant excesses of some of his contemporaries; he tells the truth without resorting to the aid of wry smiles or captious allusions. If he recognizes limits, he also, it is clear, apprehends depths.

ONE would think that truthtelling was rigidly confined to the young. As a matter of fact, a good many difficult and complicated truths have been uttered during the postwar period by poets of the war and prewar generations. Moore brings this out when he speaks of the poetry of Roy Fuller, a member of the group of Englishmen who began to write during the war. Fuller's recent "Brutus's Orchard" (Macmillan) is a book of the utmost technical distinction, but the reader is soon made aware that he is being spoken to by a poet with a firm sense of life's tragic ironies, great and small—by one who can detect, through everyday appearance, the stain left upon existence (to use a thoroughly "large" figure) by "chaos and old night." The illusion of actual face-to-face speech is very strong from the first page to the last, and the details are so sharply indicated that one is drawn without difficulty through image and symbol to concept and conclusion, while the development of theme and of emotion gains by Fuller's habitual understatement. There are no disguised trivialities here; Fuller is dealing not only with the world of modern man

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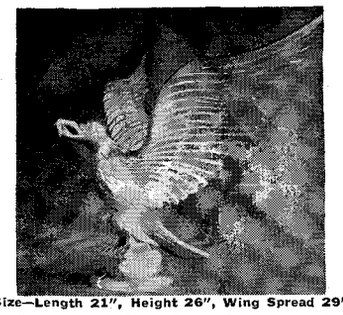

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but with the heart of experience and the terror and mystery of life. The volume, beautifully produced and printed, certainly stands as a manifestation of modern poetry in English in full complex vigor, and as far as truthtelling is concerned, the young have an example to emulate. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CAUTIOUS HEART, by William Sansom (Reynal). A perfectly credible love story with a perfectly credible happy ending. The scene is London, the time the present. The lovers are old enough to be leery of grand romantic commitments, and they are further divided by the constant demands of a fairly complicated spiv, whom the hero loathes and the heroine insists on supporting, and whose presence almost, but not quite, creates the classic triangle. Mr. Sansom records his couple's progress from doubting to trusting each other with sympathy and a most appealing tenderness.

WARLOCK, by Oakley Hall (Viking). Warlock is a small Southwestern ranching and mining town, its dusty main street the wooden-front Armageddon so familiar to television viewers. Its inhabitants are largely familiar, too, for the novel is a moderately pretentious adult Western. In the cast are a top gun working on the side of law and order, who nonetheless questions the rightfulness of gunfighting; his cynical sidekick, a gambler; a prostitute of profound feelings; an assortment of townsmen, who doubt or envy or try to imitate the gunman's courage; an indecisive villain, a rustler who worries about his unpopularity; and the villain's henchmen, most of them nice boys who have fallen into bad company. While the gunman is trying to put down the rustlers, the silver miners go out on strike, introducing a third force into the standard Western plot and adding an immense amount of violence to an already very bloody story. Between shots, some of the characters debate law and ethics, while others discuss the technique of collective bargaining, but the most enlightening lecture of all is the gunfighter's advice on the fast draw.

SWEAR BY APOLLO, by Shirley Barker (Random House). The year is 1773. Randall Woodbury—handsome, earnest, and newly widowed—travels from his home in New Hamp-

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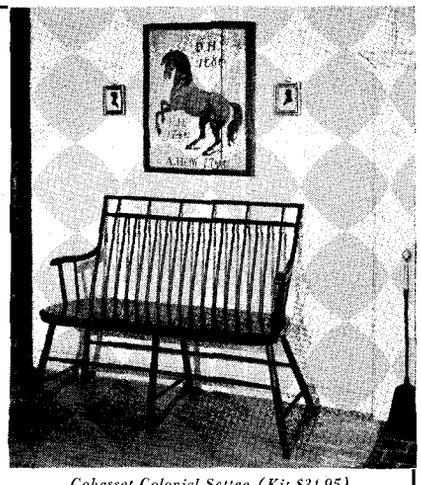

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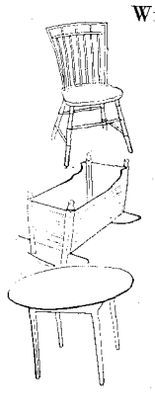

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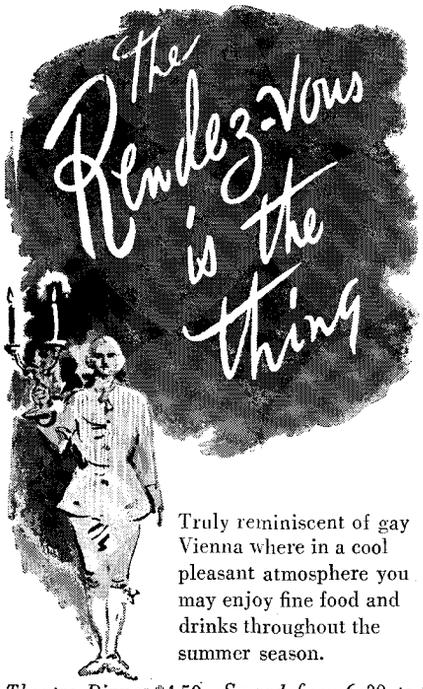
shire to Edinburgh to study medicine and also to forget his grief. Miss Barker describes Randall's Scottish adventures with solemnity, care, and not much talent. A Literary Guild selection.

NOTE: Harper has published "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," a volume of eight short stories by John Cheever. Seven of them originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE TROUBLE MAKERS: DISSENT OVER FOREIGN POLICY, 1792-1939, by A. J. P. Taylor (Indiana University Press). "The one continuous thing in British [foreign] policy," Mr. Taylor says, "is not that it has been universally accepted, but that there has always been disagreement, controversy, about it." This book is a study of successive generations of Englishmen who, while orthodox Whigs and Tories alternated in office, stood off, powerless, to the Left and insisted that both major parties' foreign policies were outrageous. Sometimes Mr. Taylor's troublemakers wanted peace (they opposed the war against Napoleon), and sometimes war (after 1830 they wanted to fight Russia to free Poland, but by 1854, when England *did* fight Russia, they wanted peace again). They are historically important, Mr. Taylor points out, because their views, which were invariably first received with scorn, were almost as invariably adopted, sooner or later, by the majority of Englishmen, and by the Foreign Office, too. The author, a well-known historian, is a witty writer with an admitted bias in favor of his cantankerous subjects; nevertheless, he includes evidence to show that the dissenting minority has been on occasion just as dim-witted (in 1936 it opposed Fascism abroad and rearmament at home) as the great big blundering majorities it chivied.

THE ROAD TO MAYERLING, by Richard Barkeley (St. Martin's). If this book does nothing else, it should forever remove the deaths of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Baroness Mary Vetsera, at Mayerling, on January 30, 1889, from the sticky annals of Sunday-supplement romance. Rudolph may have been sick when he shot his compliant young mistress and then turned his pistol on himself, but his sickness was not, Mr. Barkeley makes indisputably clear, one that had anything to do



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with love. It was far more complicated than that. Rudolph, he demonstrates, was neither a melodramatic sentimentalist nor (as his enemies tried so hard to pretend) an empty-headed debauchee but a man of keen intellect, remarkable political vision, and intense patriotic ambition, who was fatally frustrated by his father's obtuse refusal to allow him any responsible role in the affairs of the tottering Empire. "He could not live the ordinary skirt-chasing, hard-drinking, empty life of most of the Archdukes," Mr. Barkeley suggests, "and, as he was not allowed to lead any other, he had to perish. . . . Rudolph was killed by despair." A most perceptive study. Contemporary photographs.

WAI-WAI: THROUGH THE FORESTS NORTH OF THE AMAZON, by Nicholas Guppy (Dutton). The author, whose paternal grandfather gave his name to the most popular of all tropical aquarium fish, is an English botanist who recently served a long hitch in British Guiana as a member of the colonial service. He here describes a brutal journey of exploration (undertaken in the uncertain company of "three Mawayáns, a Taruma, an Emayena, a Wai-Wai, two Arawaks, three Wapisianas . . . a half-breed—part Hindu, part Arawak, with dashes of Portuguese and negro . . . and an Englishman of French Huguenot descent") among the remoter Indian tribes that roam the still wholly uncharted immensity of river, marsh, and jungle along the Guiana-Brazil border. The result, for the most part, is a rather standard wilderness adventure, though it should be added that, like so many English scientists, Mr. Guppy writes extremely well. He also has strong feelings about the impact of progress on primitive peoples, which give his book a bite and point of view: "It is hard to say, of all those who form the vanguard of civilization—prospectors, balata bleeders, traders, officials, ranchers, missionaries—which are the most destructive. Probably the missionaries, for even when they view their flocks with love, as human beings and not as sinners and outragers of decency, their aim is to overthrow everything that is fundamental in the heathens' beliefs and ways of life. . . . The joy goes out of [the Indians'] existence."

NOTES FROM THE WARSAW GHETTO: THE JOURNAL OF EMMANUEL

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Ringelblum, translated from the Hebrew and edited, with an introduction, by Jacob Sloan (McGraw-Hill). This grisly document is the work of one of the four hundred thousand Polish Jews who died (of blows, bullets, disease, or hunger) in or near Warsaw during the Nazi occupation. It was found some years after the war in what was left of the infamous ghetto; Ringelblum had buried it, in two sections, some months before his death (and the death of his wife and young son), at the hands of a German firing squad, on March 7, 1944. The journal records—impersonally, objectively, and horrifyingly—the systematic humiliation and extermination of the Jewish community between February, 1940, and June, 1942. It also records—even more horrifyingly—the activities of the Jews who enriched themselves at the expense of their fellows as profiteers in food and medicine, as informers, and as volunteer Nazis. Ringelblum never comments. He merely reports ("The Others threw a woman out of a moving streetcar," "In the camp near S., They ordered a party of prisoners to clean the toilets with their bare hands," "They ordered the Jewish Council to pay for the benzine They used to set fire to the synagogue," "Only poor Jews are doing compulsory labor; the rich twist out of it," "An eight-year-old child went mad. Screamed, 'I want to steal, I want to rob, I want to eat, I want to be a German' "), leaving it to us, and to posterity, to interpret—to face the facts as best we can. The publishers have provided a first-rate end-paper map of the ghetto.

Look Toward the Sea, by Frank Baines (Dutton). Vivid recollections of a disjointed childhood. The author's father, for reasons that he never explained to his son (and that, consequently, are never explained to the reader), kept two disparate establishments—a magnificent estate in Cornwall and a seedy flat in London. The first half of this book—the author's memories of Cornwall—is original, direct, funny, and wonderfully joyous. The second half, which deals with London, schools, and visits to the poor side of the family, is not as successful; the author's discomfort in these less exalted settings seems routine English snobbery, and in them he loses his Cornish gaiety and becomes the perpetually misunderstood youngster—a character

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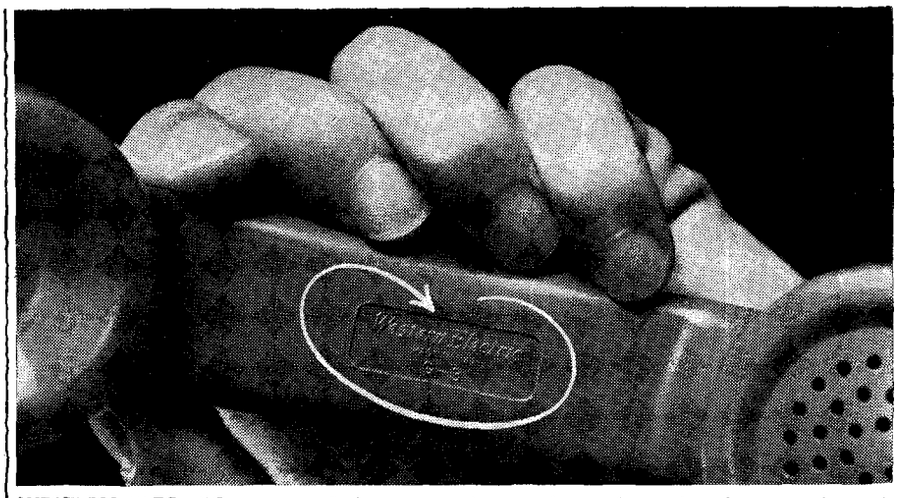
as stock as Punch, though less amusing.

KING MOB, by Christopher Hibbert (World). Another period shocker by the young English raconteur who introduced himself so ferociously a year or two ago with "The Road to Tyburn." His subject this time is the red-haired, wild-eyed, egocentric liberal Lord George Gordon, whose foolhardy leadership of the Protestant opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill touched off the week-long London Riots of June, 1780 (in the course of which the mob opened all the city's prisons, broke into dozens of breweries and distilleries, fired hundreds of buildings, including many Catholic chapels, and even attempted to force the Bank of England), and who died in 1793 in Newgate, a convert to the Jewish faith, under the name of Israel bar Abraham George Gordon. A fine, flamboyant entertainment. Illustrated with contemporary portraits and drawings.

PRINCE OF CARPETBAGGERS, by Jonathan Daniels (Lippincott). A lively life of Milton Smith Littlefield, an upstate New York Yankee who plunged into the Civil War as captain of a company of Illinois Wide Awakes, rose to military distinction (with the help of a favorable press) as a brevet brigadier general in command of Negro troops, and, when the victory celebrations were over, headed back South to deal in nonexistent timber, oil, and railroads. "Prince" is perhaps not a fitting title to confer on General Littlefield, for while he was a man of great charm, great eloquence, and great presence, he failed (unlike so many others, including a good number of hastily reconstructed Southerners) to make his fortune, and ended his life detested everywhere and dependent for his keep on the charity of a son. Still, Mr. Daniels' exaggerated notion of his subject's perfidy has not prevented him from giving us an excellent portrait of a struggling forerunner of the now wholly triumphant amoral American materialist.

FLOWER CHRONICLES, by Buckner Hollingsworth (Rutgers). These chronicles of fifteen common garden flowers—the rose, the iris, the tulip, and so on—trace the origins and travels of the flowers and describe the uses to which they have been put over the ages in medicine and cooking, for perfumes and cosmetics, and as national or heraldic symbols in war



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BLUES VS. BLUES

Sir Harold Nicolson, the British diplomat and author, made a study of "causeless melancholy" on the trip he describes in his latest book, "Journey to Java"—and came to the conclusion that there is no such thing, that in fact all melancholy has a cause, either external or internal.

If you've found yourself in the Slough of Despond lately, we may be able to help. Of course, if you've diagnosed the cause of your melancholy as tired blood or unrequited love, we'll have to bow out. But if it's your financial future that has been worrying you, that's where we come in.

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and peace. The book makes a new sort of outline of history, and it is embellished with much curious detail. For example, roses were grown in Egypt and rushed by sailing ship to Rome so that Nero and his followers could dine *sub rosa;* in 1387, the Duke of Lancaster served a hundred dozen peony roots at a banquet for his king, Richard II; in Holland, in 1635, one bulb of a rare tulip was sold for the equivalent of five thousand dollars, with a carriage and pair thrown in, whereas three centuries later, during the Second World War, the starved Dutch were forced to eat their tulip bulbs. With humor and literary taste, Mrs. Hollingsworth has compiled an astonishing amount of scholarly yet entertaining material from her studies in archeology and mythology and her researches in ancient pharmacopoeias, botanies, cookbooks, herbals, and stillroom books.

NOTE: "Normandy Revisited," a series of pieces by A. J. Liebling about his return, three years ago, to some of the places he passed through as a correspondent during the Second World War, has been published by Simon & Schuster. There are ten chapters in the book, nine of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . Oxford has published "The Puerto Ricans," by Christopher Rand, a book based on his series of articles for this magazine about the Puerto Ricans in New York.

•

A mountaineering friend of his who, Jung had reason to believe, had deep personal problems once told him, conversationally, of a "silly" dream in which he climbed a mountain and, reaching the top, was so elated that he went right on ascending, on and up into the air. Jung, who immediately saw in his friend's "amusing" dream a secret death wish, was horrified. "From now on, if you must go mountain climbing," he begged of him, "take two professional guides along!" A short time later, the mountaineer, accompanied by only one young friend, was seen as he stepped off a lofty mountainside into the air, taking his companion with him as he hurtled to his death.

"When I say, 'Watch out!' " Jung explains sadly, "I mean 'Watch out!' "

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Well, don't just *stand* there!

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE NATIONAL SCENE

[*From U.S. News & World Report*]

REPUBLICANS in November are likely to lose seats in Senate and House. DEMOCRATS, in turn, are expected to gain seats in both houses.

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Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Hengerer's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa . . . The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C. . . . Condon's
Charleston, W. Va. . . . Stone & Thomas
Charlotte, N. C. . . . Ledford's
Chattanooga, Tenn. . . . Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill. . . . Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio . . . The Higbee Co.
Columbia, S. C. . . . Belk's
Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Texas . . . Wally Williams
Dayton, Ohio . . . Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur, Ill. . . . Linn & Scruggs
Des Moines, Iowa . . . Younker's
Detroit, Mich. . . . The J. L. Hudson Co.
Duluth, Minn. . . . Duluth Glass Block
El Paso, Texas . . . Popular Dry Goods Co.
Evansville, Ind. . . . Schear's Dept. Store
Fort Lauderdale, Fla. . . . Burdine's
Fort Smith, Ark. . . . The Boston Store
Fresno, Calif. . . . E. Gottschalk & Co.
Fort Worth, Texas . . . Wally Williams
Galveston, Texas . . . E. S. Levy
Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . Paul Steketee & Sons
Greensboro, N. C. . . . Ellis-Stone Co.
Greenville, S. C. . . . Ivey's
Harrisburg, Pa. . . . Bowman's
Hartford, Conn. . . . Sage-Allen
Houston, Texas . . . E. S. Levy
Indianapolis, Ind. . . . L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss. . . . The Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. . . . Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo. . . . The Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn. . . . Rich's Inc.
Lexington, Ky. . . . Stewart Dry Goods
Lincoln, Neb. . . . Miller-Paine
Little Rock, Ark. . . . Pfeifer's
Long Beach, Calif. . . . Buffums
Los Angeles, Calif. . . . The May Co.
Louisville, Ky. . . . Stewart's
Madison, Wisc. . . . Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla., Miami Beach, 163rd St. . . . Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . The Dayton Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc. . . . Gimbels
Mobile, Ala. . . . L. Hammel Co.
New Orleans, La. . . . Labiche's Inc.
New York, N. Y. . . . Arnold Constable
Newark, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Norfolk, Va. . . . Smith & Welton
Oakland, Calif. . . . Kahn's
Omaha, Neb. . . . J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Orlando, Fla. . . . Belk's
Philadelphia, Pa. . . . John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsfield, Mass. . . . England Brothers
Portland, Ore. . . . Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I. . . . Gladding's
Racine, Wisc. . . . Zahn's
Reading, Pa. . . . Pomeroy's
Rochester, N. Y. . . . B. Forman
Rock Hill, S. C. . . . Friedheim's
St. Louis, Mo. . . . Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn. . . . Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas . . . Joske's
San Diego, Calif. . . . Walker-Scott Co.
San Francisco, Calif. . . . The White House
Sacramento, Calif. . . . Weinstock-Lubin
San Jose, Calif. . . . Hale's
Salt Lake City, Utah . . . Keith O'Brien
Scranton, Pa. . . . Scranton Dry Goods
Seattle, Wash. . . . The Bon Marche
Shreveport, La. . . . The Fashion
South Bend, Ind. . . . Robertson's
Spartanburg, S. C. . . . A. W. Smith
Springfield, Ill. . . . Myers Bros., Inc.
Springfield, Mass. . . . Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mo. . . . Heer's
Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Flah's
Tacoma, Wash. . . . Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind. . . . Meis Bros.
Toledo, Ohio . . . Lasalle's
Topeka, Kansas . . . Pelletier's
Tucson, Ariz. . . . Levy's
Tulsa, Okla. . . . The Froug Co.
Washington, D. C. . . . Woodward & Lothrop
W. Palm Beach, Fla. . . . Burdine's
Wheeling, W. Va. . . . Stone & Thomas
Winston-Salem, N. C. . . . The Anchor Co.
York, Pa. . . . Chas. H. Bear & Co.
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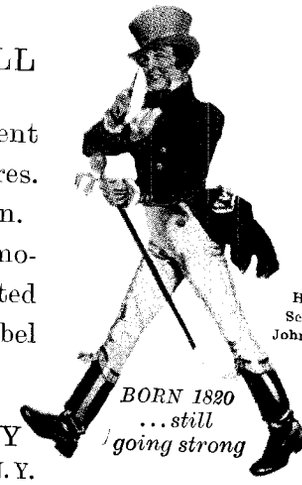

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